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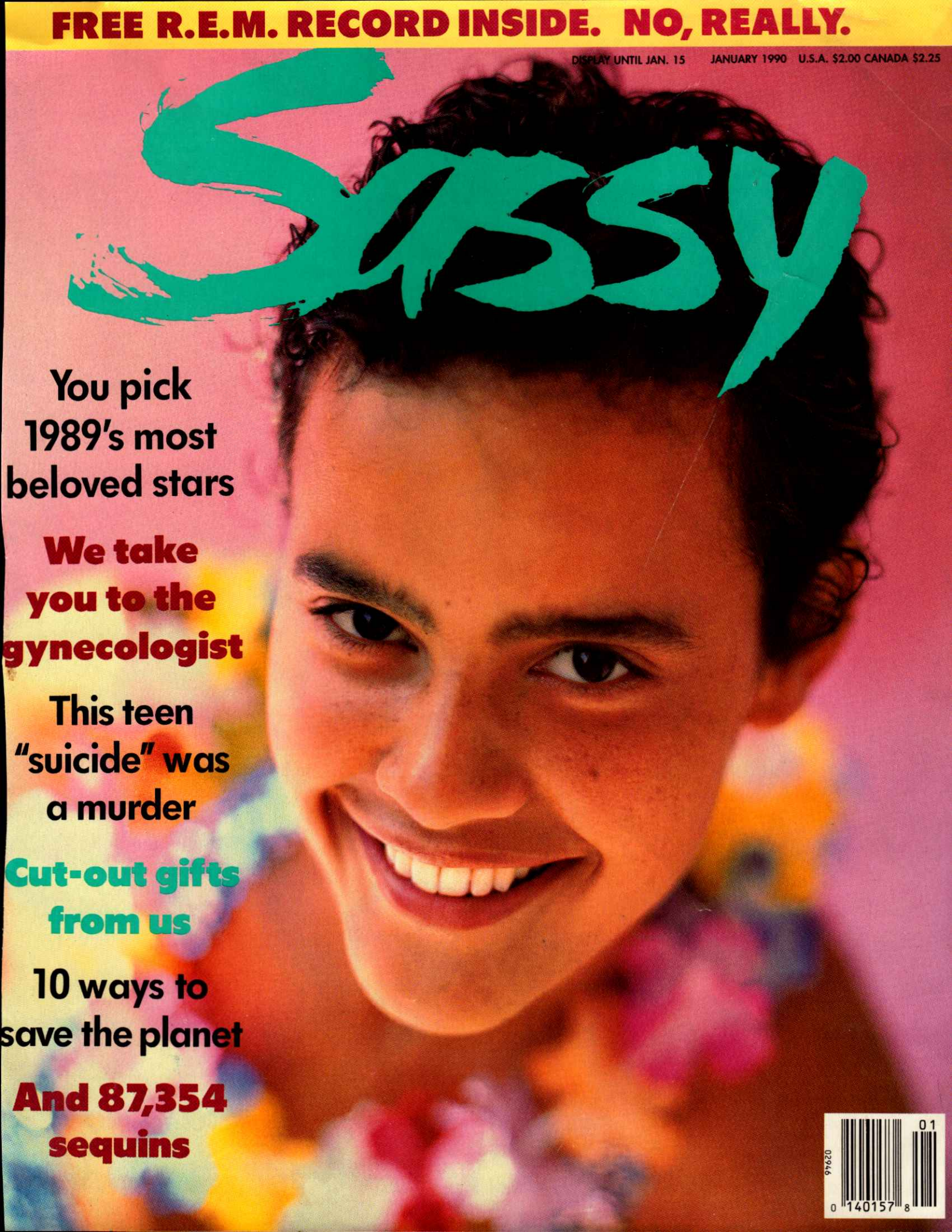

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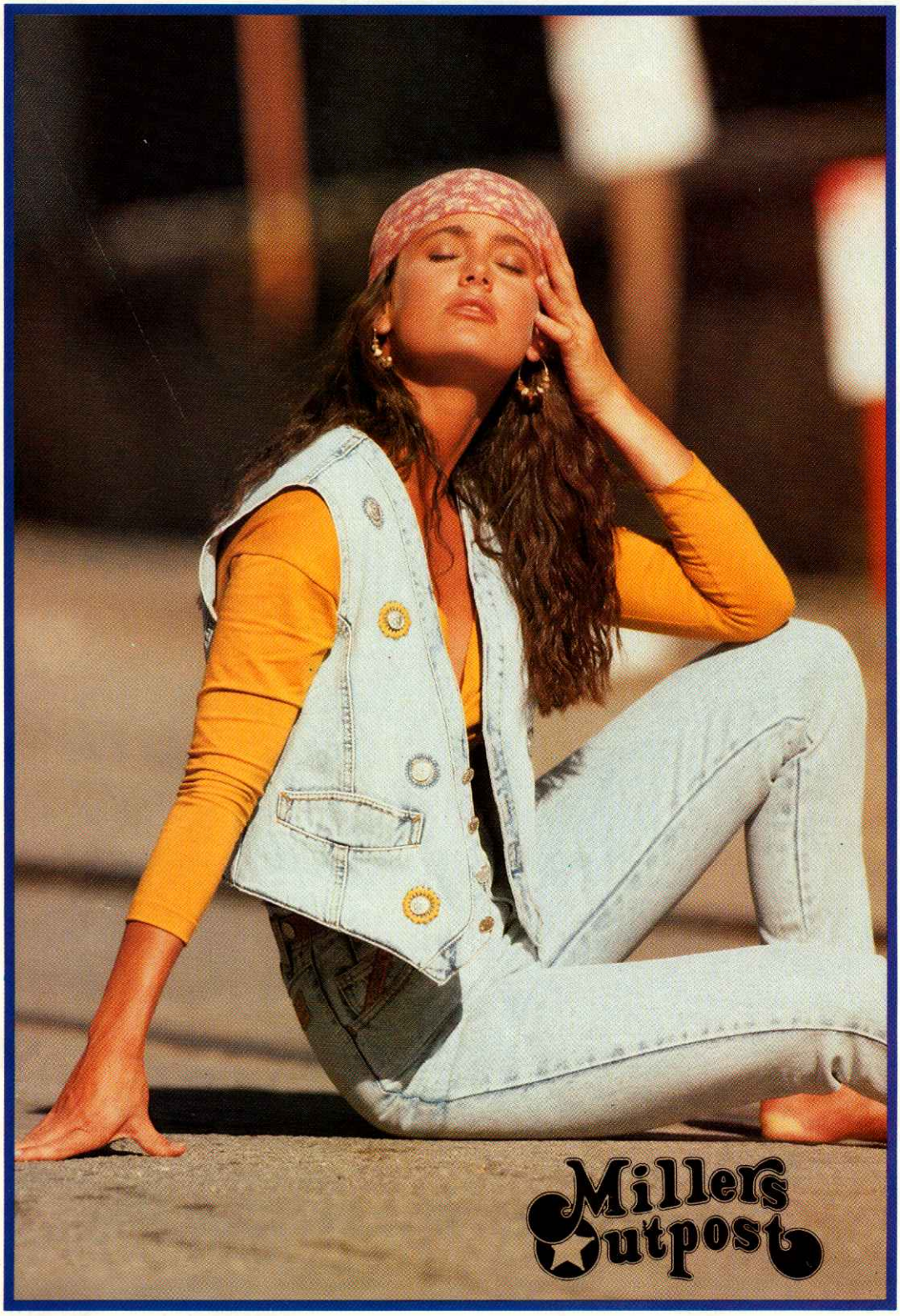

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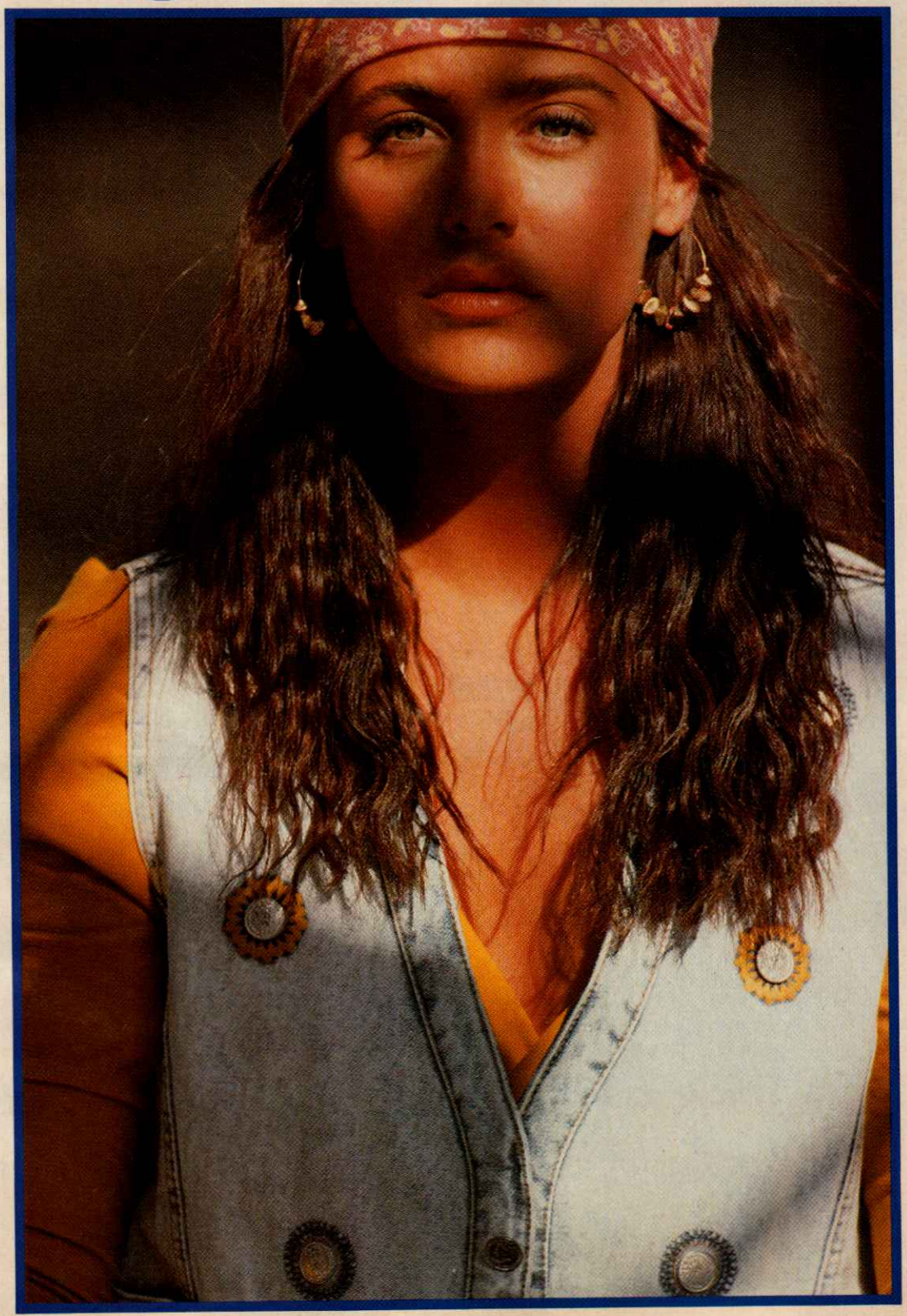

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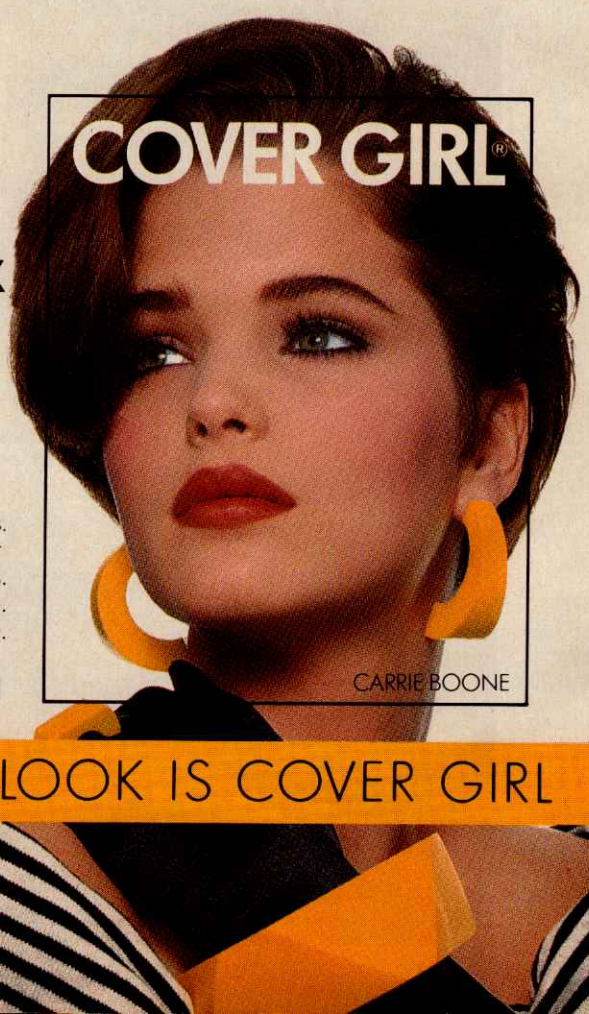


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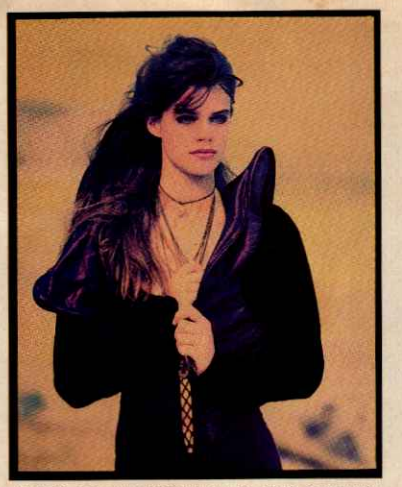
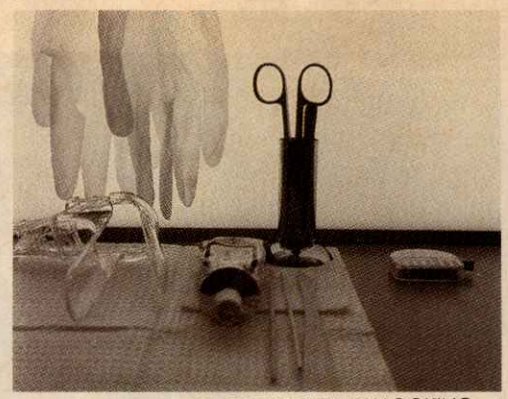
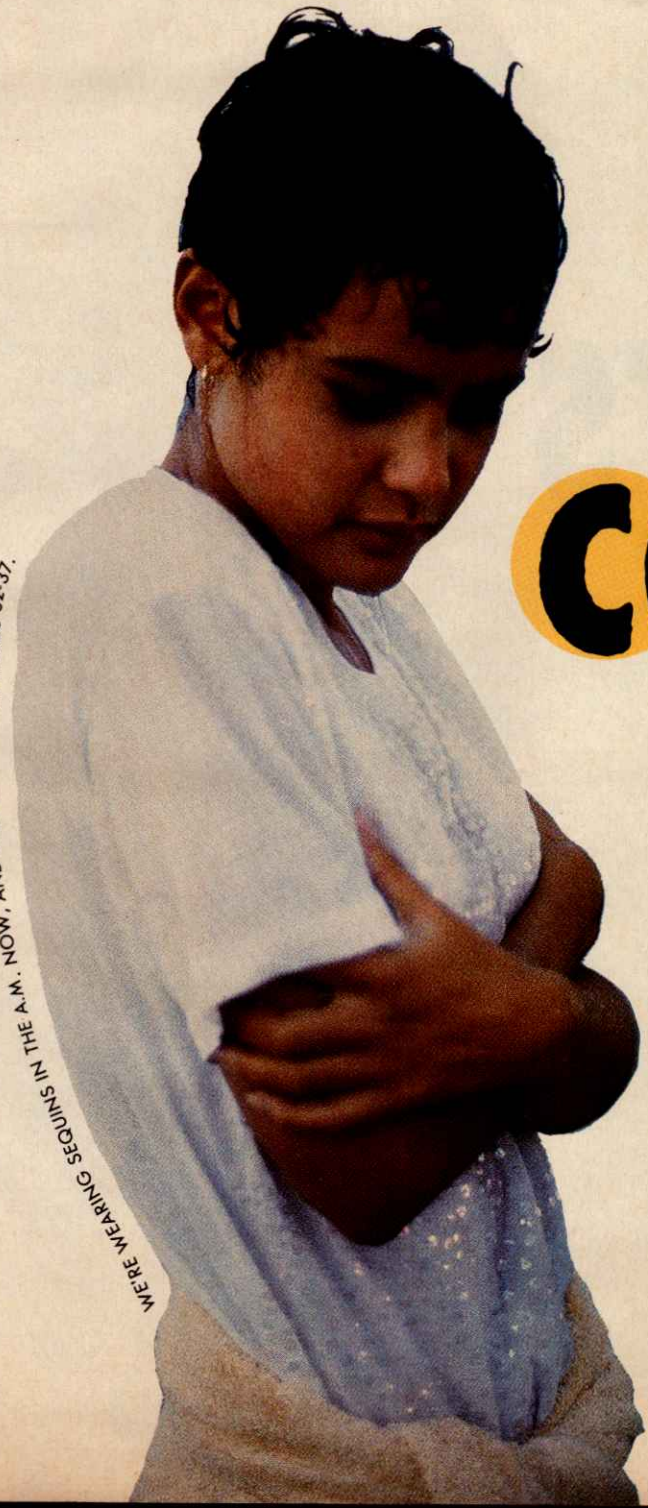


IF IT'S DRAMA YOU WANT, THE GOTHIC CLOTHES ON PAGE 52 ARE FOR YOU.



FIND OUT WHAT EACH OF THESE SCARY-LOOKING GADGETS IS USED FOR WHEN KAREN TAKES YOU TO THE GYNECOLOGIST ON PAGE 50.

WINONA RYDER WON. FLIP TO PAGE 46 TO FIND OUT WHO ELSE WON—AND LOST.



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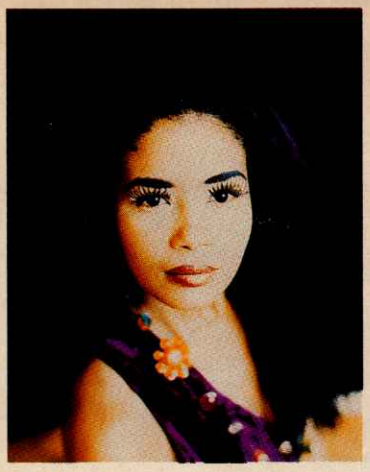

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**THOSE MARVELOUS COVER CREDITS CAN BE LOCATED ON PAGE 20.**

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# DIARY

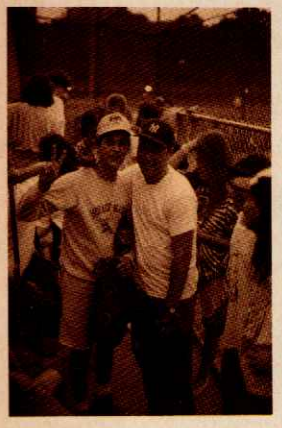
**Me, Vicki, Christina (I want you to know I chose a photo where I look goofy and they look good—wasn't that altruistic of me?); Josh (*Dead Poets Society*) Charles hitting the winning run.**

## "Play Ball" (sort of)

Just when I announce in the October issue that our *Sassy* softball team (quote, unquote) never played a game, we get an end-of-season challenge from *7 Days,* this NYC magazine-slash-newspaper we really like. So what could we do? Besides pray. Then seize the opportunity to gather cute celebs to help us out.

So Josh Charles from *Dead Poets Society*, Dave "Wicked D" Pennick, bass player for Cruel Story of Youth, and John Flansburgh, half of They Might Be Giants, came up to Central Park to bat with us. It's a good thing. "We" won 4-3, every single run due to one of our adopted members. (The quotes on "we" are because I never came within 20 yards of the ball, to the whole team's great relief.)

One Sassette who wasn't there was Cath Gysin, who's moved to Chicago to be near her family. But as Roving Writer she'll continue traveling and writing for *Sassy* as much as always. Which means that after her trip to Tampa, Florida to do the piece on Billy Rosebud (page 38), she and Mary Kaye reached a new level of intimacy with their respective fax machines. Oh, and we fumigated her desk.



Meanwhile, Mary got to go to Memphis to tour Graceland and get driven around in a white stretch limo, courtesy of Coppertone (I swear this girl has the dream job of all time). And Neillums has a new pal in the art department, Jill, who slid right in here so easily we all can't remember *Sassy* life without her. Neill already had her doing the layout for "Here Are Your Presents" on page 81, among other artistic things. She wears the greatest shoes too. Me, I'm just happy you're actually holding this issue. So much red tape went into getting you the record you'll find on page 15 that by the time it was finished, Vicki and I were this close to having the guys in white coats drag us away, singing "My head touched the ground" over and over and over. But I hope you all love it. You're so welcome. See you soon. XO

—Jane

P.S. The piece on page 50 was inspired by a reader who wrote in wanting to know the truth about visiting the gynecologist—and knowing Karen would tell it. Don't say we never listen to you. Any other ideas?

**Joshy again with Neilly; our favorite new assistant art director, Jill; Cruel Story's Dave Pennick with Mary Kaye.**


Sassy

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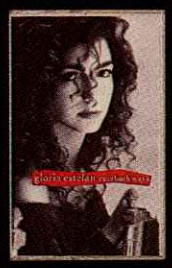

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| PAUL KELLY AND THE MESSENGERS SO MUCH WATER SO CLOSE TO HOME [A&M] 384-321 | *K.D. LANG AND THE RECLINES* Absolute Torch & Twang [SIRE] 381-624 | THE BEST OF KANSAS® [CBS ASSOC.] 327-742 | *THE JACKSON 5* GREATEST HITS [MOTOWN] 327-148 | *JOE COCKER'S* GREATEST HITS [A&M] 320-911 | |
| *ZIGGY MARLEY & THE MELODY MAKERS* ONE BRIGHT DAY [VIRGIN] 386-987 | *EDDIE & THE CRUISERS II* ORIGINAL PICTURE SOUNDTRACK [SCOTTI BROTHERS] 386-813 | *THE WHO* TOMMY [MCA] †345-223 395-228 | *JETHRO TULL* AQUALUNG [CHRYSALIS] 345-157 | *CREEDENCE CLEARWATER* 20 Greatest Hits [FANTASY] †308-049 398-040 | |




Partridge Family—Greatest Hits. (Arista) 386-961

Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood. (Elektra) 387-944

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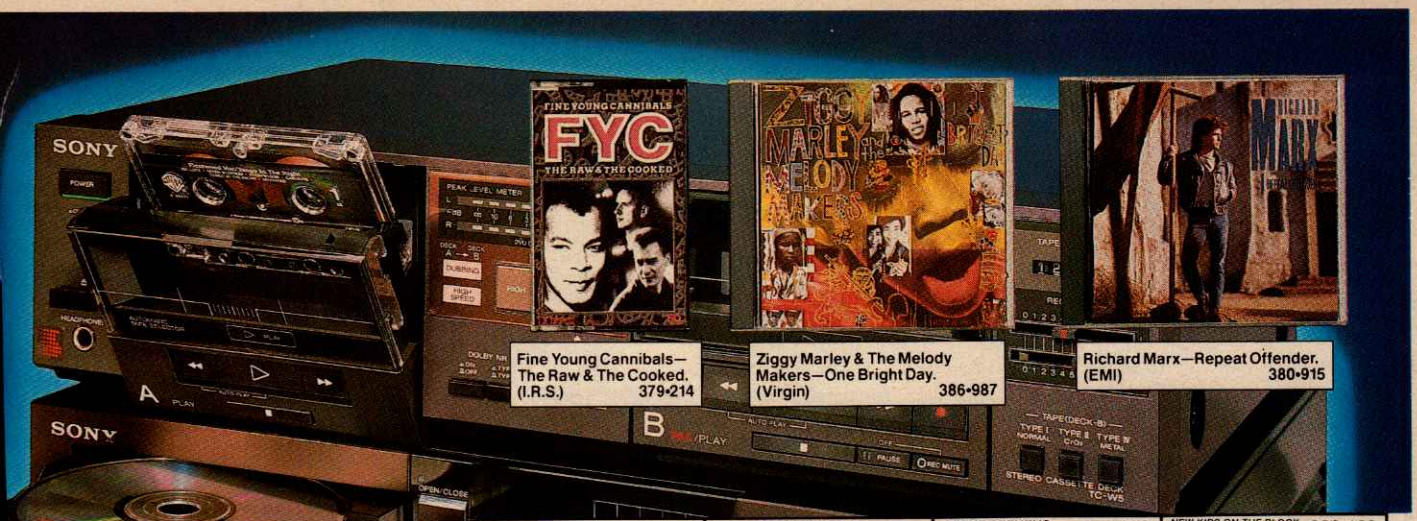
|---|---|---|---|
| *JOE COCKER* One Night Of Sin [CAPITOL] 387-084 | | | |
| *ANDERSON, BRUFORD, WAKEMAN, HOWE* [ARISTA] 384-115 | | | |
| *TIN MACHINE* [EMI AMERICA] 383-976 | | | |
| *JAMES INGRAM* IT'S REAL [WARNER BROS.] 383-836 | | | |
| *SPYRO GYRA* POINT OF VIEW [MCA] 383-737 | | | |
| *HEAVY D. & THE BOYZ* BIG TYME [MCA] 383-703 | | | |
| *BORIS GREBENSHIKOV* RADIO SILENCE [COLUMBIA] 383-513 | | | |
| *REGINA BELLE* STAY WITH ME [COLUMBIA] 382-911 | | | |
| *MR. BIG* [ATLANTIC] 382-812 | | | |
| *THE D.O.C.* No One Can Do It Better [RUTHLESS] 389-155 | | | |
| *BARRY WHITE* The Man Is Back [A&M] 388-843 | | | |
| *THE BEACH BOYS* STILL CRUISING [CAPITOL] 387-092 | | | |
| *KENNY ROGERS* GREATEST HITS [LIBERTY] 313-700 | | | |
| *BILLY JOEL'S* GREATEST HITS [COLUMBIA] †336-396 396-390 | | | |
| *THE CARS* GREATEST HITS [ELEKTRA] 339-903 | | | |
| *THE POLICE* Every Breath You Take [A&M] 348-318 | | | |
| *TOM PETTY & HEARTBREAKERS* LET ME UP [MCA] 357-772 | | | |
| *BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN* TUNNEL OF LOVE [COLUMBIA] 360-115 | | | |
| *ROBERT PLANT* NOW AND ZEN [ES PARANZA] 366-716 | | | |
| *JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS* Up Your Alley [CBS ASSO./BLACKHEART] 368-340 | | | |
| Neil Young/Bluenotes This Note's For You [REPRISE] 369-462 | | | |
| *BOBBY BROWN* DON'T BE CRUEL [MCA] 372-045 | | | |
| *U2* RATTLE AND HUM [ISLAND] †374-017 394-015 | | | |
| *KANSAS* In The Spirit Of Things [MCA] 374-793 | | | |
| *.38 SPECIAL* Rock & Roll Strategy [A&M] 375-139 | | | |
| *EDIE BRICKELL & NEW BOHEMIANS* Shooting Rubberbands At The Stars [GEFFEN] 374-835 | | | |
| *JOHNNY MATHIS* In The Still Of The Night [COLUMBIA] 383-042 | | | |

†Selections with two numbers count as two selections—write each number in a separate box.




Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw & The Cooked. (I.R.S.) 379-214

Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—One Bright Day. (Virgin) 386-987

Richard Marx—Repeat Offender. (EMI) 380-915

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| WHEN HARRY MET SALLY (SNDTRK) | 386-821 COLUMBIA | PAUL SHAFFER COAST TO COAST | 386-276 CAPITOL | STEVE STEVENS ATOMIC PLAYBOYS | 386-086 WARNER BROS. | NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK HANGIN' TOUGH | 368-423 COLUMBIA |
| DOOBIE BROTHERS CYCLES | 382-457 CAPITOL | STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE IN STEP | 382-374 EPIC | ALICE COOPER TRASH | 382-366 EPIC | BOY GEORGE HIGH HAT | 382-291 VIRGIN |
| SEA HAGS | 382-234 CHRYSALIS | SIMPLE MINDS Street Fighting Years | 382-176 A&M/VIRGIN | DONNY OSMOND | 382-119 CAPITOL | ROACHFORD | 382-010 EPIC |
| NEVILLE BROTHERS YELLOW MOON | 381-889 A&M | BRANFORD MARSALIS TRIO JEEPY | †381-830 COLUMBIA 391-839 | THE CULT SONIC TEMPLE | 381-798 SIRE/REPRISE | BEE GEES ONE | 386-060 WARNER BROS. |
| SOUL II SOUL KEEP ON MOVIN' | 386-037 VIRGIN | BATMAN Orig. Soundtrack | 383-885 WARNER BROS. | TRACY CHAPMAN | 369-892 ELEKTRA | ANITA BAKER Giving You The Best That I Got | 374-058 ELEKTRA |
| | | | | 10 YEARS AFTER ABOUT TIME | 388-140 CHRYSALIS | JOE SATRIANI Surfing With The Alien | 387-969 RELATIVITY |
| | | | | EXODUS Fabulous Disaster | 387-621 COMBAT / RELATIVITY | LIZZY BORDEN Master Of Disguise | 387-431 ENIGMA/METAL BLADE |
| | | | | FAITH NO MORE THE REAL THING | 387-399 REPRISE / SLASH | 24-7 SP4Z Harder Than You | 387-373 IN EFFECT/RELATIVITY |
| | | | | ANDREW CASH BOOMTOWN | 387-001 ISLAND | BOBCAT Cat Got Ya Tongue | 386-946 ARISTA |
| | | | | BRUCE COCKBURN Big Circumstance | 386-367 GOLD CASTLE | STEPHANIE MILLS HOME | 386-342 MCA |
| | | | | PATTI LABELLE BE YOURSELF | 386-334 MCA | EDGAR WINTER ROADWORK | 386-235 EPIC |
| | | | | BABYFACE TENDER LOVE | 386-177 EPIC | F MACHINE Here Comes The 21st Century | 386-128 REPRISE |
| | | | | DEACON BLUE When The World Knows Your Name | 385-997 COLUMBIA | THE O'JAYS SERIOUS | 385-468 EMI AMERICA |
| | | | | JOHNNY DIESEL & THE INJECTIONS | 384-925 CHRYSALIS | SAM BROWN STOP | 384-818 A&M |
| | | | | BIG BIG SUN STOP THE WORLD | 384-602 ATLANTIC | TEE VEE TOONS: The Commercials | †384-560 TVT 394-569 |
| | | | | BADLANDS | 384-388 ATLANTIC | DANNY WILSON BEBOP MOPTOP | 384-347 VIRGIN |
| | | | | AL GREEN I GET JOY | 384-297 A&M | "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC UHF SOUNDTRACK | 384-172 EPIC |
| | | | | JOSE FELICIANO I'm Never Gonna Change | 383-554 EMI | FREIHEIT FANTASY | 383-372 WTG |
| | | | | MICHAEL BOLTON SOUL PROVIDER | 383-083 COLUMBIA | DANGEROUS TOYS | 382-903 COLUMBIA |
| | | | | JUNE POINTER | 382-895 COLUMBIA | KOOL G RAP & D.J. POLO Road To The Riches | 382-713 COLD CHILLIN' |
| | | | | ALYSON WILLIAMS RAW | 382-465 DEF JAM / COLUMBIA | MICA PARIS SO GOOD | 381-731 ISLAND |
| | | | | PETER FRAMPTON When All The Pieces Fit | 388-975 ATLANTIC | STING ...Nothing Like The Sun | †361-675 A&M 391-672 |
| | | | | NEIL DIAMOND'S 12 Greatest Hits, Vol. II | 314-443 COLUMBIA | BARRY MANILOW Greatest Hits | †288-670 ARISTA 398-677 |
| | | | | FOREIGNER RECORDS | 318-055 ATLANTIC | DAN FOGELBERG GREATEST HITS | 317-149 FULL MOON/EPIC |
| | | | | BEST OF ALAN PARSON'S PROJECT | 323-899 ARISTA | AIR SUPPLY GREATEST HITS | 321-307 ARISTA |
| | | | | SAMMY HAGAR | 357-467 GEFFEN | BARBRA STREISAND The Broadway Album | 342-097 COLUMBIA |
| | | | | SEE NO EVIL | 389-221 CBS ASSOCIATED | BOBBY MCFERRIN Simple Pleasures | 369-306 EMI |
| | | | | PAT BENATAR Wide Awake In Dreamland | 370-528 CHRYSALIS | JIMMY PAGE OUTRIDER | 370-387 GEFFEN |
| | | | | HUEY LEWIS & NEWS SMALL WORLD | 371-419 CHRYSALIS | STEVE WINWOOD ROLL WITH IT | 371-211 VIRGIN |
| | | | | ENUFF Z'NUFF | 388-967 ATCO | BANGLES EVERYTHING | 373-829 COLUMBIA |
| | | | | KARYN WHITE | 375-394 WARNER BROS. | WINGER | 374-652 ATLANTIC |
| | | | | Lyle Lovett And His Large Band | 378-935 MCA | VESTA WILLIAMS VESTA 4U | 377-010 A&M |
| | | | | HOOTERS ZIG-ZAG | 379-396 COLUMBIA | JUDY COLLINS Sanity and Grace | 379-081 GOLD CASTLE |
| | | | | DE LA SOUL 3 Feet High and Rising | 381-160 TOMMY BOY | BONNIE RAITT NICK OF TIME | 381-087 CAPITOL |
| | | | | DJ JAZZY JEFF & FRESH PRINCE He's The D.J., I'm The Rapper | †369-264 JIVE/RCA 399-261 | THE KINKS Come Dancing With The Kinks: The Best Of Kinks 1977-1986 | †345-314 ARISTA 395-319 |
| | | | | BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS GHETTO MUSIC: THE BLUE PRINT OF HIP HOP | 386-193 JIVE / RCA | CHAKA KHAN Life Is A Dance / The Remix Project | †386-052 WARNER BROS. 396-051 |

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|---|---|---|---|
| TOM PETTY Full Moon Fever | 382-184 MCA | PAULA ABDUL Forever Your Girl | 374-637 VIRGIN |
| TODD RUNDGREN NEARLY HUMAN | 381-780 WARNER BROS. | WANG CHUNG The Warmer Side Of Cool | 381-764 GEFFEN |
| KENNY ROGERS Something Inside So Strong | 381-749 REPRISE | EXPOSE What You Don't Know | 381-715 ARISTA |
| BARRY MANILOW | 381-707 ARISTA | NATALIE COLE Good To Be Back | 381-673 EMI |
| EZO FIRE, FIRE | 381-616 GEFFEN | STRAY CATS BLAST OFF ! | 381-442 EMI |
| GREAT WHITE ...TWICE SHY | 381-178 CAPITOL | STEVIE NICKS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR | 381-103 MODERN |
| JODY WATLEY Larger Than Life | 381-061 MCA | ARETHA FRANKLIN Through The Storm | 380-873 ARISTA |
| NEAL SCHON LATE NIGHT | 380-378 COLUMBIA | HENRY LEE SUMMER I've Got Everything | 380-352 CBS ASSOCIATED |
| THE JACKSONS 2300 Jackson Street | 380-337 EPIC | CHICK COREA AKOUSTIC BAND | 379-891 GRP |
| TONE-LOC Loc'ed After Dark | 379-875 DELICIOUS VINYL | BEACHES Original Soundtrack | 379-669 ATLANTIC |
| WARRANT Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich | 379-644 COLUMBIA | THE OUTFIELD Voices of Babylon | 379-388 COLUMBIA |
| MARTIKA | 379-149 COLUMBIA | SIMPLY RED A NEW FLAME | 378-943 ELEKTRA |
| CYNDI LAUPER A Night To Remember | 377-887 EPIC | DEBBIE GIBSON ELECTRIC YOUTH | 377-275 ATLANTIC |
| ROY ORBISON MYSTERY GIRL | 377-101 VIRGIN | GUNS N' ROSES GN'R LIES | 376-087 GEFFEN |
| LIZA MINNELLI RESULTS | 382-333 EPIC | L. L. COOL J. Walking With A Panther | 381-988 DEF JAM/COLUMBIA |

Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence. (Geffen) 383-802

Beastie Boys—Paul's Boutique. (Capitol) 383-786

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**A sound investment, indeed!** For a penny, you can get Any 12 Cassettes *or* Any 8 CDs if you join the Club now. And just look at the wide selection you have to choose from...over 300 titles, ranging from the latest hits to all-time favorites!

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**How the Club works:** every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month...plus hundreds of alternatives from every field of music. Up to 6 times a year you may also receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you don't have to do anything—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, return it at our expense.

The cassettes you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $7.98 to $9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multi-unit sets, special and classical selections may be somewhat higher.) And if you continue after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our bonus plan.

**10-Day Risk-Free Trial:** we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and no further obligation.

**Order your first selection now at a big discount—and get 2 extra cassettes FREE!** You may also choose your first selection right now—we'll give it to you for up to 60% off regular Club prices—only $3.98. Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your introductory cassettes. This discount purchase immediately reduces your membership obligation—you then need buy just 7 more (instead of 8) in three years. What's more, this discount entitles you to 2 more hit cassettes as a bonus, FREE. Just check the box in the application and indicate your first selection and 2 free bonus albums!

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## 8 COMPACT DISCS FOR 1¢

If you have a CD player, or are planning to get one, you'll surely prefer to get CDs now. As a new member, you may have any 8 CDs for a penny. Just write in the numbers of the 8 CDs you want and mail the application. Send no money now—we'll bill you only 1¢ plus shipping and handling. In exchange, you agree to buy just six CDs in the next three years at regular Club prices (which currently are $12.98-$15.98, plus shipping and handling) —and you may cancel anytime after buying six CDs. Otherwise, the Club works in the same manner as previously outlined.

**Extra Bonus Offer:** As a special offer to new members, take one additional CD right now for only $6.95. This discount purchase entitles you to choose an extra CD as a bonus FREE. Just indicate your choices in the bottom of the application, and you'll receive your discounted CD *and* your bonus CD with your 8 introductory selections—a total of 10 CDs in all!

*If the application is missing, write to CBS/Columbia House, Dept.* **LWJ/F6,** *Terre Haute, IN 47811-1130*

# CBS/Columbia House: Terre Haute, IN 47811-1130

# TAKE ANY 8 CDs FOR 1¢ plus shipping and handling

**SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢**
*(plus shipping and handling)*

**CBS/Columbia House, 1400 N. Fruitridge**
**P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1129**
Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 Compact Discs indicated above and bill me only **1¢** (plus shipping and handling) for all eight. I agree to buy six more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

***MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (CHECK ONE):*** *(But I am always free to choose from any category)*

| ☐ HARD ROCK | ☐ SOFT ROCK | ☐ POP | ☐ HEAVY METAL | ☐ BLACK MUSIC | ☐ COUNTRY ☐ JAZZ ☐ CLASSICAL* | ☐ EASY LISTENING |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rolling Stones, Tom Petty | Richard Marx, Madonna | Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow | Great White, White Lion | L. L. Cool J, Bobby Brown | | Johnny Mathis, Ray Conniff |

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss _____
*(Please Print)* *First Name* *Initial* *Last Name*

**Address** _____ **Apt.** _____

**City** _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

**Do you have a VCR? (04)** ☐ Yes ☐ No **Do you have a credit card? (03)** ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** also send me one more CD right now at the super low price of just $6.95, which will be billed to me.

**This discount purchase entitles me to this EXTRA CD, FREE!**

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. *Classical members serviced by the CBS Classical Club.

LWJ/F6 LWK/59

# TAKE ANY 12 CASSETTES FOR 1¢ plus shipping and handling

**CBS/Columbia House, 1400 N. Fruitridge**
**P.O. Box 1130, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1130**
I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (that's **1¢** for my 12 selections, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling).

Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

***MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (CHECK ONE):*** *(But I am always free to choose from any category)*

| ☐ HARD ROCK | ☐ SOFT ROCK | ☐ POP | ☐ HEAVY METAL | ☐ BLACK MUSIC | ☐ COUNTRY ☐ JAZZ ☐ CLASSICAL* | ☐ EASY LISTENING |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rolling Stones, Tom Petty | Richard Marx, Madonna | Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow | Great White, White Lion | L. L. Cool J, Bobby Brown | | Johnny Mathis, Ray Conniff |

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss _____
*(Please Print)* *First Name* *Initial* *Last Name*

**Address** _____ **Apt.** _____

**City** _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

**Do you have a telephone? (01)** ☐ Yes ☐ No **Do you have a credit card? (03)** ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ **Also send my first selection for up to 60% off regular Club prices,** for which I am also enclosing additional payment of $3.98. I then need buy only 7 more (instead of 8), at regular Club prices, in the next three years.

**This discount purchase also entitles me to these 2 EXTRA CASSETTES, FREE!**

LWL/WS
LWM/EM

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. *Classical members serviced by the CBS Classical Club.

# SAY WHAT

### EMBARRASSMENT LOVES COMPANY

Christina, thanks for your article "Embarrassing Moments in Our Menstrual Histories" [October]. I got mine the first time at school wearing white pants. I didn't realize it (and no one told me) until *last* period (the school kind). You're a brave gal to stick it in a national magazine.

**Fellow Double Pad User, Winter Park, FL**

**"Vicki's tampon story sounded painfully familiar"**

Vicki's tampon story sounded painfully familiar. It's great to see that getting your period may be a hassle, but you will look back and laugh and know that there are people who understand.

**A Childbearing Type, New York, NY**

### I'M A SNOB TOO

I wanted to say thank you so-o-o much for your article "How To Blow Off Your Reputation" [October]. Seventeen-year-old Diana's ("I'm a bitch") problem is that she's very quiet, so everybody thinks she's a snob. That's my problem too, and I hope I can change people's minds. It's about time people really get to know someone before they start calling others "stuck up."

**Michelle, Broomfield, CO**

Catherine a nerd? I don't believe it!

**A devoted fan, Gaithersburg, MD**

### BONO VS. N. IRELAND

I laughed out loud when the article "You vs. the World" [October] stated that Bono has never taken a stand on the war in Northern Ireland. Really! Hasn't anyone listened to "Sunday Bloody Sunday"? Bono has taken a stand against "the troubles" in Northern Ireland to the point where he has received death threats. It's in his interviews, concerts and lyrics. Pay attention!

**Loyal U2 Fan, Germantown, TN**

*You're right. He has taken a stand against the war, but lots of Irish kids (according to our Catherine, who spoke to dozens of them for "Blood + Poetry" in the September issue) are mad that he hasn't taken a side on whether the English should be in Ireland.—Jane*

### RIVER LIKES OUR FUR

I just want to thank *Sassy* for the inspiring interview with River Phoenix ["Does River's Dog Eat Meat?" October]. He has been my idol for years, and I hope that your article will make an impact on all the people out there who think animal rights is about as important as the molecular structure of used Kleenex. Thank you River, for standing up for what is right. Thank you *Sassy*, for printing it.

**Erin, Vista, CA**

In your October edition in "What Now," you have a section on animal rights and River's interview about animal rights. But in the fashion section "Welcome to Bedrock," there's a fox stole and a leopard cape. My question is, are you for or against animal rights?

**Heather, Richardson,TX**

*Thank you, Heather, for being so perceptive, but they're fake.—Jane*

### WHAT HE SAID MAKES YOU SICK

Who does Kim ["What He Said," October] think he is? Some kind of dominant sex god? I, for one, am shocked by the repulsiveness of his answer and cannot believe you printed it. He's blaming his promiscuity on his claim that "Men are genetically dominant." I have met one other like him in my life, and he still haunts me. After these people get some form of VD, maybe then they will be sorry.

**Sharlyn, Mesa, AZ**

**"Are you for or against animal rights?"**

### WE GET AROUND

I am 82 years old and live in the Lutheran Home for old ladies like me. Last week was the first time I read *Sassy*. I should think mothers who really want to be close to their daughters would let them read *Sassy* and read it themselves. I find it very interesting to be living this long and observing the changes in our thinking about life and major issues. I want to advance with the mainstream of life, and not along at the tail end.

**Ms. Brown, Avada, CO**

I subscribe to your magazine because I think it's the most entertaining and *realistic* one I've seen for teenagers. I look forward to it every month, and pass it around to friends who haven't seen it. The fact is, I'm 29 years old—30 in December. Although I buy [adult women's magazines we won't name] fairly often, I don't think I'd subscribe to them. I'd rather read *Sassy*'s articles on scary skinheads and Native Americans than the "How To Talk To Your Boss" and "How To Talk About Your Orgasms" repeats they run. *Sassy* endures past the teen years.

**"I am 82 years old and I read *Sassy*"**

**Audrey, New York, NY**

I'm a 17-year-old male human being. I'm totally heterosexual and I have a girlfriend (Kate—best buddy in the world). But I like—no, *love*—*Sassy*. I love you girls—what you say, what you write, what you are. And if it wasn't a girls-only thing, I'd shave my legs because I think hair (except on your head) is very ugly. P.S. Chanel #5 rules (Kate wears it).

**Stephane, Montreal, Que., Canada**

**Hey, Chaton. Ecrivez a notre Jane, from anywhere on this here planet. The address is *Say What, Sassy*, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036.**

# BORN TO BE MILD.

# BORN TO BE WILD.

Modern Research. The only STUFF you'll ever need.

P R O T U R A

BY CHRISTINA KELLY

# WHAT NOW

Are you sitting down? Patrick Swayze is now filming his latest movie, *Ghost*, a romantic comedy in which he plays the title role—an investment banker who is murdered and comes back as a guardian angel for his girlfriend, played by Demi (accent on the second syllable) Moore. Okay, you can stand up now.

JACK SHEAR/OUTLINE

No, that rumor about Guns N' Roses beating up New Kids on the Block after the MTV Video Music Awards is *not true*! The management of all parties involved vehemently deny it, although it is kind of funny to think about.

## GUNS ARE NOT YOUR FRIENDS

I hate guns. I don't think *anyone* should be allowed to own them. And it really bothers me when people have them in their houses for "self-defense." These aren't just the rantings of a weapons-phobic lunatic either. A recent survey by *Time* showed that only 14 of 464 gun deaths in American homes were caused by self-defense: 216 were suicides, 22 were accidents and many of the rest were homicides by people who knew each other well. Another survey, in King County, Washington found that of 398 gun deaths in homes, only 9 were in self-defense. Convinced yet? If so, write: National Coalition to Ban Handguns, 100 Maryland Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002.

## CHRISTIAN SLATER PREDICTS FRED SAVAGE WILL HAVE EXCITEMENT

RYAN NELLIS

**The *Heathers* psycho and "The Wonder Years" doughboy play brothers in the brand-spanking-new movie *The Wizard*. According to the film's production notes, Christian (near left) is the "rebellious and rarely supportive" older brother, and Fred (far left) plays a "wily charmer" who runs away with a third brother to the National Video Games Championship (if there really is such an event, I'm terribly worried about the future of the planet). Christian had this to say about Fredums: "A charmer! When he grows up he's going to have girls chasing him all over." This is doubtless the highest compliment Christian, by all accounts a girl-crazy fellow, could give.**

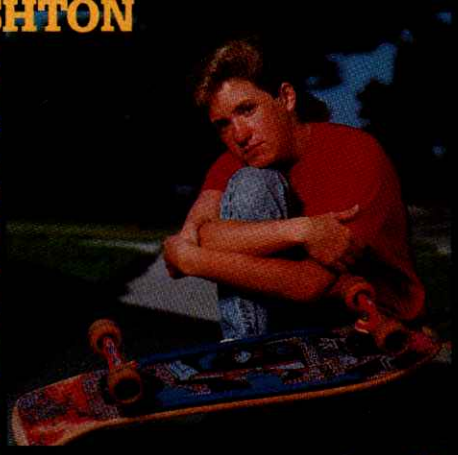
**Over 500 people entered The *Sassy* Sweet Sixteen Contest with poems describing what being 16 meant to them. The prize was a trip to NYC for a party with Janie and me, where Lonnie Quinn (from "All My Children") and Sean Kanan (from *The Karate Kid Part III* and "The Outsiders") awarded each of the chosen a three-quarter karat diamond pendant, which is classic and always appropriate (unless you're riding the NYC subways). Here are the 16**

**grand prize winners with Lonnie, right (Janie's to his left) and Seanie, left (that's me to his right). P.S. Seanie-poo asked me and Jane out the following night, then he stood us up! Can you believe it?**

## WHY THIS R.E.M. RECORD IS ALL OF A SUDDEN HERE

**We had this kooky idea, and those wacky guys from R.E.M. went along with it. Why not give *Sassy* readers a way cool, extremely-hard-to-get-your-hands-on R.E.M. song? Prior to the very issue of *Sassy* now in your little paws, they'd only released this ripping tune as a B-side in England. That's right, it's so obscure it makes Nick Cave look mainstream —and I can't even believe they let us have this rad ditty. Oh yeah, the tune is called "Dark Globe," and it's a cover of a song on *The Madcap Laughs*, the 1974 album by ex-Pink Floyder Syd Barrett. "We're all huge Syd Barrett fans," Michael Stipe told us. "One day I just started singing the song, and the band knew it." For better listening, place this thing on top of an album before you play it, and turn it up.**

## THIS IS JARED RUSHTON



MICHAEL GRECCO/OUTLINE

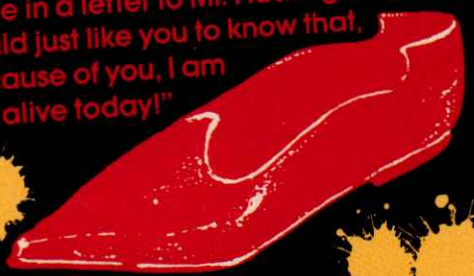
**Many readers wrote in wondering "Who is that guy in *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*?" Well, his name is Jared Rushton, and some of you may remember him as Tom Hanks's best friend in *Big*. He is 15, was born in Utah, raised in California and has the clichéd teenage boy hobbies of skateboarding and playing computer games. As we sit here at our computer, Jared is filming his starring role in a movie called *Hatchet*, in which he has to survive in the wilderness. All alone, with not even a copy of *Sassy* to keep him company.**

*SASSY* GLOSSARY: DEFINITION #21

Thrashed: The state of being exhausted or otherwise depleted mentally and/or physically. Usage: "After swimming 60 laps, running 5 miles and biking 15, Jane was feeling fine, but Dick was totally thrashed, as you can well imagine."

## FOOTWEAR AS SELF-DEFENSE

Those punk, pointy-toed and black John Fluevog shoes not only make you look tough, they can actually serve as handy weapons. This girl Ingrid Turay used hers when a would-be rapist attacked her. "I kicked...him until the police arrived," she wrote in a letter to Mr. Fluevog himself. "I would just like you to know that, because of you, I am still alive today!"



## WHERE *BOHEMIAN* COMES FROM

Here's a little etymology for a winter day. The word *bohemian*, which as you know refers to noncomformist types, comes from the place named Bohemia, which was part of Austria before World War I (about the time Cher was in high school). Bohemia was mistakenly believed to be the home of gypsy tribes, so the gypsy reputation for aimless wandering and rejecting social conventions became associated with Bohemia, and the term *bohemian* arose. I know it sounds farfetched and convoluted, but that's how these things happen.

## YES, HE WAS E.T.'S BEST FRIEND

Henry Thomas is his name, and he plays the lovelorn music teacher in *Valmont*, the latest version of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. (That's the role Keanu had in last year's *Dangerous Liaisons*.) Anyway, Henry, who lives on a farm in San Antonio, Texas, is now all of 18 years old.

RENN PRODUCTIONS

## BIMBO PATROL

You may have noticed that MTV hired a certain Trixie to be a correspondent for Kurt Loder on the news. You are probably wondering: Where did this loudmouthed person come from? Well, we happen to know that Trixie also owns a once-trendy restaurant in Manhattan's ever scummy Hell's Kitchen. We think she's spreading herself too thin. As for poor Kurt Loder — a serious guy and longtime *Rolling Stone* reporter who was originally hired to give MTV News some credibility — he is naturally looking a little discomfited, what with Miss Trendoid sitting right next to him saying really dumb things.

## INXS FAN CLUB ADOPTS GUERILLA TACTICS

**Six months ago in this column, I expressed outrage at Michael Hutchence's new haircut. Some INXS fan club must have printed a call to arms in their newsletter, because in the past week I have been getting all kinds of violent and obscene hate mail from its members. Most of it is too filthy and upsetting to print in *Sassy*, but here are some excerpts: "I just wanted to tell you that I am writing this letter in a rage of pure fury," wrote the rather redundant Jenne Lord. "I am thoroughly disgusted and offended by your so-called 'writer' Christina Kelly," penned Stephanie Spayd. "Some of us don't look at Michael like a piece of meat." Yeah, sure. And here's a lovely little missive courtesy of Janelle "from hell," as she likes to be called: "We will all hunt you down and kill you!" Hey guys, it was a *joke*! Do you actually think I take a celebrity's haircut seriously? And do you? That *really* scares me. Get upset about harpooning whales, get upset about the death penalty, get upset about racism. This stuff is not worth freaking out over.**

33⅓ RPM STEREO
© 1989 R.E.M./ATHENS, LTD.
For promotional use only

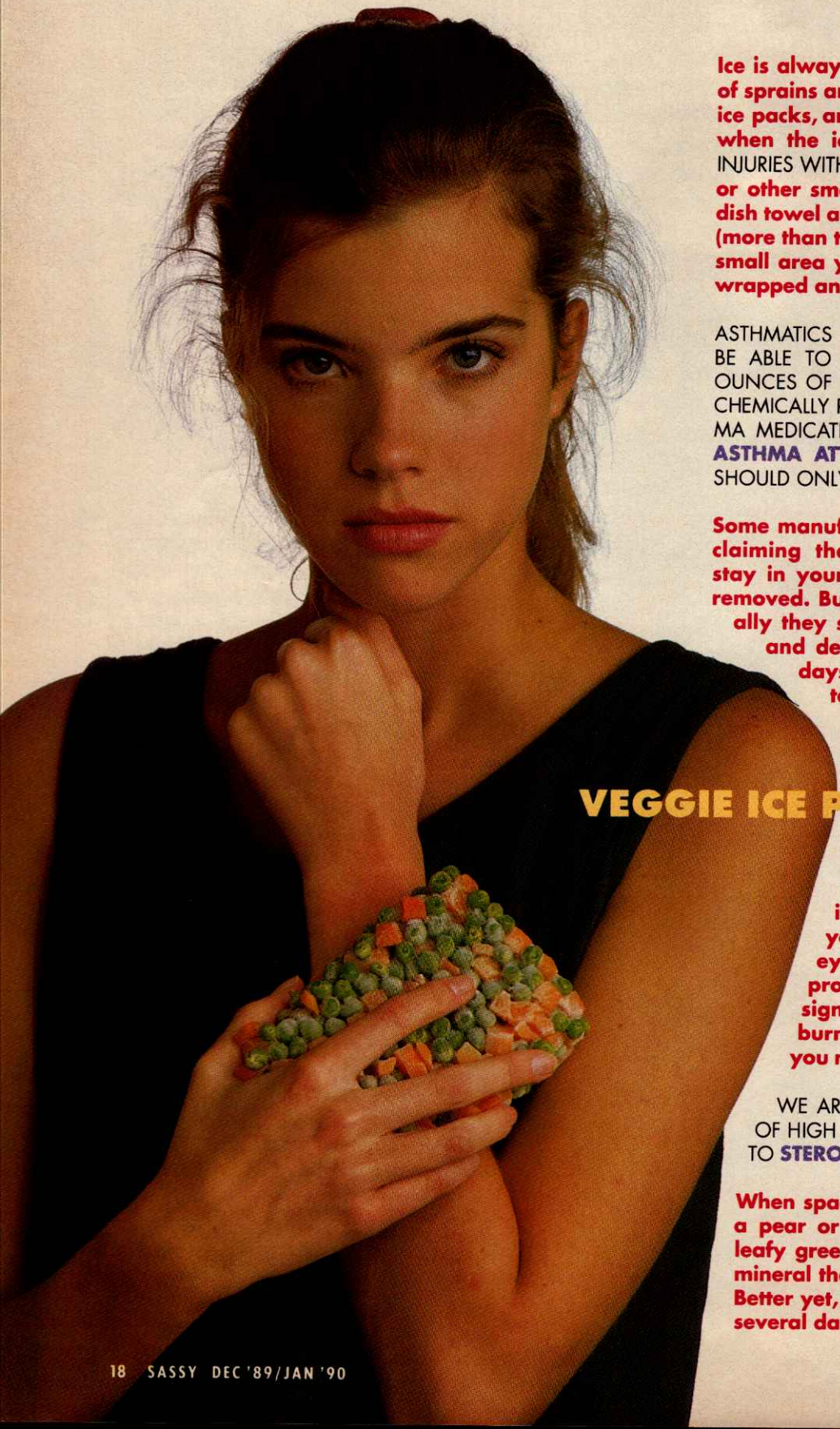
A COIN PLACED IN THIS SPOT
WILL IMPROVE THE SOUND OF
THIS HERE SKINNY THING

(Syd Barrett) ©1970 Lupus Music Inc./BMI

All rights of the producer and of the owner of the recorded work reserved. Unauthorized public performance, broadcasting, copying and hiring prohibited.

MFD IN U.S.A. BY EVA-TONE® SOUNDSHEETS CLEARWATER, FL
105900-1S

# BODY TALK



**Ice is always the best choice for emergency treatment of sprains and pulled muscles, but not many of us have ice packs, and those makeshift ones seem to fall apart when the ice melts. Awfully clever solution:** SOOTH INJURIES WITH FROZEN VEGETABLES. **Wrap a block of corn or other small veggies (a medley perhaps?) in a thin dish towel and leave it on for no more than 20 minutes (more than that and you'll just swell up again). If it's a small area you want to chill, smash the veggies once wrapped and they'll conform to an elbow or ankle.**

ASTHMATICS CAUGHT WITHOUT THEIR MEDICATION MAY BE ABLE TO GET QUICK RELIEF BY SLUGGING BACK 18 OUNCES OF BLACK COFFEE. THAT'S BECAUSE CAFFEINE IS CHEMICALLY RELATED TO THEOPHYLLINE, A COMMON ASTHMA MEDICATION. JUST DON'T DEPEND ON **COFFEE FOR ASTHMA ATTACKS;** IT'S NOT NEARLY AS POTENT, AND SHOULD ONLY BE USED IN EMERGENCIES.

**Some manufacturers (and the government) had been claiming that** EXTENDED-WEAR CONTACT LENSES **can stay in your eyes for up to 30 days without being removed. But researchers have now proven that ideally they should not be left in for even one night, and definitely no more than seven consecutive days. In two studies, overnight users of extended-wear soft lenses had 10 to 15 times the risk of ulcerative keratitis (a cornea infection which scars the eye)**

## VEGGIE ICE PACK • BRAIN FOODS

**as users of the ordinary, remove-every-night variety. Not only that, these risks increase with each day of wearing. So if you use extended-wear lenses, see your eye doctor for new FDA guidelines about proper use. And familiarize yourself with signs of infection: A sudden change in vision, burning red eyes or fluid discharge means you need treatment ASAP.**

WE ARE NOT IMPRESSED DEPARTMENT: 11 PERCENT OF HIGH SCHOOL BOYS IN ARKANSAS HAVE ADMITTED TO **STEROID USE.**

**When spacing over homework, reach for an apple, a pear or some grapes. These fruits, along with leafy green vegetables, are packed with boron, a mineral that works as a kind of** BRAIN RE-ENERGIZER. **Better yet, keep gray matter ever alert by including several daily servings in your diet.**

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ GREG WATERMANN HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ DONNA GREGORY MODEL ▶ JENNIFER

IT'S **NOW**
IT'S **NEAT**
AND SO **DISCREET**

# IT'S PLAYTEX PORTABLES

What a neat idea. A full-size tampon in a compact plastic applicator, packed so small it's about half the size of a standard applicator tampon.

So discreet, it fits in your tiniest pocket or purse, even in the palm of your hand.

Like all Playtex® Tampons, Playtex Portables® have a smooth plastic applicator so they're easier and more comfortable to insert than blunt cardboard. Double-layer protection gives you extra confidence. And, to feel extra fresh, choose Deodorant Portables.

Playtex Portables. In Deodorant or Non-Deodorant.

**Packed so small, they go anywhere at all.**

ATTENTION: Tampons are associated with Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS). TSS is a rare but serious disease that may cause death. The reported risks are higher to women under 30 years of age and teenage girls. Read and save the information inside every package.

© Playtex FP, Inc., 1988. Playtex and Portables are registered trademarks.

# ABOUT FACE

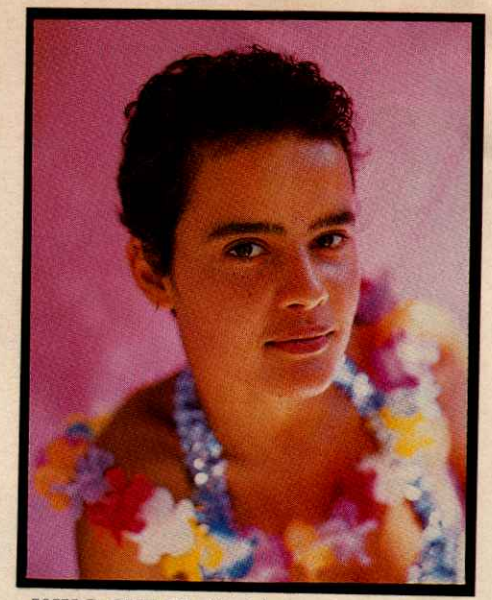
**A CUT-PRICE OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE: IF YOU SEND $1.75 TO RUBIGLO/J'ARLENE ASSOCIATES, DEPARTMENT SS, 75 MAIN AVENUE, ELMWOOD PARK, NJ 07407, THEY'LL SEND YOU A GREAT EYELASH COMB THAT NORMALLY GOES FOR $2.75. DO IT NOW.**

You can **GIVE YOURSELF DREADLOCKS.** Sure. Just coat your dry hair with a styling gel (try Paul Mitchell Sculpting Lotion), blow it dry until all the styling stuff is absorbed, then separate your semi-crunchy locks into irregularly sized sections. Using a fine-toothed comb, tease and twist each section, push the finished dreads into the shape you want, and finish with a coat of hair spray. Your dreads can last for weeks if you don't wash your hair. When it comes time to take them out, simply soak your hair, then douse it with conditioner (Paul Mitchell The Conditioner is good) so any knots slip through when you comb it. Then rinse and shampoo as usual. Cool, mon.

## INSTANT DREADS • BARGAIN SKIN

**THE DILEMMA: YOU WANT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR SKIN, BUT WOULD PREFER NOT TO INVEST MEGA BUCKS DOING IT. SO DON'T. L'ORÉAL HAS LAUNCHED PLÉNITUDE, A COMPLETE LINE OF AFFORDABLE SKIN GOODIES—FROM MOISTURIZERS TO FLORAL TONICS TO CLEANSERS—AT LOVABLE PRICES (LIKE UNDER $15), AND THEY'RE AVAILABLE AT DRUGSTORES. SIMPLE.**

IF YOU'D LIKE TO GET YOUR HANDS ON SOME OF THE OVER-THE-TOP MAKEUP WE USED TO MAKE OUR MODELS LOOK OUTSTANDING IN OUR "VERY PARTY" STORY (PAGE 42), THEN NEW YORK CITY'S M.I.S. RETAIL STORE IS THE PLACE TO BE SHOPPING. BASICALLY CATERING TO THOSE WHO PREFER **THEATRICAL BEAUTY,** THE STORE CARRIES EVERYTHING FROM FAKE BLOOD TO METALLIC EYELASHES TO KRYOLAN MAKEUP (CHECK IT OUT, BELOW) TO WIGS AND SEQUINED BRAS LIKE THE ONE ON OUR COVER. IF YOU DON'T LIVE IN NYC, CALL MARCIA OR LARRY AT 212-765-8342 AND THEY'LL SEND YOU A CATALOG. OH, AND SAY *SASSY* SENT YOU.



**WHO SHE IS:** You'd never guess it, but **THIS MONTH'S COVER GIRL,** Nadège, is a whopping 21 years old. Whopping. She was born in Paris, France, and when she's not jetting off to New York for modeling jobs, she still lives just outside Paris with her parents, two sisters (one older, one younger) and a pet German shepherd.

**WHY SHE CUT HER HAIR:** A year ago, while shopping in Paris (we're green), a photographer snapped **NADÈGE,** then presented the picture to Company Models there. They signed her faster than you can say *oui,* but insisted she cut her hair (then a few inches longer).

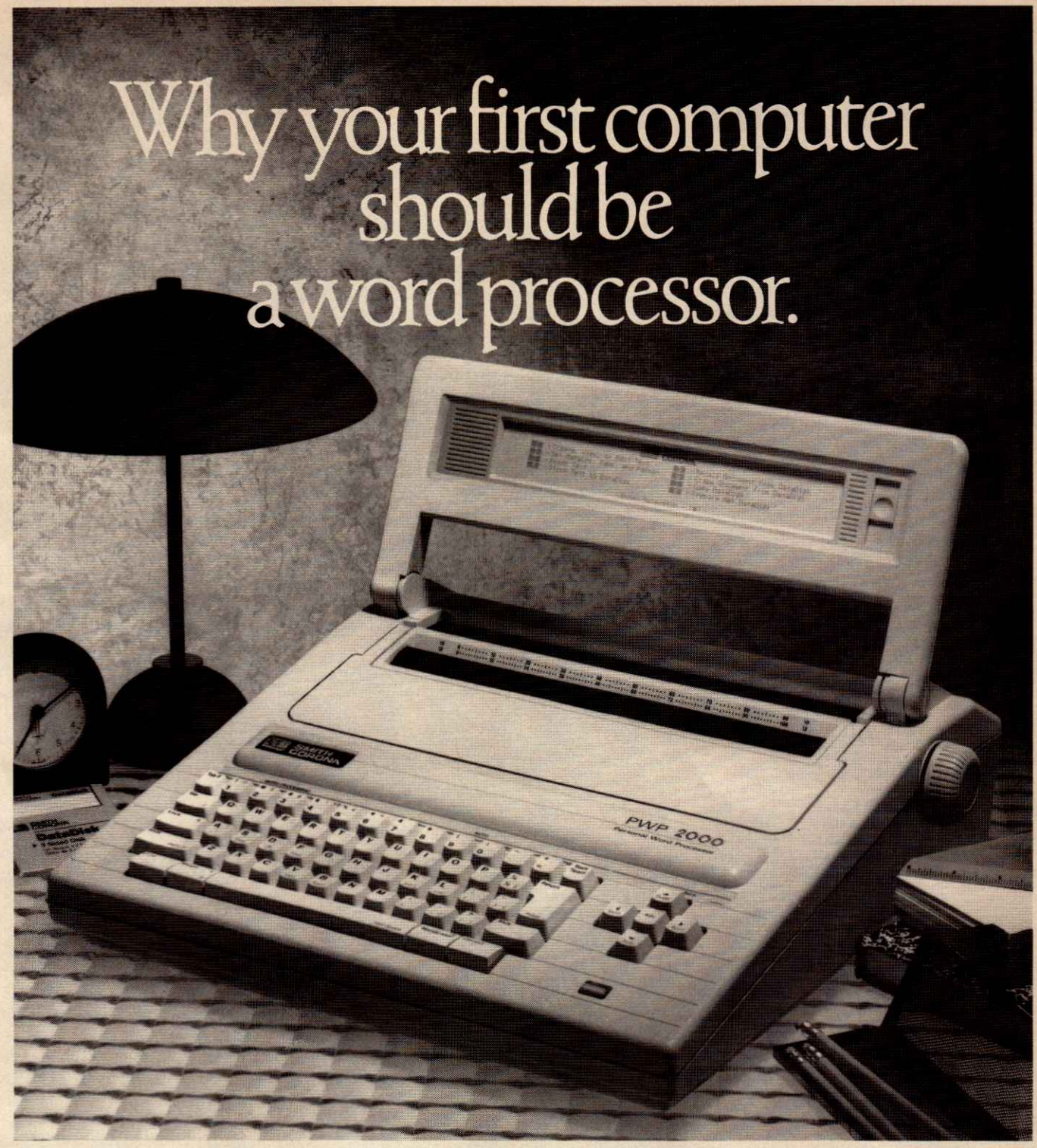
**WHAT SHE DOESN'T DO TO LOOK GOOD:** Nadège always keeps her makeup simple—like none, unless she's working—and she uses baby shampoo, and coconut lotion as a moisturizer. That short cut also keeps styling to a minimum—fingers are usually enough. Nadège used to run and play tennis to stay fit, but now she hasn't got time, so she stays in shape by dancing to funk music at clubs (the Paris ones are her favorites).

**WHAT'S IN STORE:** Nadège says she'll keep on modeling ("I meet a lot of people and I travel," she explains, using up all the English she knows), but she eventually wants to quit the biz and have a big family—we're talkin' five kids.

**JUST THE FACTS:** Get Nadège's luau look with L'Oréal Visuelle Invisible Coverage Makeup in Pink Beige; Visuelle Powder Blush in Cameo; Le Grand Kohl in Le Plum; Lash Out Mascara in Black Brown; Crème Riche Lipstick in Sealily; and in her hair, Studio Line Pumping Curls. Sequined halter bra and silk flower lei from M.I.S. Retail, NYC. Kimberly Briggs got down and did her hair and makeup; George Holz took the picture.

PHOTOGRAPH (middle, bottom) ▶ GREG WATERMANN HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ DONNA GREGORY MODEL ▶ KYRIE

# Why your first computer should be a word processor.




Perhaps you've heard of the widely respected Smith Corona Theory of Economic Perspicacity. Put simply, it states: Don't waste your money on something you don't need.

What you don't need, in this case, is an expensive, bulky computer which might take you months just to figure out.

What you do need is something that's far better suited to the letters, reports, spreadsheets and less than computer-sized budgets that most people face—the compact, portable Smith Corona PWP 2000 Personal Word Processor.

If you can use a typewriter, you can use the PWP 2000. With its built-in disk drive and 100,000 character DataDisk capacity, it can make short work of the longest projects.

The PWP 2000 even boasts a list of features that would make a computer's display turn green with envy—a Spell-Right® 50,000 word Electronic Dictionary, AutoSpell,® WordEraser,® Address Merge,® our optional CoronaCalc™ Spreadsheet program, plus lots more.

All of which will make buying your first computer the last thing you need to think about.

SMITH CORONA®
PERSONAL WORD PROCESSORS
THE INTELLIGENT ALTERNATIVE TO THE PC™

For more information on this product, write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona Canada, 440 Tapscott Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4.

# LISTEN UP

★★★★★ **Crucial, man**
★★★★ **Warning: may wear out the batteries in your Walkman**
★★★ **Hear it at a friend's first**
★★ **For die-hard fans only**
★ **Just say no**

**JOHNNY DIESEL & THE INJECTORS**
**Johnny Diesel & the Injectors** ★★★★★

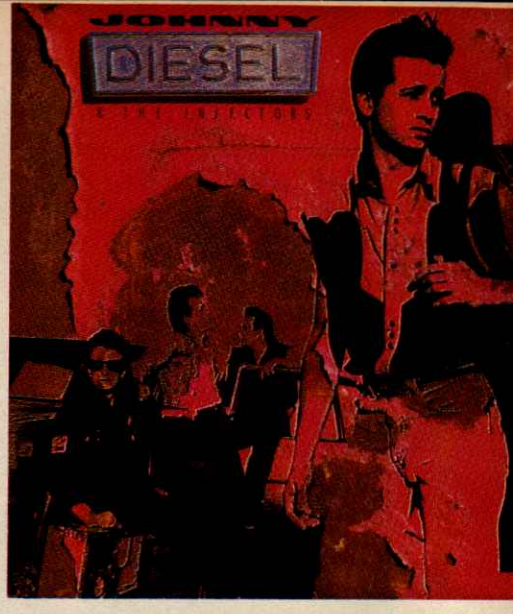
I'm trying to find something to criticize on this album, but there's absolutely nothing wrong with it (except there's a hole in the cover, but that's because it's a special promotional copy). It's excellent. Really. Johnny plays like he was born with a guitar in his hand, like it means life or death (which it probably does), and sings like the words are literally being ripped out of his throat. Then there's the three Injectors on saxophone, bass and drums—that's all, but the sound is so *big*. Great songs. Great music. Great album. What else is there to say? Five big ones, babe. **Neill**

**TRACY CHAPMAN**
**Crossroads** ★★★★★

Tracy Chapman's second album is aptly titled. The socially conscious folk singer burst into stardom last year, and two of the songs on this LP—"Crossroads" and "All That You Have Is Your Soul"—indicate that she's been fighting to maintain her integrity ever since. "All you folks think you run my life/Say I should be willing to compromise/I say all you demons go back to hell/I'll save my soul save myself," Tracy sings (to the music business, I'm sure) on the title track, and I would have to say she's won the battle. Her songs also address upwardly mobile blacks who sell out, the American government's disregard of the poor and the homeless, and countries like South Africa that imprison political activists. And then there are the love songs. If one is to take "This Time" and "Be Careful of My Heart" as autobiographical, poor Tracy has really been raked over the coals romantically. Fortunately for us, she's also able to take those experiences and turn them into great, provocative music. **Christina**

**FASTER PUSSYCAT**
**Wake Me When It's Over** ★★★★

Wake me when it's over? Uh-uh, not this one. Faster Pussycat's new album is aggressive, high-charged rock, and certain to send your neighbors packing, if you get what I mean. It's also not for the squeamish: You gotta luv dirty, grungy, barroom glam metal. For instance, there's the pounding drum line and obnoxious-sounding guitar of "Where There's a Whip There's a Way." Same with "Poison Ivy," the first single: Though it swings a bit more and is certainly more accessible than any of the other tunes, it has the hard edge that is FPC's trademark. So for




all you kittens who like your rock and roll in heavy doses, get on the case and listen. **Anne L.**

**FETCHIN BONES**
**Monster** ★★★

"Love Crushing," the first song on the third album from this North Carolina-based band, is brilliant. It actually out-Cults the Cult in raw sexiness and energy. The singer looks hot and basically kicks you know what. *Her* name is Hope Nicholls, and she sounds like she loves what she does. (Don't worry: There's boy beauty too, in the shape of blond guitarist Aaron Pitkin.) The songs are unpretentious, just Nicholls's thoughts set to a hard-driving beat. Unfortunately, not all her thoughts are worth hearing (okay, some of the lyrics stink). But there's enough to keep this record on your turntable for a while, at least until they make an album that really is a monster. **Mary Kaye**

**THE SUGARCUBES**
**Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week** ★★

It's not cool to not like The Sugarcubes. If (like me) you don't, people assume that your intellect's too tiny to appreciate the hidden meaning behind music this obscure (though, when pressed, they can't seem to explain it any better than you). It's just that The Sugarcubes so obviously *want* us to think they're weird. Take, for example, "Eat the Menu," a song about the dilemma facing many diners today: what to order for dinner. The Cubes oh-so-kooky solution? Eat the menu. In other acts of mind-numbing weirdness, the band tunes along to themes like longing to get stung by a bee, the merits of plastic and a little tirade about natural disasters. The whole album sounds a lot like Devo might if it had a female lead singer and was still a college punk band. Not a good look. **Karen**

# ONE TO WATCH

**AGE:** 27 **HOME:** Grew up in Manhattan, now doing that Hollywood thing. **WHY HE'S ACTING:** Basically, because he is the object of beauty that you see before you. But Billy boy, who spent a summer modeling while at Brown University, says it happened like this: "One of my agents was an actress. She gave me a monologue to read one day, and I got this adrenaline rush because I was walking through a fear that I had of speaking in public. It was like a natural high." Billy then took an acting class at Brown, graduated with a business degree, moved back to NYC and began going on auditions. His first movie role was in the barely seen *Seven Minutes of Heaven*, followed by a Diet Pepsi commercial and that memorable nonspeaking role as one of the biker-type vampires in *The Lost Boys*. Most recently, Billy bared a downright awe-inspiring torso as an Indian opposite his close personal friend Kevin Dillon in *War Party*.

**WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING WITH HIS VALUABLE LEISURE TIME:** Billy composes songs and takes voice lessons. He wrote the story for a film called *Street Urchins* ("kind of a combination between *Robin Hood* and *Oliver Twist* and *The Sting*"), which he also plans to star in and produce. "I wanna produce" being the actor's mantra of the '90s, Billy has many competitors roaming around the pool halls of New York and the beaches of Malibu. But let it be said that we in the "One to Watch" department have never seen an aspiring producer quite this breathtaking. Have you?—**Christina**

## BILLY WIRTH

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ JOE HILL HAIR ▶ COLETTE TRABER for Celestine Cloutier

# WATCH IT

★★★★★ **You can now die happy**
★★★★ **A veritable plethora of cinematic pleasures (i.e., see it)**
★★★ **It won't change your life or anything**
★★ **Only if you're really in the mood for Raisinets**
★ **Wash your hair**

HERMAN MUNSTER, STEP ASIDE. FRED IS SCARY FOR REAL IN *PET SEMATARY*

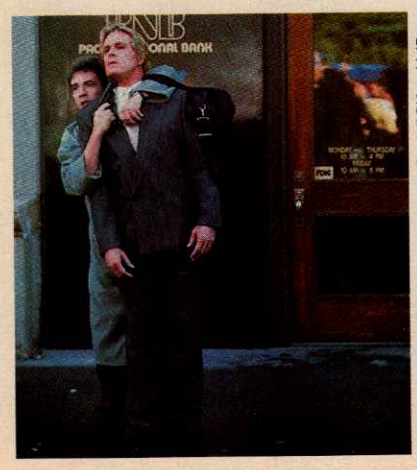
**Christina went to L.A. this month and forgot to assign the screenings. So we thought we'd review some new video releases instead.**

### PET SEMATARY ★★★★★

Adults, kids, an innocent teen, even a kitty cat—almost everyone gets theirs in *Pet Sematary*. A yuppie doctor, his family and their gorgeous feline move to the country to find peace, solitude, safety and all that slop. But no dice. Instead, most of them find death and zombiedom. You see, they live alongside a busy road, where lots of big trucks speed by and decimate the small mammal population. Well, before Mr. and Mrs. Whitebread have a chance to unpack, two of their clan suffer road pizza mishaps. Not so luckily, the old man across the road helps the doc get them back, thanks to a very special burial ground. Problem is, they don't come back quite the same. I was surprised by the sophistication and quantity of the bloodletting. Wow! Most amazing, though, is Fred Gwynne's performance as the old codger—even though every time he opened his mouth I heard Herman Munster. I just can't help it. **Mike**

### THREE FUGITIVES ★★★

A convicted bank robber (Nick Nolte) is released from prison, and enters a bank to open a new account. The bank is then held up, and he's taken hostage. Martin Short plays the thief, a geeky widower desperately turning to crime to finance his daughter's education. Of course the police think Nick is the holdup man, so now he and Martin are on the lam. This really is a physical comedy—Nick smashes more cops' heads together than the Three Stooges. But there are funny one-liners and some real sweet scenes with the adorable little girl who plays Martin's young daughter and the third fugitive. I had a good time watching this one, and you should too. **Anne B.**



*THREE FUGITIVES*: MARTIN AND NICK—AND BABY MAKES THREE

### 1969 ★★

Robert Downey, Jr. displays some of his usual chaotic whimsy in this bland, slow-moving story about coming of age during the Vietnam War. He plays a confused high school grad with no real plans other than staying high and getting into college to avoid the war. Kiefer Sutherland stars as his friend, a guy whose patriotic father thinks he's a sissy for refusing to enlist. The draft-dodging teen duo take off on an *On the Road*-inspired cross-country jaunt in search of their identities that sounds provocative, but *1969* is horribly directed and therefore unaffecting. Rent this only if you have an uncontrollable urge to see a tripping R.D.J. Tarzaning around an auditorium in his underwear. **Jill**

NO DEBATE HERE: *LISTEN TO ME* IS A STINKER, EVEN WITH JAMI AND KIRKI

### GHOSTBUSTERS II ★★

I don't really care much for sequels, and this one is no exception. The plot is basically identical to the first movie, except it's five years later and the Ghostbusters are fighting an evil 17th-century spirit called Vigo the Carpathian. It all starts when Sigourney Weaver notices bizarre things happening to her baby. We find out later that Vigo is trying to kidnap it so that he can possess its body and come back from the dead to rule the world (every evil spirit's dream). After a little detective work and some major construction, the guys discover a river of slime under Manhattan that breeds itself from negative human emotion. Needless to say, everyone gets slimed a few times and the Ghostbusters save New York. Oh gosh, did I give it away? **Maria**

### LISTEN TO ME ★

Warning: This video is ideologically unsound. It's about a California college where debate and fencing are the two hottest extracurriculars (wait, what planet are we on?). The debate team (including Kirk Cameron and Jami Gertz) ends up in the national finals arguing whether to overturn *Roe vs. Wade*. The film's script meticulously abstains from taking a stance on the abortion issue—it's made very clear that what's important is not which side of the issue you're on but the debate itself—yet it does allow such dubious dialogue as this gem from Kirki (a supposed good guy) to Jami, after he sleeps around: "If you would stop acting like such a vestal virgin, I wouldn't have to resort to these desperate life-threatening alternatives." Big ahem. **Jane**

# *Sassy* and Clairol® Highlighting Collection say "Get Involved"!

**Last month's Get Involved was a big smash hit! Now, our wonderful advertisers want you to keep on finding out where to volunteer your time. Clairol® Highlighting Collection, which includes Frost & Tip,® Quiet Touch® Hairpainting, Summer Blonde® and Light Effects® list organizations that they're really excited about. And their "pick city" is Minneapolis...the birthplace of "Prairie Home Companion" and Elizabeth Larsen (remember her? She was Jane's beautiful blond assistant). Minneapolis has a fab teen volunteer program and they were absolutely delighted that we contacted them. But, just in case you don't live in Minneapolis, Clairol has also choosen national programs you can contact for volunteer opportunities wherever you live. So, phone write, or show up in person—your volunteer help is greatly needed!!**

**Organizations that offer assistance to youth & runaways:**

THE NATIONAL NETWORK OF RUNAWAY & YOUTH SERVICES
1400 I Street NW—Suite 330
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 639-3281

THE CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA—CHILDREN'S CAMPAIGN
440 First Street, NW
Suite 310
Washington, D.C. 20001
(202) 638-2952

**Organizations that provide literacy assistance**

CONTACT LITERACY
P.O. Box 81826
Lincoln, Nebraska 68501
1-800-228-8813

LITERACY VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA
5795 Widewaters Parkway
Syracuse, New York 13214
315-445-8000

**Groups that provide general referral service for a variety of needs:**

AMERICAN RED CROSS
18th & D Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 639-3281

YOUTH SERVICE AMERICA
1319 F Street, NW
Washington, D.C. 20004

CAMPUS CONTACT
Box 1975
Brown University
Providence, RI 02912
401-863-1119

Contact your local chapter of:
YM/YWCA's
BIG BROTHERS/BIG SISTERS
GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA
CAMPFIRE GIRLS

BOYS CLUBS OF AMERICA
BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS
4-H CLUB
AMERICAN RED CROSS

**Organizations that aid the homeless:**

NATIONAL VOLUNTEER CLEARINGHOUSE FOR THE HOMELESS
1310 Emerson Street, NW
Washington, D.C. 20011
1-800-HELP-664

**Organizations that focus on the environment & conservation:**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SERVICE & CONSERVATION CORPS
810 18th Street, NW St. 507
Washington, D.C. 20006
202-393-5550

STUDENT CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION
Box 550
Charleston, NH 03603
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NATIONAL 4-H COUNCIL
7100 Connecticut Avenue,
2nd floor
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Minneapolis, MN 55423
(612) 861-1688

THE LANGUAGE PROJECT
2315 Chicago Avenue
Minneapolis, MN 55404
(612) 871-2967

**Senior Citizen Services:**

SENIOR RESOURCES
430 Oak Grove, Suite 105
Minneapolis, MN 55403
(612) 874-7339

VA MEDICAL CENTER
One Veterans Drive
Minneapolis, MN 55417
(612) 725-2000

HORIZON WEST HEALTH CARE CENTER
1620 Oak Park Avenue N.
Minneapolis, MN 55723
(612) 588-0804

WILLOWS SOUTH
6130 Lyndale Avenue S.
Minneapolis, MN 55149
(612) 866-3095

NORTHEAST SENIOR CITIZEN RESOURCE CENTER INC.
697 13th Avenue North East
Minneapolis, MN 55413
(612) 781-5096

SENIOR ADVOCATE HOUSING RESOURCE NETWORK
2433 Park Avenue S.
Minneapolis, MN 55404
(612) 870-0810

**General volunteer services:**

SUMNER OLSON COMMUNITY CENTER
900 8th Avenue North
Minneapolis, MN 55411
(612) 342-1615

BLAISDELL YMCA
3335 Blaisdell Avenue South
Minneapolis, MN 55408
(612) 827-5401

CENTRAL GYM & RECREATION CENTER, MINNEAPOLIS PARKS
Central & 4th Avenues S.
Minneapolis, MN
(612) 348-7086

CAMP FIRE INC.
Minneapolis Council
4100 Vernon Avenue S
Minneapolis, MN 55416
(612) 925-0205

COMMUNITY CRISIS PREVENTION
310 4th Avenue S.
Minneapolis, MN 55404
(612) 348-6292

GREATER MINNEAPOLIS COUNCIL OF CHURCHES
122 West Franklin
Minneapolis, MN 55404
(612) 870-3660

METHODIST HOSPITAL
6500 Excelsior Blvd.
St. Louis Park MN 55426

WEST HENNEPIN COMMUNITY CENTER
1001 State Hwy 7
Hopkins, MN 55343

EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD SERVICE INC.
1929 Second St. NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418
(612) 781-6011

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ASSOCIATION FOR RETARDED CITIZENS
1100 90th Avenue NE
Blaine, MN 55434

ACCESSIBILITY, INC.
360 Hoover Street
Minneapolis, MN 55413
(612) 521-6251

ASSOCIATION FOR RETARDED CHILDREN
Camp Edenwood
6350 Eden Chief Rd.
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**Special-care groups for the seriously ill:**

METROPOLITAN–MT. SINAI PHILLIPS CAMPUS
Colon Cancer Center
2215 Park Avenue
Minneapolis, MN
(612) 872-5566

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620 South 10th Avenue
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# "GET INVOLVED"

# *Sassy* and Neutrogena say "Get Involved!"

**You guys are great!! We are thrilled by how many of you want to get involved with the cause that means the most to you. So once again with the help of one of *Sassy*'s really totally cool advertisers, Neutrogena, we are encoring a whole page of organizations that need your help. Besides bringing you national organizations, we will continue to focus in on a specific city. This month it's the home of *Sassy*. The Big Apple, good old New York. When it's not your home town we're focusing on, pay attention anyway, dudes, 'cause they can often direct you to their affiliate in your city. One more idea for you go-get-'em types, call your mayor's office and ask to speak to someone in their volunteer center who can give you names of local activist organizations! So, guys, keep up the good work and Get Involved! P.S. we've added some new ones, for you to check out.**

### Organizations that are involved with hunger, the homeless and the family.

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(212) 534-0072

**COALITION FOR THE HOMELESS**
105 East 22nd Street,
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New York, New York 10010
(212) 460-8110

**HABITAT FOR HUMANITY**
742 East 6th Street
New York, New York 10009
(212) 505-2230

**LEGAL ACTION CENTER FOR THE HOMELESS**
210 East 4th Street
New York, New York 10009
(212) 529-4240

**NEW YORK CATHOLIC SOUP KITCHEN**
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New York, New York 10012
(212) 674-7236

**NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR WORLD FOOD DAY**
1001 22nd Street N.W.
Washington, DC 20436
(202) 653-2404

**OUR LADY OF ANGELS**
Home and Human Services
336 73rd St.
Brooklyn, New York 11209

**QUEENS INTERFAITH HUNGER NETWORK**
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Woodhaven, New York
11418
(718) 847-9200

### Organizations that are involved with helping people develop economically.

**PEACE CORPS**
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N.W.
Washington, DC 20526
(202) 254-5010

### Organizations that are involved promoting anti-discrimination.

**NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE**
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New York, New York 10021
(212) 310-9024

**STUDENTS AND YOUTH AGAINST RACISM**
P.O. Box 1819, Madison
Square Station
New York, New York
10159-1819
(212) 741-0633

### Organizations that are involved with diseases, medicine, and the aging.

**AMERICAN RED CROSS IN GREATER NEW YORK**
150 Amsterdam Avenue
New York, New York 10023
(212) 870-8807

**BURDEN CENTER FOR THE AGING**
445 East 45th Street
New York, New York 10018
(212) 879-7400

**BETH ISRAEL MEDICAL CENTER**
First Avenue & 16th Street
New York, New York 10003
(212) 420-2733

**CABRINI MEDICAL CENTER**
227 East 19th Street
New York, New York 10003
(212) 725-5700

**JEWISH GUILD FOR THE BLIND**
15 West 65th Street
New York, New York 10023
(212) 769-6217

**MONTEFIORE MEDICAL CENTER**
111 East 210 Street
Bronx, New York 10467
(212) 920-8403

**MAIMONIDES MEDICAL CENTER**
4802 10th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11219
(718) 270-7051

**NATIONAL AIDS NETWORK**
1012 14th St., N.W.,
Suite 601
Washington, DC 20005
(202) 347-0390

### Organizations that are involved with substance abuse.

**NATIONAL COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM**
12 West 21st Street
New York, New York 10010

**NATIONAL INSTITUTE ON DRUG ABUSE**
5600 Fishers Lane,
Room 10A-54
Rockville, MD 20857
(301) 443-1124

### Organizations that can give you information on helping our Native Americans.

**FUTURES FOR CHILDREN**
805 Tijeras NW
Albuquerque, NM 87102
(505) 247-4700
...they have a free videotape available that you & your friends can watch to learn more about Native Americans.

**AMERICAN INDIAN COMMUNITY HOUSE, INC**
842 Broadway
New York, New York
(212)598-0100

### Organizations that are involved with children and child abuse.

**ANGEL'S FLIGHT**
A Crisis Center/Shelters for Runaways
357 South Westlake Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90057
(213) 413-2311/
(818) 957-0913

**CHILDREN IN NEED**
New York, New York
(212) 932-9833

**CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY**
14 East 28th Street
New York, New York 10017
(212) 725-0070

### For organizations that can give information on how to get involved in your city, call the national number for the Voluntary Action Center near you.

**MAYOR'S VOLUNTARY ACTION CENTER (NEW YORK CITY)**
61 Chambers Street
New York, New York 10007
(212) 566-5950
Manhattan, Bronx,
Staten Island
(718) 624-4221 Brooklyn
(718) 526-5200 Queens

**(NEW YORK DEPARTMENT OF THE) HUMAN RESOURCES ADMINISTRATION**
Division of Volunteer Services
49 Chambers Street
New York, New York 10007
(718) 433-3864

**VOLUNTEER CENTER OF LOS ANGELES**
City Hall Branch
200 N. Spring Street,
Room 100L
Los Angeles, CA 90012
(213) 485-6984

**VOLUNTEER–THE NATIONAL CENTER**
1111 N. 19th Street,
Suite 500
Arlington, Virginia 22209
(703) 276-0542

*P.S. If you have a special organization in your city that you would like us to list, let us know. Write to,*
**Get Involved, *Sassy*,**
*1 Times Square, New York, New York 10036*

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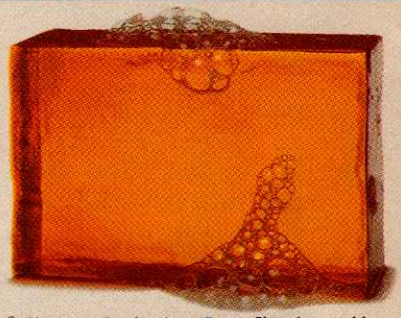
# Not all acne problems are the same.

That's why we make four *different* skin helpers to keep pores as healthy and free of pimple-causing bacteria as can be...giving you the clean pore advantage over acne! They're all available at your drug store.

| Problem: | Solution: |
|---|---|
| ☐ Facial cleansers either overdry my skin, or don't seem to get it clean enough.<br>☐ Even after lots of rinsing, I can still feel traces of soap on my face.<br>☐ Could the cleanser I'm using be clogging my pores—even causing new pimples? |  <br>*Neutrogena® Cleansing Bar for Acne-Prone Skin thoroughly cleanses acne-prone skin without overdrying, then rinses completely... so it won't clog pores or interfere with acne medicines.* |
| ☐ Antiseptics containing alcohol or perfumes sting my skin, then leave it tight and dry.<br>☐ I can't always wash my face as often as I know I should.<br>☐ Can't somebody invent an antiseptic that gives *lasting* protection against bacteria? |
<br>*Neutrogena® Antiseptic Cleanser for Acne-Prone Skin works better than ordinary antiseptics because it kills bacteria for up to six hours... without the irritation of alcohol or artificial fragrances!* |
| ☐ Acne medicines dry out more than just pimples, sometimes chapping (even irritating!) my whole face.<br>☐ Creamy cover-ups seem to leave my pores clogged and enlarged.<br>☐ Help! Is there something that spot-treats blemishes without interfering with the color of make-up? |
<br>*Neutrogena® Drying Gel for Acne-Prone Skin is a clear, non-clogging spot treatment that absorbs excess oil and dries only the problem area, not your whole face.* |
| ☐ No matter how I try to prevent acne, I still get new breakouts.<br>☐ Acne creams you're supposed to wear all day overdry my skin.<br>☐ I can't believe a super-effective acne preventer could ever make my skin feel so good! |
<br>*Neutrogena® Acne Mask treats and prevents breakouts with benzoyl peroxide in a tingly, 20-minute clay mask. It's as effective as all-day acne creams, without the overdrying.* |

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# *Sassy* and Spiedel say "Get Involved"!

**Do you have really strong feelings about protecting the environment? Are you concerned when you see your friends or kids at school drink and then try to drive? Have drugs become a real problem at your school or in your neighborhood? Well, you are in good company. *Sassy* and Spiedel are very concerned about all of the above. In fact, Spiedel is so concerned, their ads address these issues. We'd like to help you do something about all these problems, too. How? Get involved. Spiedel's list concentrates on national and local organizations that specialize in alcohol, drugs and environmental volunteer help. You can also call your local mayor's office. They have lists of local organizations who need your help. So save a tree, a friend, a member of your family or even a stranger by Getting Involved!**

"GET INVOLVED"

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**MADD—MOTHERS AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING**
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Hurst, Tx. 76053
(817) 268-6233

**SADD—STUDENTS AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING**
Marlboro, MA 01752
(617) 481-3586

**ALCOHOLISM COUNCIL OF GREATER NEW YORK**
133 East 62nd Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 935-7075

**NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM**
155 Washington Ave.
Ste. 302
Albany, NY 12210
(518) 436-1077
Robert J. Lindsay,
Executive Director

**THE OTHER VICTIMS OF ALCOHOLISM, INC.**
P.O. Box 921
Radio City Station
New York, NY
(212) 929-0815

**NANTUCKET COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM GOURIN VILLAGE**
P.O. Box 2345
Nantucket, MA 02854
(617) 771-0132

**NATIONAL COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM AND OTHER DRUG ADDICTIONS**
(WESTCHESTER)
360 Mamaroneck, NY
10605
(914) 683-1213
Ann Noel, Executive Director

**Organizations that provide assistance in overcoming substance abuse**

**NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS, NYC REGIONAL OFFICE**
57 East 11th Street 9th Flr.
New York, NY
(212) 420-9400

**ALLIANCE AGAINST DRUGS ON NANTUCKET**
P.O. Box 6
Nantucket, MA 02554
(617) 228-3470
Sandy Holland,
Executive Director

**NEW YORK STATE DRUG ABUSE INFORMATION LINE**
1-(800) 522-5353

**NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF DRUG ABUSE**
Maryland
(301) 443-6487

**OFFICE OF NATIONAL DRUG CONTROL POLICY**
Washington, D.C.
(202) 673-2520

**DAYTOP VILLAGE, MANHATTAN OUTREACH CENTER**
132 W. 83rd Street
New York, New York 10024
(212) 595-7855

**EAST HARLEM COUNCIL FOR HUMAN SERVICES, L.U.C.H.A.**
(Latinos United For
Comprehensive Help for
Abusers)
127 E. 105th Street
New York, New York 10029

**FREDERICK DOUGLAS COMMUNITY CENTER**
855 Columbus Avenue
New York, New York 10025

**AMERICAN CHALLENGE**
(National Involvement &
Prevention Organization,
NY METRO AREA)
97-20 Springfield Blvd.
Queens Village, NY 11429
(718) 468-6192

**These groups focus on environmental issues**

**RAINFOREST ALLIANCE**
270 Lafayette St. #512
New York, New York 10012
Karen Kreider, Ad Mgr.

**COUNCIL ON THE ENVIRONMENT**
51 Chambers St. #228
New York, New York 10007
(212) 566-0990

**COUSTEAU SOCIETY**
Norfolk, VA
(804) 627-1144
Sandy Bond

**WAVE HILL CENTER FOR ENVIRONMENT STUDIES**
675 W. 252nd Street
Bronx, New York

**CHILDREN'S CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT**
12 Everit Street
New Haven, CT 06515

**ENVIRONMENTAL DEFENSE FUND**
257 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10010
(212) 505-2100
in Washington, D.C.:
1616 P Street N.W. #150
20036
(202) 387-3500

**EARTH TEAM VOLUNTEERS, US DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE**
Richmond, VA
(804) 771-2455 June Hogg
also,
**US DEPT OF AGRICULTURE SOIL CONSERVATION SERVICE**
1-800-THE-SOIL

**GREENPEACE**
1436 U Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009
(202) 462-1177

**HUMANE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**
306 E. 59th Street
New York, New York 10022
(212) 739-4499

**TAKE PRIDE IN AMERICA TASK FORCE**
U.S. Department of
the Interior/Office
of the Secretary
18th and C Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20240
(202) 343-1726

**WILDLIFE CONSERVATION INFORMATION**
1-800-221-3333

**Organizations in Canada that need your help**

**THE CANADIAN FEDERATION OF HUMANE SOCIETIES**
30 Concourse Gate #120
Nepean, Ontario K2E7V7
Iris Winston
(613) 224-8072

**THE CANADIAN NATURE/WILDLIFE FEDERATION**
1673 Carling Avenue
Ottawa, Canada K2A3Z1
(613) 238-6154

**VOLUNTEER BUREAU OF FREDERICTON UNITED WAY**
P.O. Box 164
Fredericton, NB, Canada
E3B 4Y9
Tony Tremblay Director of
Volunteer Resources
(506) 459-7773

**CENTRAL VOLUNTEER BUREAU**
415 Dundas Street
London, ONT, Canada
N6B 1V9
Karen Ross, Director
(519) 438-4155

**ONTARIO ASSOCIATION OF VOLUNTEER BUREAUX AND CENTRES**
111 Merton Street, St. 207
Toronto, ONT, Canada
M4S 3A7
Gail Moore
(416) 487-6139

**THE VANCOUVER VOLUNTEER CENTRE**
301-3102 Main Street
Vancouver, BC, Canada
V5T 3G7
(604) 875-9144

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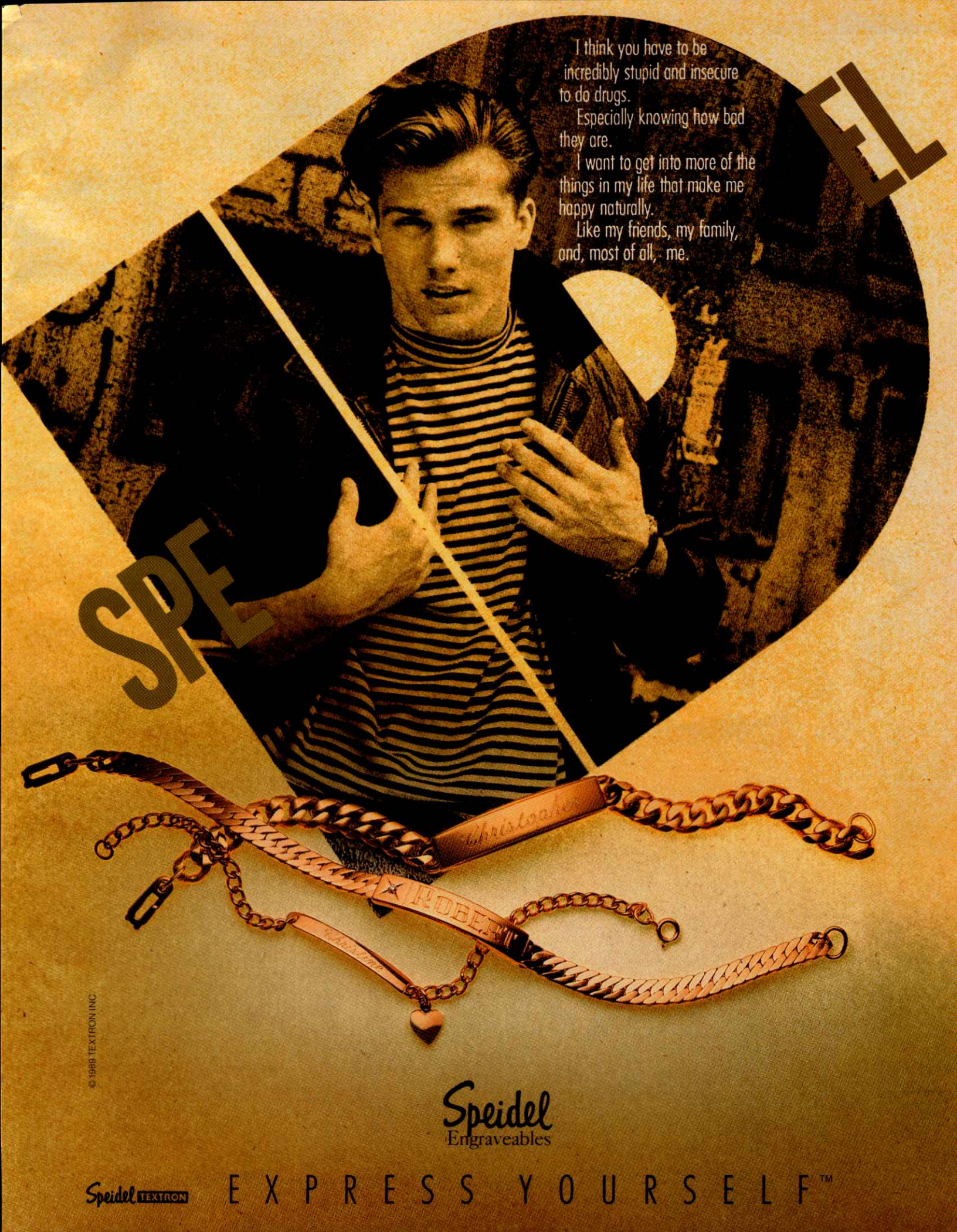
I think you have to be incredibly stupid and insecure to do drugs.
Especially knowing how bad they are.
I want to get into more of the things in my life that make me happy naturally.
Like my friends, my family, and, most of all, me.
SPE
EL
Christopher
ROBERT

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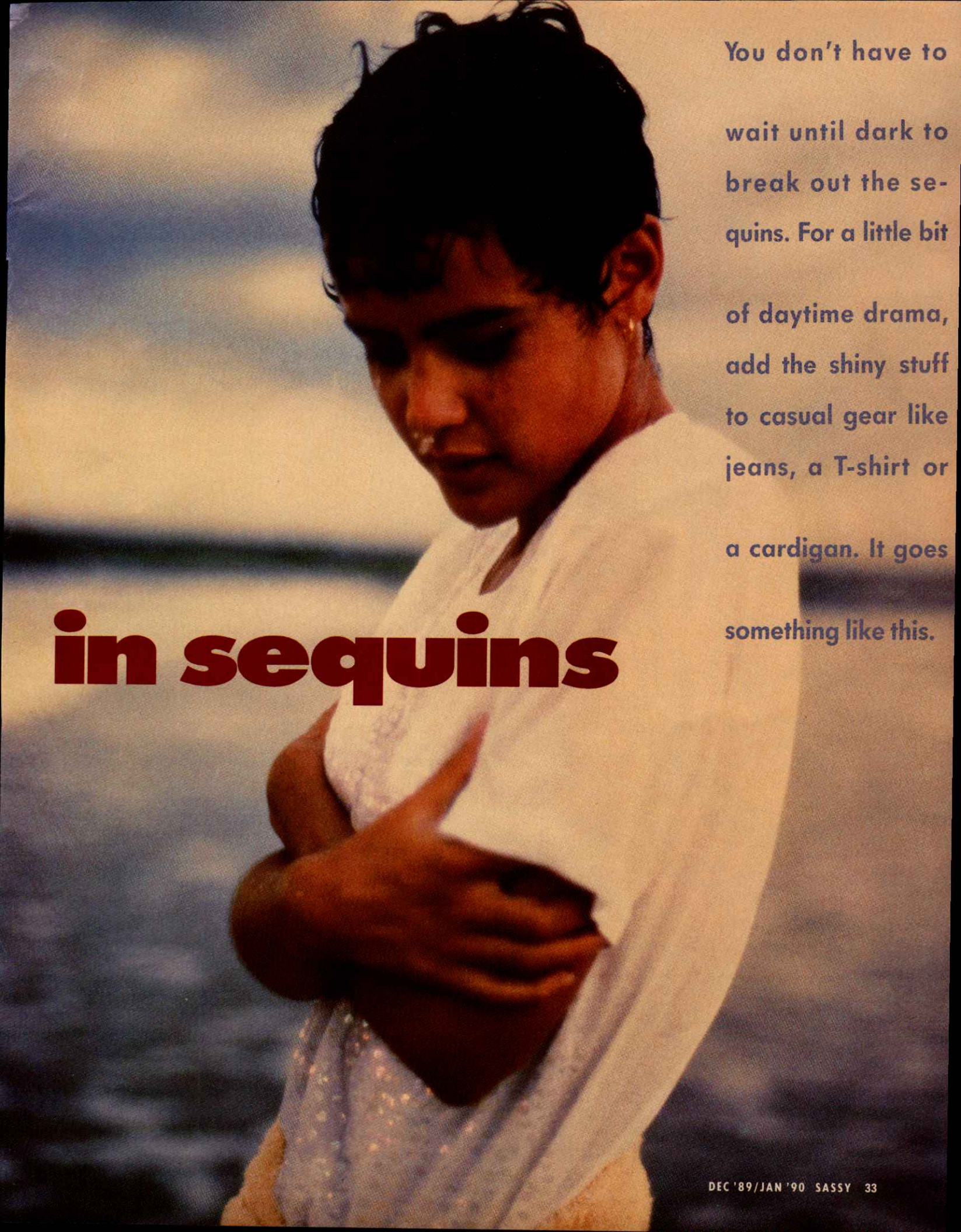
This page: Iridescent mermaid dress by What's Up. Sweater, $25, from Screaming Mimi's. Opposite page: Basic white tee (our friend Tina Tuchs glued on the sequins with a hot glue gun), $10 for three, by Hanes.

Sequins by B. Blumenthal. Towel by Cannon Mills. Hoops throughout by Monet.



# in sequins

You don't have to wait until dark to break out the sequins. For a little bit of daytime drama, add the shiny stuff to casual gear like jeans, a T-shirt or a cardigan. It goes something like this.

just a splash of sparkle

Opposite page: Cotton wrestling suit (we added the patches), $42, from The Loft. Patches fr

"Romeo" blouse, $72, by Ercoli. Heather tights by E.G. Smith. Gold sequined shorts, $65, by Ania Nowa

Kristina's Kollection. Fishnet tights by Capezio. Motorcycle boots from an army-navy store. This pa

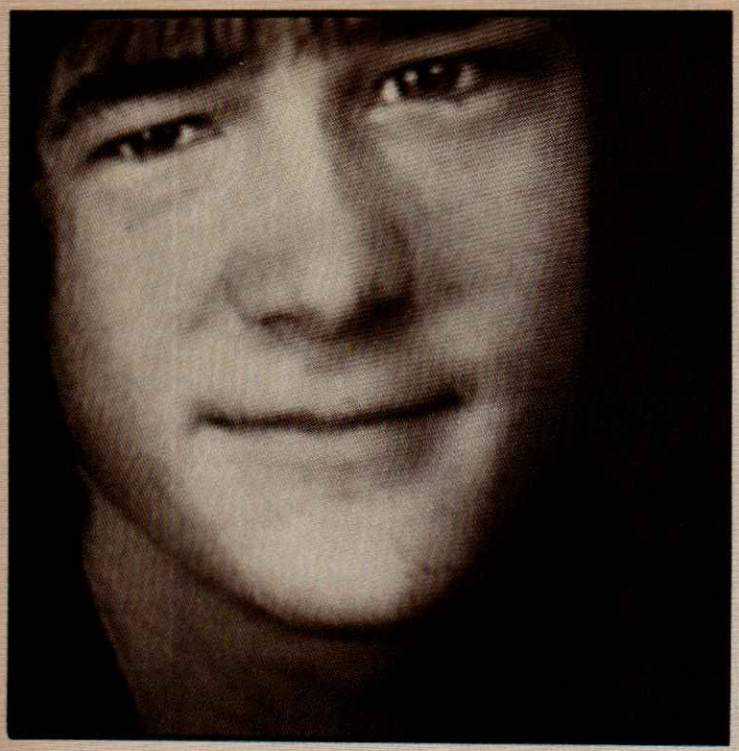
$55, and lei from M.I.S. Pink car coat, $199, by Benetton. Earrings by Paul Monroe at Einstein's.

GLEN ERLER

This page: Red dress, $100, by The Epitomy. Pastel pajama-flowered shirt (we sewed on the sequins), $60, and gold shoe boots by Guess?. Sequins by B. Blumenthal. Rhinestone bangles by Savvy by Swarovski. Opposite page: Baby pink tank dress, $120, from Merry Go Round. Hunter green trench, $99, by Tweeds. Lei from M.I.S.

All prices are approximate. Store info on page 80.

sequins under cover



**Billy Rosebud's picture on TV, four years after his murder. It took that long to solve the mystery of his death.**

# WHAT HAPPENED

April 23, 1985. At 5:30 in the evening, two Tampa, Florida police officers receive an emergency call to report to the Blue Sink, a shallow retention pond behind Roger Whitley Chevrolet in the north end of town. They arrive on the scene and walk south over a sandy area until they reach the pond. That's when they see it. A decomposing, bloated body floating in the middle of the lake. The face is a bluish-black color and the right arm is sticking up in a hooked position, reminding one of the officers of a mannequin.

The body, that of a teenage boy, is attached to a 39-pound cinder block, tied with a rope threaded through the belt loops of his white corduroys. In his pocket police find a wallet containing fragments of a dollar bill, some yearbook-size photos and a Social Security card with the name William F. Rosebud, Jr.

Four days earlier, on a sunny, humid afternoon in Tampa, an afternoon like all the others, 16-year-old Billy Rosebud walked out of his house for the last time, his German shepherd Sheba at his side. He had spent the day with his mom—having lunch at a local coffee shop, going shopping. He always hung out with his mother on her day off from K Mart. But it was just after 4:00, time to meet his friends John and Sharon. The three of them played video games at the Floriland Mall for a couple of hours, then hung out at Sharon's trailer nearby. A little after 8:00, John and Billy stopped at the Waco station on the corner, so Billy could call his mom. He asked what was for dinner and said he'd be right there. Then he walked John to his house and headed in the direction of home.

Around midnight Sheba came home. Without Billy. The dog was soaking wet and shaking. "She smelled like a sewer and she was acting weird," Billy's older half-brother Bobby Maddock remembered later. "Like she was trying to tell me something."

By morning Billy still hadn't come home. His mother Mildred was freaked with worry. She left a note on the living room table saying where she was and went out looking for him. She searched the neighborhood, the malls, all the places where Billy hung out. For four days she looked everywhere, only returning home to see if he was back. But all that was there was the note, untouched on the table.

"Whoever did it was very sick," police Major Bert Hatcher told Mildred after breaking the news of her son's death. Hatcher was a friend of the family who had grown up with Billy's mom. "But don't worry. There's a lot of evidence," Hatcher went on. "We'll get them."

All the police reports that came out over the next couple of days said it was murder. The coroner, after performing an autopsy, raised the possibility of suicide. The police looked into it, and found two of Billy's friends to back up that theory: They both admitted Billy had twice spoken of killing himself, both times over a girl.

But when the police told Billy's family about his death being a suicide, they refused to believe it. There was no way, in their minds, that Billy Rosebud could have taken his own life. "I mean, you don't just call your mother, like, at 8:00 in the evening to say, 'What's for dinner?' then wrap a cinder block around your waist and put yourself into a retention pond," says Ellen Ostman, an attorney and friend of the family. So with Ellen's legal expertise, as well as the experience of Billy's aunt Carolyn—a real-life private eye—the family set about conducting their own investigation.

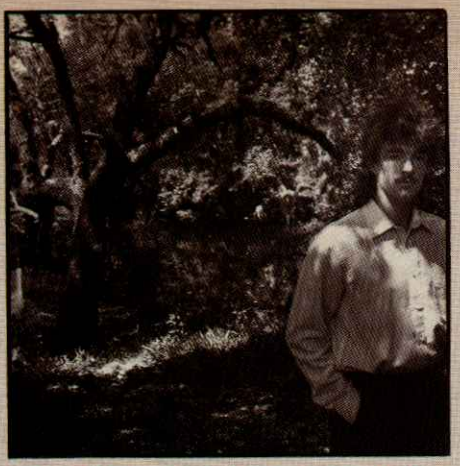
**Mildred Curtis (right), Billy's mother, and Carolyn Williams, his aunt (left), led their own investigation.**

Then, in August, the plot thickened: The body of a 16-year-old girl named Meredith Fish was found in the parking lot of the Floriland Mall, stabbed in the back of the neck 13 times. Meredith was an acquaintance of Billy's, and soon after his death she had told several people that she knew who killed him. Billy's family hoped the police's investigation of Meredith's death would unearth some clues about Billy's. But police department policy forbids linking two investigations. And on January 3, 1986, eight months after Billy's body was found, the police declared his death "unexplained" and the case inactive, a nice way of saying "Case closed." On the same day, the investigation into Meredith's death was also declared inactive.

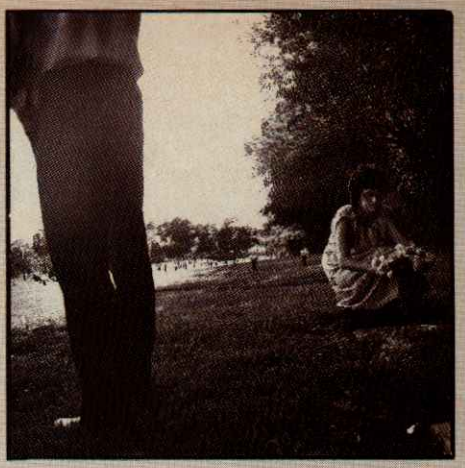
Last spring a *Sassy* reader from Tampa sent us a newspaper article on Billy's mysterious death. There was a color picture of him that struck me immediately. He seemed so innocent, with intense blue eyes and that translucent kind of skin that looks like it's just about to break out. I got intrigued. Why didn't the police seem to care? Could he have killed himself? If not,

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ SYLVIA PLACHY

**MB's Lounge is the last place Billy was seen alive.**



**Billy's brother, Bobby returns to the place where the body was found.**



**Mildred places flowers on her son's grave as Bobby looks on.**

# TO BILLY ROSEBUD?

**Sixteen-year-old Billy Rosebud was found dead in a pond. The police called it a possible suicide. His family knew it was murder. Catherine Gysin discovered it was a little of both.**

who would want to kill him? And why? I ran into Jane's office with all these questions, and she (as usual) became as obsessed as I was. So we decided I had better go down there and find out for myself.

From the moment I arrive in Tampa, everyone's telling me about the drug problem, the crime problem, the racial tension. There is a strange pastel soullessness to the place, from the way even the busier streets seem deserted, to the signs that say "We finance anyone," to the insects natives call "lovebugs," because pairs fly around linked at one end. The wide streets of the city are lined with gun stores, Salvation Armys and pawn shops—symbols of desperation under the bright heat that beats down, making you feel like the Earth is burning or something.

As I drive up to the modest house where Billy lived, I am trying to imagine growing up in a place like this. His mother, Mildred Curtis, who divorced Billy's dad when Billy was nine, shows me through the three-bedroom ranch-style home she entirely redecorated six months after her son's death; she couldn't deal with his memory in every piece of furniture. I also meet Billy's brother Bobby, now 23 years old. He doesn't look much like Billy, but he has the same intense sparkle in his eyes. We all settle down to talk in the TV room at the back of the house—next to the huge game room that Mildred added on so that Billy could have a Ping-Pong table.

"He spent a lot of time in this room," Mildred begins, pulling her thin pink dress snugly over her knees. It's hard to describe the mixture of pain and pride on her face as she starts describing her son. "He used to send me flowers all the time for no reason. He was so sensitive and caring."

Mildred pulls out a few photo albums and starts pointing out Billy in his Cub Scout uniform, at Busch Gardens, as Darth Vader on Halloween. She laughs at one of him clowning around with his underwear on his head. I'm beginning to get a sense of Billy. Goofy. Sweet. I like him.

"Billy never wore those concert T-shirts, like everybody [meaning the press] said," Mildred tells me as she flips past a picture of Billy in a Journey T-shirt. I don't mention the contradiction. "And he never listened to that heavy metal stuff. Pop-rock was all I ever heard." I can tell Mildred is anxious to paint Billy as a good boy, as if I'm going to think listening to heavy metal means he might have wanted to kill himself.

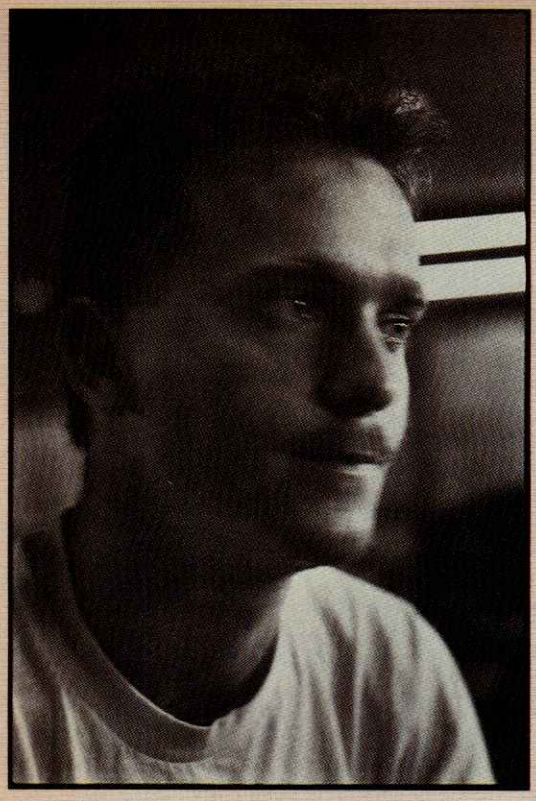
"That's Sheba," Mildred says, pointing to a photo of Billy with a puppy. "She went everywhere with Billy," adds Bobby, sitting forward on the couch. "She was stolen about a week after Billy died. Not surprising. I mean, she was with him that night. She could have shown us where he was murdered. Dogs can do that."

Mildred shuffles the pages of the album nervously. She seems to want to talk more about Billy's life than his death. She quickly switches to the parties she gave for her son every Halloween, the fancy restaurants he liked to go to on his birthdays, the western shirts she dressed him and Bobby in for grade school pictures. "And let's see, he liked to watch 'Dynasty' every day at noon," Mildred adds.

"You mean he came home from school for lunch?" I ask.

"Well, he dropped out in ninth grade," Mildred answers, eyes lowered. Long pause. "He only dropped out because he

**Meredith Fish said she knew who killed Billy. A few months later she was dead too.**



**Les, Billy's best friend, was ordered to stop seeing Billy just before he died.**

was planning to go on a trip with his dad," she goes on, playing with the hem of her dress. "He was going to go back to night school after that."

I don't know what to say. This is a side of Billy—and Mildred—that I hadn't expected. "You know, Billy received a death threat," Mildred says, sort of urgently. "I happened to pick up the phone at the same time Billy did once. And the voice said, 'You will be dead and it will be soon.' " She silently mouths the words again after saying them aloud.

That night I have dinner with Mildred and Billy's aunt Carolyn, his cousin Brenda, Bobby and Ellen, the attorney—all the people involved in investigating Billy's death. The more they looked into the case themselves, they explain passionately, the more they found evidence that the police didn't follow through on all leads. For instance, the police discovered footprints other than Billy's near the retention pond, but they never established whose they were. The police even received a tip about a woman who knew of an eyewitness to the murder, yet the reports do not show that she was ever sought.

Not only that, but Billy's family discovered evidence that put lots of holes in the suicide theory. The autopsy was the first thing. "It showed no water in Billy's lungs," Ellen says. "It is medically impossible to drown with no water in your lungs," meaning Billy was dead, or at least unconscious, before he entered the water.

And Carolyn tells me that the knot in the rope at Billy's waist was way too elaborate for even a former Cub Scout to have tied. "The cinder block was so heavy too," she adds, "there's no way he could have picked it up and walked into the water." The family even did a test of their own, attaching a cinder block to a rope and tying it to Brenda, who was always as strong as her skinny cousin. "I couldn't even lift it off the ground," says Brenda.

I find myself increasingly caught up in the mysterious details of the case as the family continues to run down the evidence. Like the phenethylamine found in Billy's liver and kidneys. It's a residue that can be caused by drugs, Carolyn explains, so the family reasoned that Billy must have been drugged before he was murdered. And Ellen goes on to say that the night Billy died he was carrying brass knuckles and a knife; they were both missing when the body was found, leading the family to believe he had been disarmed by his attackers. "He always had those brass knuckles," Carolyn says. Everyone nods as if this is completely natural, but I'm wondering why this supposedly good boy would need to carry weapons. When I mention this, Bobby tells me that his brother had always been underdeveloped, and therefore had trouble defending himself. "He used to talk to me about building himself up," Bobby says sadly. "Just before he was killed he had decided to start weight training with me."

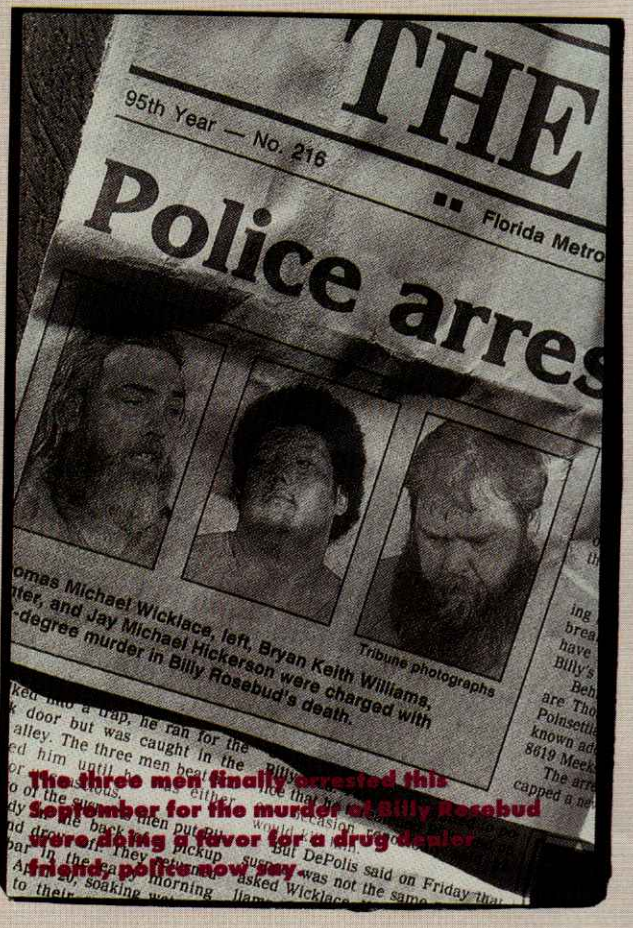
Before I can argue that this still doesn't explain why he'd need to be constantly armed, the family, talking machine-gun speed, has moved on, heatedly describing their treatment by the police. "We'd go to them with new information all the time," says Ellen, pushing her salad away. "We'd say, 'We know you're busy. Let us help you.' And they'd ignore us. Completely."

After going to the state attorney, the mayor, the governor, the FBI—even a psychic—with no luck, Billy's family felt more and more strongly that they couldn't count on anyone but themselves. In an effort to have the case reopened, they investigated every lead they could find, collecting more than 300 hours of taped interviews from anyone with information, no matter how insignificant.

"Everyone looked at us like we were just stupid women. They'd laugh at us like we were crazy," remembers Carolyn. "Well, y'all did some pretty crazy things," Brenda jumps in. "Yeah, we did," laughs Ellen. "No doubt about it, we entered the seediest parts of town."

After three years of this obsessive sleuthing, the family decided to take Billy's story to the media. It worked: For the first time, someone listened. His name was Louis Lavelle and he was a reporter for the *Tampa Tribune*. Lavelle did a year's worth of his own research, and then on April 19th, the fourth anniversary of Billy's death, published an article telling the whole story, including the possible connection to Meredith Fish. Perhaps not so coincidentally, on that same day the police reopened both the Rosebud and Fish investigations.

I am also pretty convinced that the cases of Meredith Fish and Billy are connected, so I arrange to meet with Meredith's family at their place, about 10 minutes from where Billy lived. I park right in the yard of the little house (where the other cars are), and a very large dog next


THE
95th Year — No. 216
Florida Metro
Police arres
omas Michael Wicklace, left, Bryan Keith Williams,
ter, and Jay Michael Hickerson were charged with
-degree murder in Billy Rosebud's death.
Tribune photographs
The three men finally arrested this September for the murder of Billy Rosebud were doing a favor for a drug dealer friend, police now say.

SYLVIA PLACHY

door barks so threateningly I'm afraid to get out of the car. When I finally do go into the small house, Meredith's mother Becky and her older sister Venus are sitting on the couch, looking kind of uncomfortable. There are three gray kittens playing in the kitchen, and a roach is on the wall next to me.

Venus reaches over to the coffee table and hands me one of those folding picture frames. In one side is a picture of Meredith; the other holds a poem Venus wrote about her after she died. Meredith looks so much younger than her 16 years, and really energetic and open. "Her nickname was Schatzie," Venus says. "It means sweetheart in German, and that's what Meredith was." She goes on to tell me that Meredith had been working in the children's section of Tampa's Lowry Park Zoo because she wanted to be a veterinarian. "Yes, she had all sorts of plans," Becky says softly. "Long-range plans."

The family, still truly and totally shocked by what happened to Meredith, aren't interested in canonizing her; they readily admit she didn't always hang around with the most upstanding people. But they resented police references in some newspaper articles that painted her as some kind of tramp. "Meredith had a boyfriend," Venus says, "and she had a sexual relationship with him, which she was very responsible about." The impression I get is of a strong-minded, free-spirited girl, with maybe a mischievous side. And I believe the family when they say she was not the kind of girl you'd expect to find in a parking lot, murdered. No way.

"Meredith couldn't sleep the night she died," Becky tells me. "She was sitting in the living room and I was already in bed. We, and the police, figure someone must have come to the door or window, someone she knew and trusted." A few days after her murder, Venus's husband found a piece of paper tucked inside Meredith's notebook that said, "One by rope, one by knife, one by gun." There is no proof that the note is connected to her death, but it is a strange coincidence, considering that Billy was tied with a rope to a cinder block and Meredith stabbed with a knife.

"Meredith didn't really know Billy," Venus says, shaking her red head. "She knew him by sight. Everybody, I mean, all the teenagers knew who he was. She'd seen him at Buchanan—her school—when he'd go there to sell drugs." Venus throws this in so nonchalantly, I sit there in shock for a minute. Billy sold drugs?

I walk into the Tampa Police Department with more than a little hesitation. I've heard such horror stories from Billy's family in the last few days that I'm expecting a chief with a beer belly and a *Smokey and the Bandit* accent. What I get is a very nice, very smooth public relations guy named Steve Cole. "We have felt the same frustration as the family in the last four years," he says, unconvincingly. Steve, like all the police spokesmen who've been interviewed before him, basically denies that the police didn't follow all leads. He simply says that there was insufficient evidence to prove murder.

Sitting there listening to him, I'm reminded of a newspaper quote from Lieutenant R.H. Price, the man who originally handled the Rosebud investigation in 1985. "There is absolutely nothing in there [Billy's case file] to indicate that Billy Rosebud was killed. It's a big mystery and we will never know. God knows and Billy Rosebud knows. That's it." I ask to meet with Price and other officers involved in the case, but Cole tells me that's impossible since the case has been reopened and they're prohibited from speaking about it. He gives me the original police report instead, all 200 pages, and I leave understanding a little better the family's feeling that they were talking to a brick wall when it came to the police.

As I sit in my hotel room, the pages of the report spread around me on the bed, it seems Billy's family was right. I count at least three people who could have known something about Billy's death, yet they were apparently not contacted: How could the police have been so half-hearted? Why would they give up so easily? Were they understaffed? Overworked? Perhaps it's more what Bobby told me, that there were "a few bad apples" in the department during the first investigation. Because now that the case has been reopened, the new homicide team is doing a more thorough job, actually listening to Billy's family, who seem to be satisfied at last.

It could be something else too. I don't want to believe it, but maybe the police just didn't care because Billy was a kid who had a criminal record, with charges ranging from burglary to ▶ ***page 86***

## unreal falsies

You're guaranteed to amaze in long, longer, longest fake eyelashes in even more unexpected colors, like alternating gold, silver and black spikes. For a perfect fit, make sure falsies are the right width before you start gluing. If the lash strip is longer than your lash line, carefully trim your falsies from the end where the lashes are the shortest. To balance out the look, equally dramatic eyebrows are in order; be sure stray hairs are plucked, then carefully pencil in your brows to darken them up slightly and accentuate their natural shape. By all means stareworthy.

## bigger bouffant

Hair is one thing. This hair is quite another. For the biggest bouffant anyone you know has ever seen, invest in a rat. No, not the kind with the icky tail. We're talking about a lightweight plastic mesh ball that you use to give tons of height to your bouf (you can snag one at any beauty supply store). Begin by parting your hair in the middle and bobby-pinning the rat to the top of your head. Now section off the locks of hair that fall around your face and tease the rest from roots to halfway up to the ends, pulling the hair up and over the rat until it's totally covered. Secure the ratted hair in place over the ball with more bobby pins, then carefully smooth the front locks over the whole concoction to give the illusion of smoothness. To hold the height, finish with a heavy-duty coat of major hair spray (like Bold Hold Salon Styling Spritz). Biggest.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ JOSÉ PICAYO HAIR ▶ MARK CARRASQUILLO MAKEUP ▶ KIMBERLY BRIGGS MODELS ▶ LISA, MONACO, HILARY, SANDRA This page: Vest ▶

# very party

a party. All you need are some surprises in the looks department–lik
per hair. For maximum shock value this holiday party season, here are a
ight now. So read this before you RSVP, or risk being one of the crow

## the blues

Normally a big old beauty no-no, blue eye shadow can be your friend if you choose a matte, almost chalklike variety and way overdo it with color from lash line to brow. If blue doesn't suit, pick lavender or pale green. The only rule? One color at a time, please. Oh, and keep the rest of your makeup simple and clean with precisely drawn lips and well-powdered skin.

## black eyes

Black eye makeup never fails to get you more than your share of attention. Start by outlining your eyes with a soft black eye pencil. Then carefully apply a coat of black or slate gray eye shadow to the entire upper lid and along the bottom lash line over the pencil. (Hint: Over-dust the area underneath each eye with gobs of loose powder so that any eye shadow fallout can be easily whisked away with a big, fluffy brush.) To be doubly sure all eyes are on you, stick a jewel "beauty spot" onto your cheek with eyelash glue. No doubt about it.

JOSÉ PICAYO Opposite page: Dress ▶ Betsey Johnson This page: Hat ▶ Gayle Hagerty for Two Toms Kryolan makeup courtesy of M.I.S. R

All makeup by Kryolan.

# YOUR MOST BELOVED AND DESPISED STARS, TV SHOWS, MUSIC AND MOVIES

**All-Purpose Generic Introduction: We ran this poll back in August. Over 97,000 of you responded. Simultaneously, the entire *Sassy* staff (all 16 of us) filled it out. Here are the results. By Christina Kelly**

## STARS

**Which celebrity would you most like to invite to a party at your house?**
YOU GUYS: Johnny Depp got the most invitations. Big duh. Jane's ex-boyfriend Keanu Reeves and Corey Haim were second and Eddie Murphy was third. Dan Quayle received some mentions as well—I hope you were kidding. US: Christian Slater, C.B. Barnes from "Day by Day" (Janie's new boyfriend), Marilyn Monroe, Nick Cave, Mel Gibson, Josh Charles, John Cusack and Ziggy Marley will all be invited to our next *Sassy* bash.

**Whom would you ban from the premises?**
YOU GUYS: Alyssa Milano most definitely, followed by Tiffany, Sean Penn and Charlie Sheen. US: Madonna, Tiffany and Axl are not on our *A* lists.

**Which celeb whom you never heard of before this year do you now hold near and dear to your heart?**
YOU GUYS: Richard Grieco is now cherished, along with Keanu Reeves (in second) and Christian Slater and Alex Winter (in third and fourth). US: Christian Slater, Roachford and Josh Charles tied for first. Winona Ryder and Bridget Fonda are held close to some hearts too.

**Which celebrity would you most like to look like?**
YOU GUYS: Alyssa Milano won, with Jami Gertz in second, Christie Brinkley in third and Madonna a not-so-close fourth. I myself actually received one vote, and I haven't let anyone around here forget it. US: Maria wants to look like Kirstie Alley from "Cheers." Uma Thurman (Andrea), Mary Stuart Masterson (me), Ann-Margret at 25 (Mary Kaye), supermodel Linda Evangelista (Karen) and Harold Pruett (Danny) were also cited.

**Who is in most desperate need of a makeover?**
YOU GUYS: Debbie Gibson and Tiffany could share a cab to the beauty salon, Cyndi Lauper came in second and Cher followed in third place. US: The Debster, Tiff and MTV's L.A. Julie Brown were neck-and-neck for first. Prince and Sam Kinison sorely need help too, in our humble opinion.

**Which celeb-inspired fashion trend would you like to see bite the dust once and for all?**
YOU GUYS: Tight spandex, Batman logos and denim cutoffs. US: "Dirty Dancing" shorts, shredded jeans, phony eyeglasses, shaved heads, men wearing bandanas, and dreadlocks all annoy *Sassy* staffers.

**Which celeb has brought fashion to new depths of tackiness?**
YOU GUYS: The winner is Cher, the bare-bummed wonder. Madonna got second place and Debbie Gibson got third. US: Cher won hands down, Miss Julie Brown came in second and The Beastie Boys were praised for their brand of tack.

**Which star is least worthy of his or her fame?**
YOU GUYS: In order of least worthiness, Alyssa Milano, Tiffany and Madonna. US: Roseanne "Fat Ugly Cow" Barr (Mike's pet name), Jessica Hahn, Morton Downey, Jr., Yoko Ono and Martika were some of the myriad possibilities for this title.

**Which socially aware celebrity seems to actually care about the cause he/she supports?**
YOU GUYS: River Phoenix, Sting and Bono, in order of concernedness. US: Almost everyone on staff most valued River Phoenix for his sincerity. Those who didn't picked Michael Stipe.

**Who just seems full of hooey?**
YOU GUYS: Madonna gets the rhinestone tiara, Alyssa Milano was the runner-up (what cause does she support?) and Corey Haim was third. US: Rob Lowe, Madonna and Corey Haim were our big losers. Mike picked Kim Basinger, who does work for an organization for people with wine-colored birthmarks. And that's not a joke.

# TV

**Which TV show is worth missing an important social engagement for?**
YOU GUYS: "21 Jump Street" cleaned up for the second year in a row. A close second goes to "The Wonder Years," and "Married . . . With Children" hobbled into third. US: "I wouldn't miss a social engagement for TV," announced Danny, summing up the feelings of many staffers. But Andrea's secret vice is "A Current Affair," and "21 Jump Street" has many fans here too.

**Which TV show is more boring than a speech by Dan Quayle?**
YOU GUYS: "Alf" gets you snoring twice as fast as second-placers "The Cosby Show" and "thirtysomething." In third was "Who's the Boss?" The response "Nothing is more boring than a speech by Dan Quayle" came next. How literal you can be sometimes. US: "Beauty and the Beast," "Full House" (Vicki's choice), "The Golden Girls," "thirtysomething" and "Roseanne" were all mentioned.

AARON RAPOPORT

**Do you watch soap operas?**
YOU GUYS: 75 percent said yes. US: A resounding no.

**If so, which character on which show is your fave?**
YOU GUYS: Ladies and gentlemen, Frisco on "General Hospital" won, and Eden on "Santa Barbara" came in second. In third we find Matt from "Another World," followed by Tad of "All My Children" and Danny from "Young and the Restless." US: Not applicable.

**Which is your un-fave?**
YOU GUYS: Anjelica from "Days of Our Lives" ruled, with Eve from the same show in second and Cricket of "Young and the Restless" in third. US: Jane, though she says she watches no soaps, randomly condemns everyone on "General Hospital."

**If you were disowned by your parents, which TV family would you want to be adopted by?**
YOU GUYS: The Seavers of "Growing Pains," the Keatons of "Family Ties," the Bundys from "Married . . . With Children" and the Huxtables from "The Cosby Show," in that order. US: The Bundys won despite Danny's fear that "you would never eat a decent meal in your life." The Keatons and the Addams Family tied for second.

**Which TV actor or actress deserves a better show?**
YOU GUYS: "Married . . . With Children" 's Christina Applegate (above) and "Live-In" 's Chris Young were the most deserving little things on TV. John Stamos, Alyssa Milano (give me a break) and Jason Bateman followed, in descending order. US: I cannot believe that I work with two people (Neill and Jill) who think Justine Bateman deserves anything. But I do. Others mentioned: Johnny Depp, and C.B. Barnes from "Day by Day."

**Which show needs better actors?**
YOU GUYS: In a grueling battle for first place, "Alf" won, followed by "Who's the Boss?" But "Just the Ten of Us" was not far behind, and there was an exciting triple tie for fourth between "Married . . . With Children," "The Hogan Family" and "Roseanne." US: "A Different World," "Roseanne" and the network news were the three we found wanting.

**Which current TV show will be rerun longer than "I Love Lucy"?**
YOU GUYS: "The Cosby Show," followed by "Family Ties" and "The Wonder Years." US: We had the same first- and second-placers, followed by this opinion: " 'Lucy' is a classic. No show will be rerun longer." How literal we can be sometimes.

**Which show will be canceled soonest?**
YOU GUYS: "Alf" will bite the dust soonest, second place went to "Married . . . With Children" (due to censorship, maybe?), and "Coach," "Dear John" and "The Cosby Show" were a terrifyingly close third, fourth and fifth. US: "Coach" won easily.

**Which TV star will (or should) become a successful movie star?**
YOU GUYS: Johnny Depp has the most potential, but Fred Savage, Kirk Cameron and Richard Grieco had some votes of confidence. US: Johnny Depp again, but Fred Savage, Tracey Ullman and Christina Applegate were also cited.

# MUSIC

**What band has the best, most creative name?**
YOU GUYS: INXS beat those Dead Milkmen by so few votes it would make your head spin, followed by Guns N' Roses, R.E.M. and Fine Young Cannibals. US: Cruel Story of Youth's originality was hailed.

**What band has the stupidest name?**
YOU GUYS: Interestingly, The Dead Milkmen won (lost?) for most ludicrous name, beating New Kids on the Block and Guns N' Roses. US: Milli Vanilli was mentioned twice, and Guy Mann-Dude and the Dude Band received a well-deserved vote.

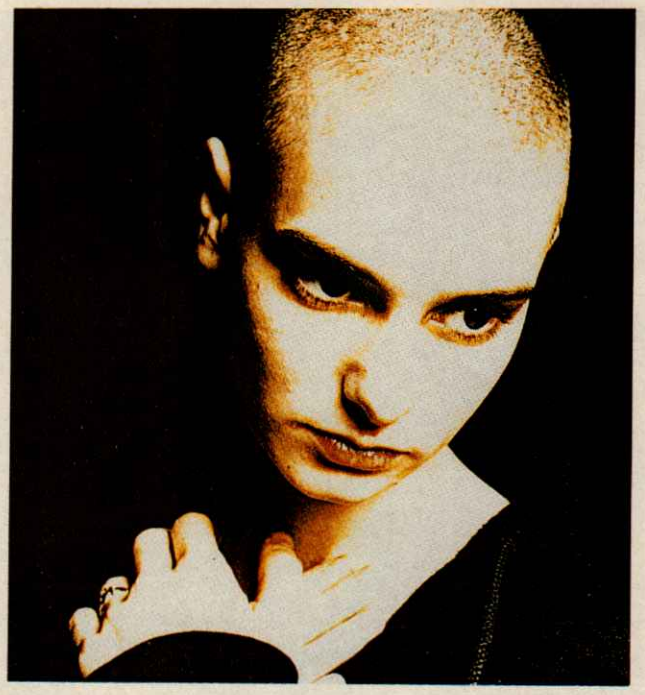
**Name the most beauteous band.**
YOU GUYS: New Kids on the Block (the virus of this year's poll) by a landslide. Second and third place go to Bon Jovi and INXS. Is this error in ranking due to Bon Jovi's marriage and Michael Hutchence's haircut? US: Most people left this one blank, for fear of sounding too superficial, I suppose. But Mary Kaye and I agree on The Church (Marty Willson-Piper is a thing of beauty, like the night), Karen has a hankering for Fine Young Cannibals—specifically Roland Gift—and Jane had a hard time choosing between the two bands led by Michaels—Hutchence and R.E.M.'s Stipe, that is.

**Name the ugliest band.**
YOU GUYS: Guns N' Roses was the winner here (which I find a bit hard to swallow). Metallica came in second, followed by The Ramones, then Poison. US: The Ramones, ugly and proud of it.

**Which recent song has the most insightful lyrics?**
YOU GUYS: Martika's "Toy Soldiers." Puh-leeese. US: Many people left this one blank, for fear of sounding too deep, I suppose. But Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" got two votes and Neill picked INXS's "Guns in the Sky" (not from this year, but never mind).

**Which recent song has the most inane lyrics?**
YOU GUYS: It was a close race for inanity, with Prince's non-song "Batdance" just beating Debbie Gibson's "Electric Youth" for first place and The Dead Milkmen's "Punk Rock Girl" coming in third. US: There was no unanimous choice, but Mike trashed "Paradise City" and Mary Kaye may incite your ire by having selected "Toy Soldiers."

**Which music video is the most insulting to women?**
YOU GUYS: "Express Yourself" by Madonna won (was it her milk-lapping prowess or the dog collar?). In second place, Robert Palmer's "Simply Irresistible," with "Girls, Girls, Girls" by Mötley Crüe in third. US: Robert Palmer's slicked-back hairfest tied with Aerosmith's "Rag Doll." Indeed, the entire heavy metal genre was deemed sexist and insulting to the women of *Sassy*.



**Which MTV personality is most appealing?**
YOU GUYS: Adam Curry nabbed the top spot, Kevin Seal came in second and the two Julie Browns snagged third and fourth places. US: Ken Ober, followed by Kevin Seal. And Colin Quinn (who bears a close resemblance to our Mike—Karen thinks they're actually the same person) limped into third.

**Which MTV person is most heinous?**
YOU GUYS: Downtown Julie Brown, she of the tight Lycra and fluffy hair, was the unfortunate casualty here. But her white namesake wasn't far behind, closely trailed by he of the fluffy hair, Adam Curry. US: The Julie Browns tied, with Trixie in second place. Editorial note: Why is it that MTV shuns *real* women and only hires inane cartoon characters?

**Which rock star will most likely die young?**
YOU GUYS: Axl Rose swept here and fellow Gunner Slash came in second. Tiffany, of all people, placed third. Go figure. US: "Roy Orbison," said the funny but somewhat morbid Neill McCutcheon. Most of us agreed, however, with your prediction that Axl would die young, perhaps of acute racism.

**Who will live to be 100?**
YOU GUYS: Debbie "Milk and Cookies" Gibson was your fave geriatric. In second was Madonna, followed by Michael Jackson, Jon Bon Jovi and Michael Stipe, in that order. Now that's a group I'd like to see together in one nursing home. US: Debbie, Mick Jagger and Michael Jackson enjoyed a three-way tie—Deb for obvious reasons, Jagger because he's still rocking at 46 and Michael Jackson because of his fondness for artificial body parts.

**Which rock star has the most original yet appealing hairstyle?**
YOU GUYS: Robert Smith's hair was esteemed slightly more than Jon Bon Jovi's (please, what is original about Jon's hairstyle?). In third and fourth places were the skinhead twins, Sinèad O'Connor (below) and Michael Hutchence. US: This question stumped most of us, except Neill and Danny, who voted for Shinehead O'Connor.

**Who should shave his/her head immediately?**
YOU GUYS: Richard Marx just beat Cyndi Lauper. Slash placed a distant third. US: We agree that Richard Marx should hit the barbershop now.

**Which was the best album cover of the last year?**
YOU GUYS: Living Colour's *Vivid* cover was victorious, trailed by Madonna's *Like a Prayer* and Poison's *Open Up and Say . . . Ahh!* US: R.E.M.'s *Green*, since it is, as Jane put it, "beauteous and meaningful." Edie Brickell & New Bohemians' *Shooting Rubberbands at the Stars* and 10,000 Maniacs' *Blind Man's Zoo* were also mentioned.

**Which was the worst album cover of the last year?**
YOU GUYS: Prince's *Lovesexy* (that's right, from 1988), closely followed by the aforementioned Poison album. Guns N' Roses' *Appetite for Destruction* and Tiffany's *Hold an Old Friend's Hand* came in third and fourth. US: Debbie Gibson's *Electric Youth* topped our list, and Mike rated R.E.M.'s *Green* the worst. [Mike, I'll see you in my office.—Jane]

**Which category consistently produces the best music?**
YOU GUYS: Rock ruled, with dance music in second place and heavy metal a close third. US: Rock and pop tied for first, but three of our soooo cultured staff cited classical (although *I've* never heard the strains of Mozart wafting through our halls). Mary Kaye loves dance music, and was duly ragged on by *moi*. Mike digs rap and Jane is stoked on reggae.

**Which category of music bores you to tears?**
YOU GUYS: So much for the so-called folk revival—that category won for most sleep-inducing, followed by classical, rap and heavy metal. US: Heavy metal was the clear winner here; we think the line between metal and noise is too fine (except Anne L., who claims we will all come around).

**In your unbiased opinion, what was the best concert of the year?**

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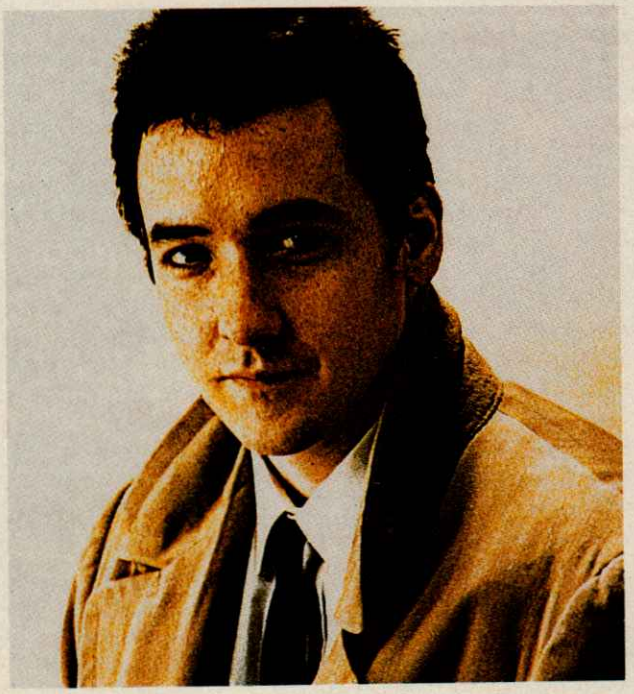
YOU GUYS: R.E.M. was in first place, with Bon Jovi screeching into second. The ubiquitous New Kids on the Block placed third. US: Jane's Addiction, R.E.M., Graham Parker, Roachford, Harry Connick, Jr., INXS and Chris Isaak were all revered.

**Your fave rave album of the last year, please.**
YOU GUYS: R.E.M.'s *Green* proudly beat out New Kids on the Block's *Hangin' Tough* and U2's *Rattle and Hum*, which were in second and third. US: *Green* won here too. But Karen, in all seriousness, chose *Like a Prayer*; Danny, serious as well, loves opera singer Maria Callas's latest rerelease (we are aware that she's dead); and Mike is keen on The Ramones' *Brain Drain*.

# MOVIES

**Which movie would you recommend above all others?**
YOU GUYS: The honors go to *Dead Poets Society*, the intellectual boyfest of the year, with *Batman*, *Say Anything* and *Rain Man* in second, third and fourth. US: *Dead Poets Society* won over here as well. *Heathers* and *Sherman's March* (a documentary—Jane's choice) both got honorable mentions.



GEMMA LAMANA-WILLS

**Which would you like to see destroyed?**
YOU GUYS: *Batman*, probably due to the most obnoxious media and merchandising blitz in recent memory. *The Karate Kid Part III* and *Ghostbusters II* didn't do much better. US: Personally, I think all sequels should be destroyed, along with the people responsible for their existence. And many came up here: *Ghostbusters II*, *The Karate Kid Part III* and all parts of *Friday the 13th*.

**Which movie presents teenagers most realistically?**
YOU GUYS: *Say Anything* swept this category, with *Breakfast Club* and *Dead Poets Society* in second and third. US: In a full-on landslide, *Say Anything*. I myself found nothing realistic about the way John Cusack (above) acted; his behavior was closer to that of a god than a teenage boy.

**Which movie just makes teenagers look like bimbos?**
YOU GUYS: As always, there was a lot to choose from. *She's Out of Control*, *License to Drive*, *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* and *Dream a Little Dream*, another Corey double-hitter, were the suspects most often mentioned. US: *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, *Bill & Ted's* and *Friday the 13th Part VIII* all vied for this prestigious award.

**Which movie soundtrack would you give a permanent place in your album collection?**
YOU GUYS: *The Lost Boys* nabbed first place, *Dirty Dancing* second and *Pretty in Pink* third. US: Anne "Hard Rock" Lawrence picked *Dogs in Space*, that 1987 Michael Hutchence movie, while Jill gets down to *Diva* and *The Hunger*. I seriously love *Saturday Night Fever*.

**Which soundtrack will never touch your turntable?**
YOU GUYS: *Batman* fully won. In second was *Ghostbusters II*, with *Dirty Dancing* and *Beaches* a dangerously close third and fourth. US: *Dirty Dancing*, *Batman* and *Footloose* were our big offenders.

**Which movie would be your first choice to view on a date?**
YOU GUYS: *Batman*, *Say Anything* and *Pet Sematary*, in that order. Where is the logic here? (Interesting but worrisome note: *9 1/2 Weeks*, the male-domination fantasy of the '80s, got a vote.) US: Jane selected John Waters's *Pink Flamingos*, justifying it by saying she saw it on a successful first date. Neill, always on top of trends, said he would like to see whatever's "the latest release."

**Which character in a movie would you like to marry?**
YOU GUYS: Batman and Bruce Wayne were a close first and second. Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack in *Say Anything*) is just a bit more tasty than Martin Riggs (Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon 2*). US: A kooky tie between Batman and Marty/Mel Gibson. Lloyd Dobler and Knox Overstreet (Josh Charles in *Dead Poets Society*) have their share of would-be fiancés as well. Anne L. is married, but if she weren't she'd pick Christian Slater in *Gleaming the Cube*.

**Which character in a recent movie would you like to have as a best friend?**
YOU GUYS: Again with the Batman. I'm getting a little bored, guys. Fortunately Mr. Keating (Robin Williams in *Dead Poets Society*) and the aforementioned Lloyd Dobler were in second and third. US: Several people chose Veronica (Winona Ryder in *Heathers*), Anne Brady picked Pudge (Annabeth Gish in *Shag*) and Danny would like to befriend Todd Anderson (Ethan Hawke in *Dead Poets Society*). Lloydy-poo's name also came up, but I'd rather marry him myself.

**What movie has changed your outlook on life?**
YOU GUYS: *Dead Poets Society*'s "Seize the Day" message most definitely grabbed top honors, with *Beaches* and *Rain Man* in second and third. US: Danny wrote "*Carpe diem*, baby!" in his blank. *Mississippi Burning*, *Wings of Desire* and *Do the Right Thing* were also changing lives around here.

**What movie made you sob most hysterically?**
YOU GUYS: The special sobbing fit movie of the year award goes to *Beaches*. *DPS* came in second, and *Terms of Endearment* and *The Color Purple* spawn some serious crying. US: *DPS* won, with *Beaches* and *Terms* vying for the coveted second-place ribbon.

**Which movie made you laugh most heartily?**
YOU GUYS: *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*, *Coming to America* and *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, in that order. Pick some hurting movies, why don't you? US: *A Fish Called Wanda* cracked us right up. And that about sums up 1989. **S**

# Everything You Always Know About Going To The ything ... ... And

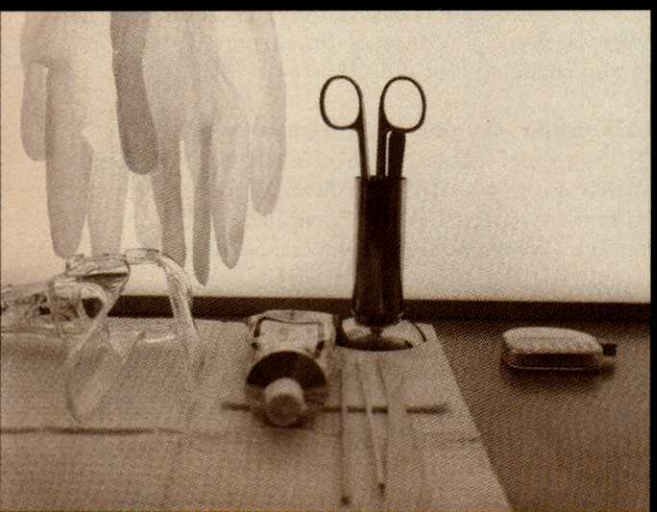
Like it or not (well, I don't know anyone who actually likes it), going to the gynecologist is as much a part of being female as uncontrollable shoe fetishes and an aversion to snakes and ex-boyfriends. By the time you're 18 you should have visited your gynecologist (or your family doctor if she or he doubles as a gyno) for a pelvic exam at least once—even sooner if your periods give you real grief (like heavy, heavy bleeding or intense cramps), if you've had uncomfortable or discolored vaginal discharges, if there's a history of gynecological problems in your family (cervical cancer, for example) or if you've had sex or are planning to. The good news is you only have to do this thing once a year.

A lot of girls simply decide to go to the same gynecologist their moms go to, but you could also ask your friends, your friends' moms or your regular pediatrician to recommend a good one if you want a gyno of your very own. If you'd rather get an anonymous referral, call your local medical society and ask them for the names and phone numbers of a few reputable, certified gynecologists nearby. Once you've decided on someone, take a deep breath and make that appointment.

To answer your first question, **yes, you will have to take your clothes off.** All of them. So, to prevent potential embarrassment, you may want to meet your new gynecologist in her or his office while you're still fully clothed—and ask whoever accompanies you to your appointment to stay in the waiting room until you're ready to go home. In any case, a nurse will eventually usher you into an examining room, where you'll be left alone to undress in private. By the time the doctor and nurse return, you'll have changed into a cloth or paper robe (it works just like a wrap-around skirt, so be sure the opening is in the front) and/or covered yourself with a draping sheet thoughtfully left on the table.

And what a table it is. Most are nicely padded for your comfort and look just like the sort you sit on for a physical, only this jobbie has metal stirrups at the foot (considerate gynecologists have these stirrups covered in plastic so they're not so cold—otherwise keep your socks on). The doctor will ask you to lie on your back and place your heels in the stirrups so that your knees are wide apart and higher than your hips, allowing sufficient access to your pelvic area. Yes, it feels just about as embarrassing as it sounds (it's a little drafty too), but the doctor can only see the two square inches of your body that she or he is concerned with. Some girls worry that the gynecologist might get grossed out. Understandable angst, but rest assured that when it comes to a woman's body, gynos have seen it all. Literally. If that doesn't console you, just keep reminding yourself that this vulnerable position is very temporary.

Let's begin. First, the gynecologist will put on a pair of medical gloves (doctors like to keep their germs to themselves) and shine a small light on your genital area. Next, she or he will manually check the outside of your vaginal opening in search of any irregularities like warts or sores. **This tickles a little bit,** so no one will be surprised if you laugh. The next step of the exam involves something called a speculum—an instrument that looks like a narrow duck bill on a handle. Some gynecologists prefer metal ones, but most use clear plastic disposable types that come in petite, small or medium sizes. A little bit of K-Y Jelly is placed on the vaginal opening to lubricate the speculum as the doctor gently slides it into your vagina (the metal varieties feel cold).



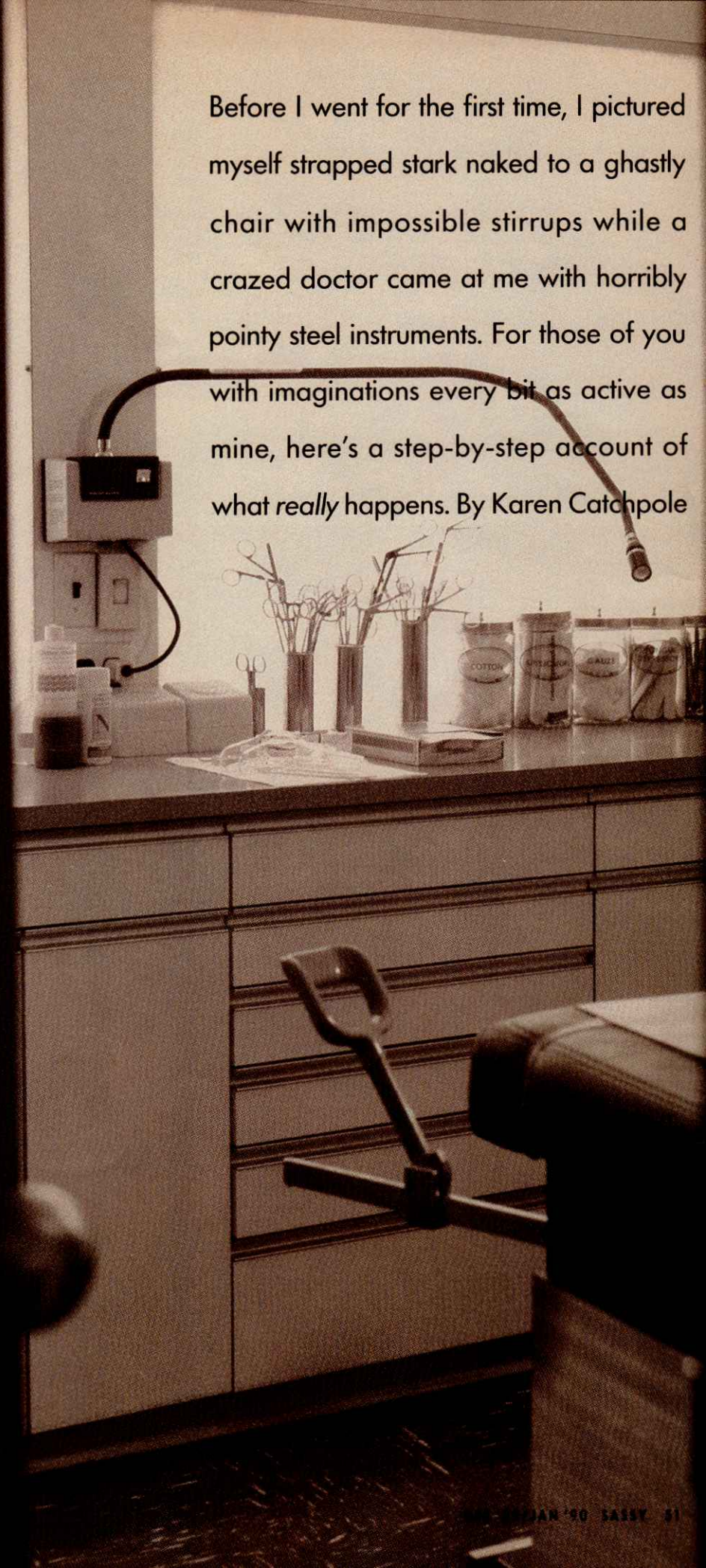
Once the speculum is in place, the doctor slowly expands it until your vaginal walls, which are built to be flexible, are pushed out slightly. This gives a clear view of your cervix—the opening to your uterus located at the back of your vagina. I'll be honest with you: **This is the worst part** of the whole exam. But it's a lot less worse if you can relax a little. See, the walls of your vagina are made up of muscles (which give them that flexibility), and if you're tense those muscles tighten up, making this whole speculum business that much more uncomfortable. The good news is that vaginal walls don't have a lot of nerve endings, so all you're likely to feel is a wee tad of pain as the speculum passes into the vagina and expands, then a dull kind of pressure while it's in place (some people say it feels a little like you've got to expel gas). Try to ignore it.

As soon as the doctor can see your cervix, she or he will insert one or more of the following: a Q-tip with an extra-long handle; a thin, oddly shaped, tongue-depressor-type thing called a spatula; or a cytology brush, which looks like a mascara wand, only longer and thinner with softer bristles. Each of these tools is designed to gently collect tissue samples from the cervix. **This is what the guys in white coats call a Pap smear** (short for Papanicolaou smear). It should only take a few seconds for the doctor to collect a sufficient amount of tissue, and during that short time you may feel a little irritation—like slight scratching or very, very mild cramping—but nothing major, I promise. Again, relaxing helps a lot if you can manage it. The smear is then sent away to a lab, where more guys in white coats test it for signs of infections, sexually transmitted diseases or cervical cancer (rare in teenagers).

That done, the doctor will close the speculum and gently slide it out of your vagina (what a relief). Next comes the bimanual exam, designed to reveal any unusual bumps or tender areas, which could indicate pelvic infection. It goes like this: Your doctor lubricates one gloved hand with another dab of K-Y Jelly, and

# I Wanted To Gynecologist Then Some

Before I went for the first time, I pictured myself strapped stark naked to a ghastly chair with impossible stirrups while a crazed doctor came at me with horribly pointy steel instruments. For those of you with imaginations every bit as active as mine, here's a step-by-step account of what *really* happens. By Karen Catchpole



inserts a finger or two into your vagina just far enough to touch the cervix. She or he then carefully feels the surrounding organs (like your uterus, bladder, ovaries), while gently pressing down on your abdomen with the other hand. (Note: Even though a pelvic exam does involve the insertion of instruments and fingers into your vagina, this in no way constitutes the loss of your virginity, no matter what you've heard to the contrary.) After a minute or two, the bimanual exam will be over and you'll be able to get out of those stirrups, sit up and cross your legs. The whole ordeal will have lasted, at most, 10 minutes.

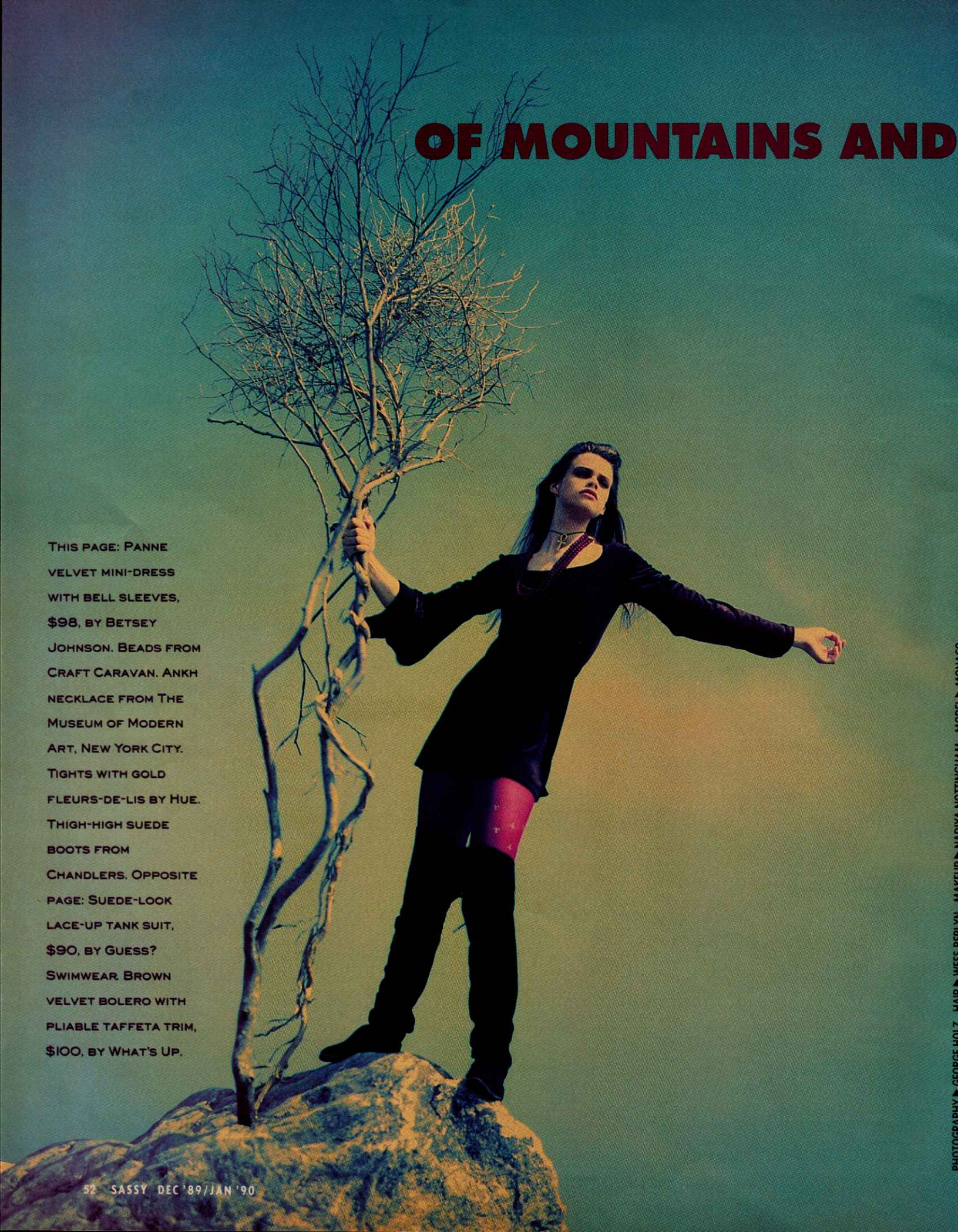
But you're not quite through yet. Although breast cancer is extremely rare in teenagers, **your gynecologist should perform a breast exam** and show you how to do it yourself; it's well worth getting into the habit early. Now get dressed.

Before, during or after your exam, your gynecologist will probably want to ask you a few questions about your periods (when you last had one, if they're regular/painful/long/short), whether you're having sex, and if you are, what sort of birth control you're using. You don't have to talk about anything you don't want to, but your doctor is an expert, and your honest cooperation can only help keep you healthy. So go ahead and ask about sex (yes, anything), get information about birth control, find out about periods and breast development, whatever. If you want to keep the things you talk about between the two of you, be sure to ask your doctor what her or his confidentiality policy is before speaking up. Otherwise, it's pretty much up to them to decide what and what not to reveal to anyone else.

So now you know what to expect. Is that gonna make going to the gynecologist a bulging barrel of laughs? No way, man. But at least it won't be scary. **S**

*Especially special thanks to Dr. Mitchell Kahn for answering all our questions.*

# OF MOUNTAINS AND



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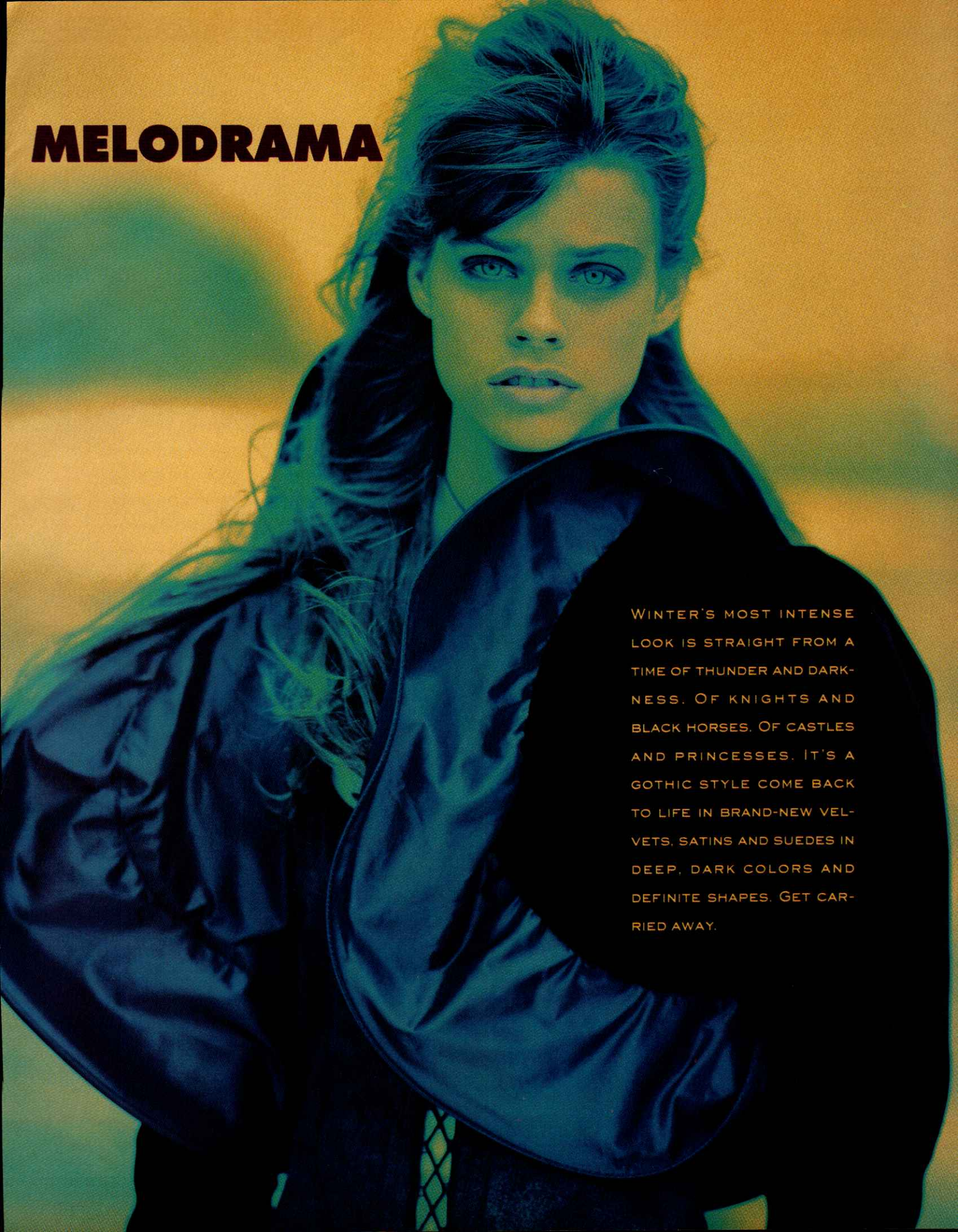
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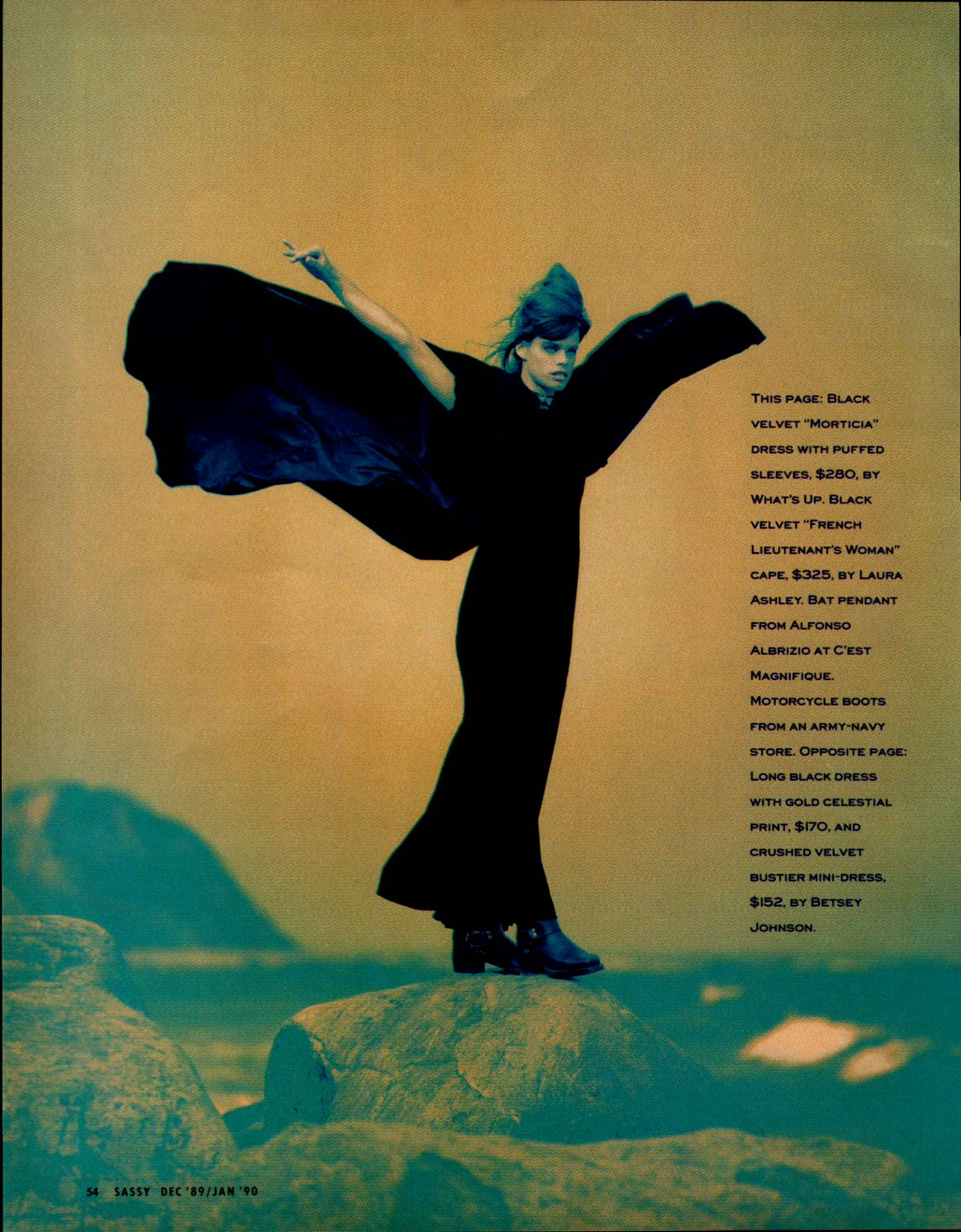

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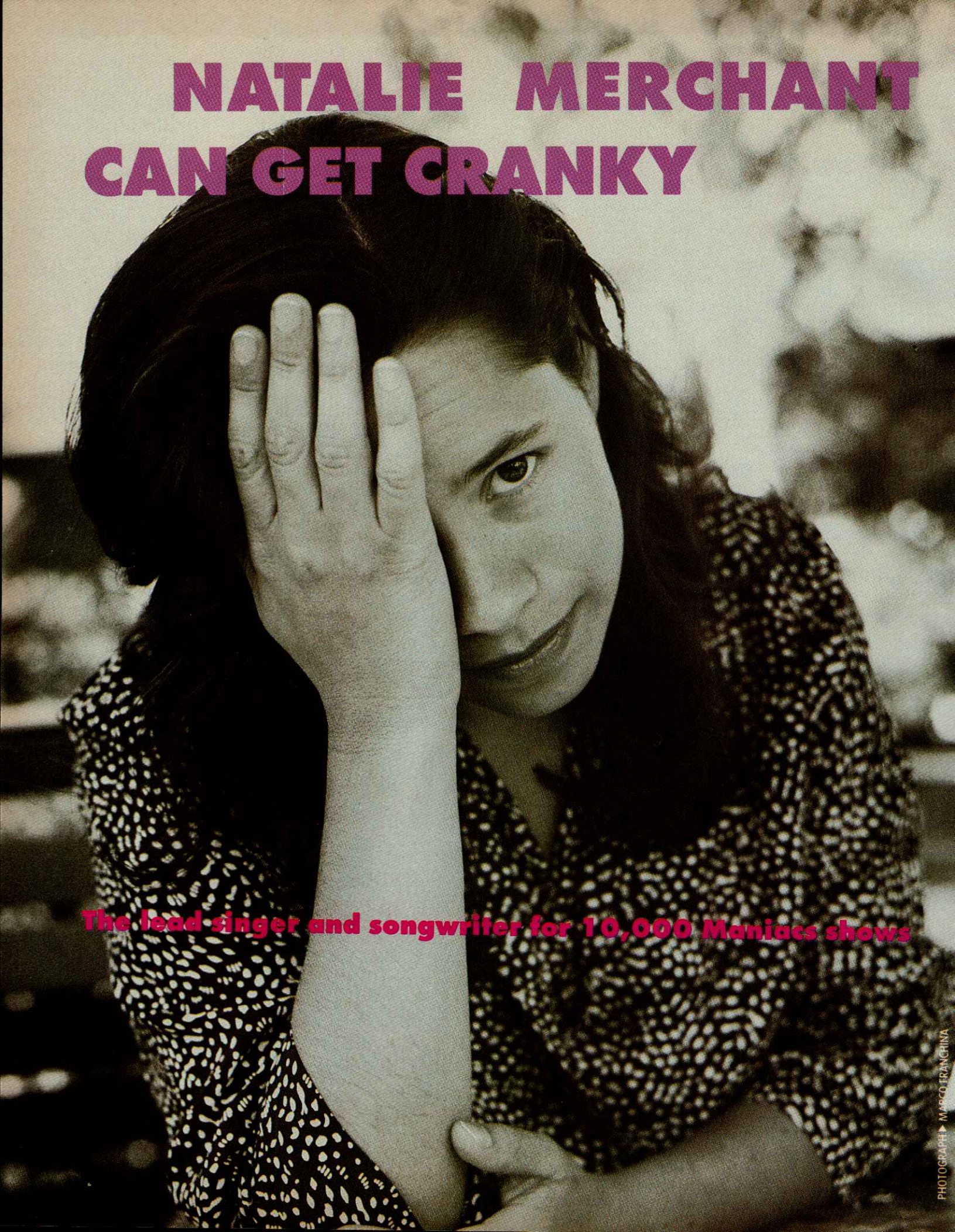
GEORGE HOLZ

GEORGE HOLZ

OPPOSITE PAGE: "PARTRIDGE FAMILY" SHIRT, $60, FROM THE FAMILY JEWELS VINTAGE CLOTHING. LACE-UP BUSTIER $76, AND CRUSHED VELVET FLARES, $118, BY BETSEY JOHNSON. CHOKER MADE FROM SCRAP VELVET. BOOTS FROM AN ARMY-NAVY STORE. THIS PAGE: BROWN TAFFETA-AND-VELVET GOWN, $150, BY WHAT'S UP. SKULL CROSS ON THICK CHAIN BY CAREY/MORRIS. ALL PRICES ARE APPROXIMATE. STORE INFO ON PAGE 80.

# NATALIE MERCHANT CAN GET CRANKY



**The lead singer and songwriter for 10,000 Maniacs shows**

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ MARCO FRANCHINA

Natalie Merchant is onstage at L.A.'s Greek Theatre, wearing that vintage blue-and-white polka-dot dress you see her in a lot. She has her long brown hair tied back with a white chiffon scarf. Sometime during the show's first song, "What's the Matter Here?" the 25-year-old singer for 10,000 Maniacs pulls the scarf out of her hair. To wild, knee-jerk applause from the audience. "It's a very curious thing," Natalie says with a hint of sarcasm, after the song is over. "When you sit down at your desk to work, people don't applaud you. And when you take the ribbon out of your hair, people don't applaud. It's not something really deserving of applause."

Later, she pulls up a stool and sits down. People in the audience are randomly screaming. "It's a beautiful night," she says. "And it's a full moon." The screaming builds. You can tell Natalie is not pleased. "This is a very quiet song," she says impatiently. "And if you don't stop screaming, you'll drown us out."

It's the encore. For no apparent reason, Natalie starts singing this heinous Joe Walsh song ("My Maserati does 185 / I lost my license now I don't drive."), and the audience claps along. Then she talks about her childhood, an isolated memory of this roller-skating rink her (divorced) father would dump the four Merchant kids at on weekends. "I was about 10 and I was terrified of the tough girls that smoked," she reminisces. Her fans are still clapping in time. "You can stop that now," she says irritably. She's trying to tell a story, and the audience is into this annoying *participation* thing. So they let her finish her story. The music starts again, and she goes into that spastic/graceful whirling dance she's famous for.

Few performers can get away with this sort of cranky behavior. But somehow Natalie does. It doesn't really matter that I can't decide whether she's incredibly egotistic or humble. Her impatience with the ridiculous conventions of rock concerts, while not very polite, is admirable for its originality; most stars revel in mindless adoration, but Natalie seems to reject it. Maybe because she harbors a desire to be a social worker or something, and never really intended to become a pop singer.

"I'd been singing since I was a kid for recreation, but there was really no plan for me to be in a pop group," Natalie told me in a pre-concert interview in her hotel room. Wearing a checked shirt buttoned all the way up and a pair of baggy shorts, her only makeup a bit of lipstick, and with a copy of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *Love in the Time of Cholera* on her coffee table, Natalie looked more like an arty, aspiring something-or-other than a pop star. Yet she's been singing with 10,000 Maniacs for nine years, since she was 16. "When I came to this party where I first sang with them, I didn't intend on singing," she explained. "And even the first couple of years I toured with the group, it didn't feel like a profession, it just felt like a really exciting way to get away from home. I was at an age when I really needed to do that." Now she lives partly in Jamestown, New York, partly in New York City, but mostly on the road.

Jamestown, where Natalie grew up, is a rural town in western New York, the kind of place one can imagine wanting to get away from as a kid. "I went to a school called Westfield Academy and Central School," Natalie said, in her distracted yet intense way of speaking. "My graduating class was a lot of farm kids mixed in with old-money kids. I hung around with both outcasts and also kids who were going to go to Columbia University. I was in plays, and editor of the yearbook and head of the school newspaper and played on the tennis team. And I knew there was a lot to be learned, but it was hard because by the time I was 11 I wanted to be treated like an adult. Things like having to get a lavatory pass just really frustrated me. So when I was 16, the principal of my high school said he would grant me a diploma if I maintained a certain level of grades at college."

It was at Jamestown Community College that she ended up singing with 10,000 Maniacs, which soon after began driving around the country in a painted school bus, playing a bizarre mix of punk, folk and reggae covers in small clubs and bars. "Doing that in the beginning, when we started writing our own music, it was natural for us to maintain some kind of eclecticism," she said. The results—what we know as the songs on their three albums, *The Wishing Chair*, *In My Tribe* and *Blind Man's Zoo*—are mostly serious subjects (everything from teenage pregnancy to European imperialism in Africa) put to pretty melodies and sung in Natalie's beautiful, unique voice. It's pop music, really; intelligent pop music, but pop music nonetheless—a classification that gets Natalie a little defensive. "Music has always been a powerful art form to me," she told me. "*Even* pop music. I feel belittled sometimes when I think, Oh, I'm just a pop musician. If I'd stayed involved with the piano and I'd studied, I could have been a composer. But that's so exclusive. How many people are listening to contemporary composers? People listen to pop music. Why should it be any less important?" Of course, Natalie herself prefers gospel, big band, R & B or Eastern European music, but clearly there are millions of fans who would rather listen to 10,000 Maniacs.

Despite her sometimes cold stage manner, Natalie doesn't mind talking to the fans. "It's just that there are many people who are very troubled," she explained. "I think because I've written about something that they've experienced—which I think is great, that I can communicate that well with people—but they take it to heart and think I'll understand them. All I can try to do is be sympathetic." Natalie plans to continue making records with 10,000 Maniacs "as long as there are people that are interested and as long as it's productive." She's also written a children's book, which she plans to publish on a small scale. "It's about these angels and winged things that are up there protecting and terrorizing the world but, you know, it's not a superhero kind of story," she said, laughing for the first time since I'd met her. "It's supposed to give children the sense that they're responsible for the planet and what happens to it."

The phone rang; it was Natalie's manager telling her it was time to go to the Greek Theatre for the sound check. As she packed up her stuff, she showed me a black velvet cape from the turn of the century that a fan gave her. "I don't own anything from that period," she said appreciatively. "That's what I get out of being a pop singer—people give me vintage clothing."

The Griffith Observatory is this touristy, school-trip kind of science museum right near the Greek Theatre. Before 10,000 Maniacs' show that night, I have some time to kill, so I decide to check it out. I'm looking at this exhibit that supposedly proves that the Earth spins on its axis when I spot Natalie, staring at the thing intently. "Hi," I say. "Hi," she says, looking down, seemingly not in the mood to talk to a fan. Then she looks up and sees me. "Oh, *hi*," she says, smiling, then darts into the next room. I guess she doesn't feel like talking to a reporter either. Maybe she's just cranky. Or maybe she needs some personal space, a little time to be alone, you know? **S**

**her artistic temperament. By Christina Kelly**

# YOUR GUIDE TO THE

## REASONS TO CRY

Here's a little fact for you: The post-crying feeling is what they call a catharsis, and some people sit through entire productions of *King Lear* so they can have one. But why go to all that trouble? Any excuse is perfectly adequate when you are in the crying way. A fight with your parents, a mean boyfriend, no boyfriend at all, not enough birthday/Christmas presents, a tiff with friends and ca-ca grades are exceptionally good fodder for the tear mill. It is a mere catalyst we are looking for here, a final straw on the proverbial camel's back. Even your brother spilling his Cheerios on your new skirt can set off a satisfying fit. So cry long, cry loud, cry proud. You'll feel cleansed and serene when you're through.

## THE IDEAL PLACE FOR HYSTERIA

There are two schools of thought on the best situations for crying. Some think that the more public the hysterics, the better. These people weep primarily for attention, sympathy and, most importantly, drama. They recommend that you turn on the waterworks during, say, your boyfriend's soccer game, your mother's Thanksgiving dinner or your best friend's birthday party. Wait until a crucial moment in the festivities (like when she's about to blow out her birthday candles, the final minute of the game, etc.)—that's your cue to bawl. People will come rushing over sympathetically. But use this tactic sparingly; pull it too often and it'll lose its effectiveness.

If that happens, there's always the solo crying fit, which I happen to prefer. I need complete privacy before I am uninhibited enough to display the histrionics that a successful bout requires (i.e., ululating, loss of breath, staring at the physical effects in the mirror). When I feel the urge coming on, I curl up in the fetal position on my bed with the door to my room closed. You may also opt to wait until your parents are out, at which point throw yourself onto the living room couch and go at it with gusto. Or try crying in the shower, with the water of your tears comingling with the water from the faucet.

## THE PERFECT WAILING CLOTHES AND MAKEUP

Again, two choices. For the public crier, devastating beauty is essential. Trot out the close-fitting black number, stockings that make a statement and fab footwear. Carefully apply some red lipstick and scads of black mascara. For some reason, people will pity you more if they can see your well-turned-out look slowly deteriorate. There's nothing more pathetic than a fetching girl with mascara running down her face in many black rivulets that eventually drip from her quivering chin. Eat up the attention, babe.

On the other hand, while sobbing in your room, dress for comfort. Try a soft old sweatshirt and some well-worn boxers, or feet pajamas. Pull your hair off your face and remove every bit of makeup. Mary Kaye likes to cry in unflattering clothes that make her look as fat as possible, thereby adding to her unhappiness.

## SOBBING ACCESSORIES

1) Kleenex, of course. Some prefer a lace hanky. And those tissues with lotion will prevent a chapped, red, crying nose. 2) Water, because you'll get dehydrated. And you'll have criers' breath, so keep some Tic Tacs handy. 3) A picture of your old boyfriend or dearly departed dog. This is for staying power. Gaze at the photo to regain steam when you feel your fit beginning to wane, because we do want this to last as long as possible. 4) A volume of romantic poetry, for Shelley and Byron were themselves prone to weeping. Even if you don't like or understand poetry, a slim book of verse in hand will lend an air of nobility to your endeavor. 5) A very sad video in the VCR (*Love Story* and *Terms of Endearment* both do it). If your own life is picture-perfect and absolutely nothing to cry about, movies, books and magazine articles (an inspiring art form indeed) can offer appropriate motivation. 6) A mirror (hand-held, so you don't have to leave your bed) to stare at your pathetic, tear-stained self from time to time. 7) Have I forgotten anything? Oh, yes, music. Classical is excellent, because criers are not only very emotional creatures, they are creative and appreciate fine art. But opera, which to my mind is actually a crying fit set to music, is better yet. Tracy Chapman and other girls with guitars write songs that are tailor-made for wailing. Guns N'Roses are great because you can either compete with them for loudness or use them to drown out your heart-wrenching sobs.

## HOW TO END A FIT

Don't. If it's a true fit, there is really nothing you can do to fight it. It would be easier to stop a wave from breaking. So go with it. No crying binge lasts long enough to be life-threatening. Eventually you'll get hungry or bored or tired enough to fall asleep on that drenched pillow of yours.

## POST-HOWLING BEAUTY TIPS

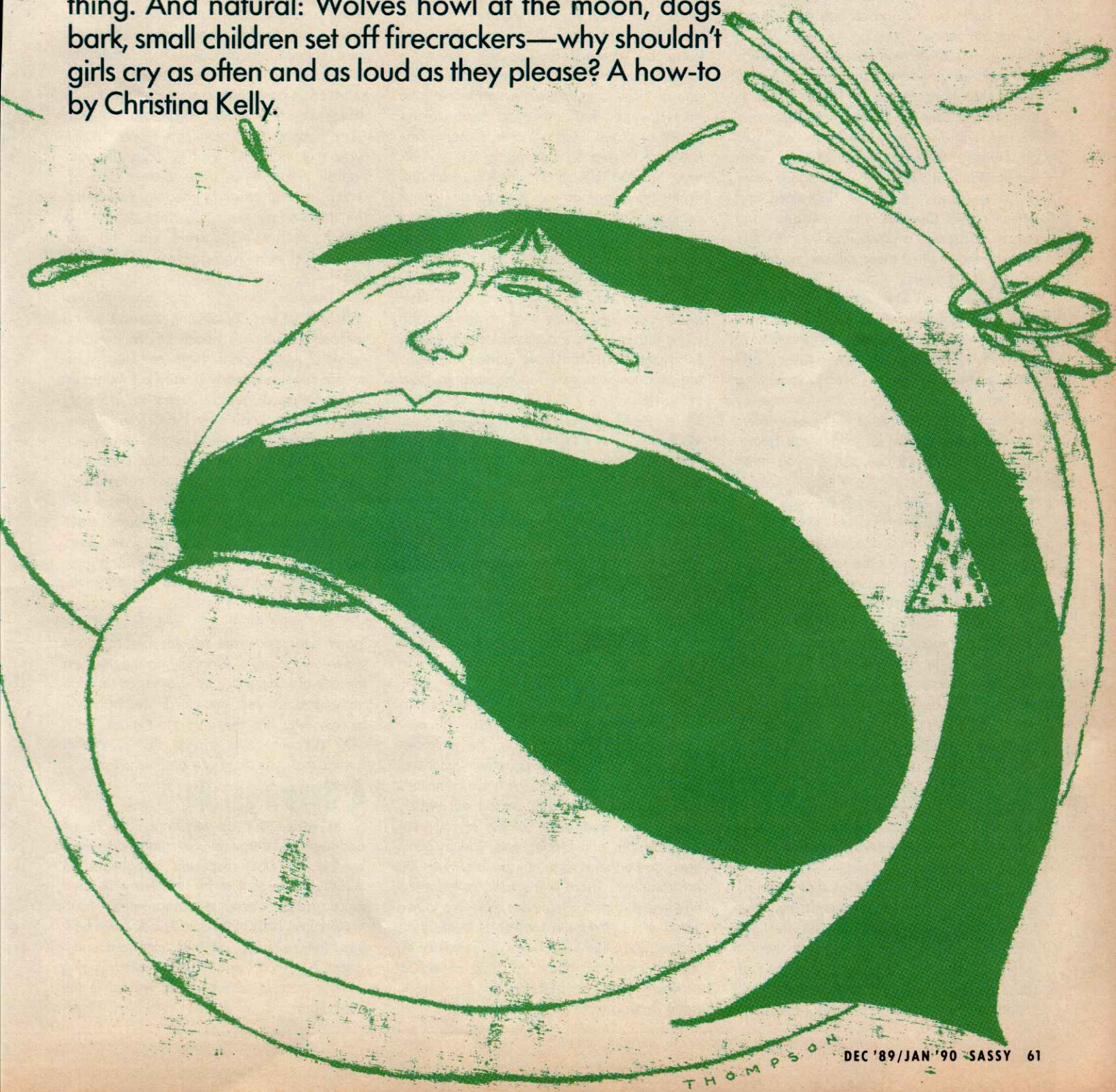
You're going to look pretty thrashed. But no worries: I know some genius beauty remedies for a ravaged appearance. As soon as you stop crying, or when you wake up from your après-crying nap, you'll want to elevate your head on a couple of pillows to let the fluid drain from that bloated eye area. Then apply one of the following all-natural cures to your closed lids to reduce puffiness and bloodshot eyes (veteran criers will run to the kitchen and prepare them as soon as they feel a trauma coming on). 1) Extremely cold cucumbers, sliced. 2) Non-herbal tea bags soaked in cold water. 3) A very cold washcloth. 4) Pre-frozen silver teaspoons, stored in the freezer for just such an occasion. 5) If all else fails, Visine. Then lie there for a while, and you'll be looking a lot better. P.S. If you're one of those public criers and don't have any raw vegetables on hand, splash cold water on your eyes for a vast improvement. And unless you *want* to draw attention to your red eyes, don't wear any makeup until they return to normal.

Allrighty. That's about all I have to say on the subject. **S**

ILLUSTRATION ▶ GEORGE THOMPSON

# PERFECT CRYING FIT

There are those of you (9 out of 10?) who, from time to time, cry hysterically over you know not what. And why not? Sniveling and watching mascara run down your red and scrunched-up face can be a most enjoyable thing. And natural: Wolves howl at the moon, dogs bark, small children set off firecrackers—why shouldn't girls cry as often and as loud as they please? A how-to by Christina Kelly.



# 10 WAYS YOU CAN

## BY MARY KAYE SCHILLING

Every hour another species of plant or animal disappears from the Earth. The rain forests, which support at least half the planet's life forms and sustain our crumbling ozone layer by soaking carbon dioxide out of the atmosphere, are being destroyed at the rate of 100 acres a minute. Atmospheric pollution, leading to global warming, could mean that huge areas of land, including Bangladesh, bits of Britain, Louisiana and Florida, will disappear beneath water. Our air, water, soil and food are so contaminated that we are more and more prone to chronic respiratory infections and degenerative diseases like skin and lung cancer. Garbage is piling up in our landfills enough that half of them will be completely full in just 10 years.

Depressed yet? Well, before you hurl this magazine out the window, then follow it yourself, know this: Despite the enormity of the Earth's problems (and we're talking BIG TIME problemas), there is literally something you can do about fixing up the planet every minute of every day. And we're even offering a 10-idea starter kit to get you going. You may begin just as soon as you finish reading this article.

### 1. Go for less packaging

Ever notice how one brand will use five times as much packaging for the same product as another? Take toothpaste. Those handy-dandy pump dispensers that have made our lives so much more efficient and exciting use three times more plastic than the good old-fashioned tubes, and that can translate into three times as much air and water pollution. The next time you shop, try to buy the brand that's using the least amount of cardboard, plastic, paper, etc. to hold the most stuff. One down, nine to go.

### 2. Don't waste

Americans, busy little bees that we are, produce more trash per person than any other people on the globe—10 times our weight per year. Let me break that down for you: Between us we toss enough aluminum to rebuild the American Airlines fleet 71 times, enough wood and paper to heat 5 million homes for 200 years, and enough glass to refill all 220 floors of the World Trade Center's twin towers every two weeks. Avoiding excess packaging is one good way to cut down. Reducing your PGO (personal garbage output—okay, I made that up) is another. Here are two fairly simple ways to start: If you take your lunch to school, save and rinse out your plastic sandwich bags and reuse them for a week or so. And when you shop, carry a reusable tote. Not only are they very chic and European (in France you have to pay extra for shopping bags, so most everyone keeps one of those cute little expandable net jobs handy), you don't need to keep taking plastic or paper bags at stores. Greenpeace has a really hip $22 shopping tote in their way spirited Christmas catalog; half the profits go to one of their ecologically sound projects. Call 1-800-456-4029 and find out how to order.

Sometimes manufacturers will even make waste reduction easy for you. The Body Shop offers refill services on a lot of their beauty products. That way customers can reuse the containers over and over. And K Mart and Wal-Mart have started highlighting products with recycled packaging. How thoughtful.

### 3. Buy the right ketchup

Pop quiz: Your mom has sent you to the store because it's meat loaf night and you're all out of ketchup. Do you buy the glass bottle or the squeezable plastic kind? Our eternal admiration and a case of Ben & Jerry's Peace Pops to everyone who picked glass. Because, despite what you may hear from some plastic manufacturers, the diabolical stuff is not "environmentally safe" in any way, shape or form. Only one percent of plastics have been successfully recycled in this country, mainly because it's not profitable for recyclers. And virtually all of it is made from petroleum (oil), an already scarce resource. In addition, the technologies used to make that petroleum into synthetic plastic resins produce huge quantities of hazardous waste that poison our water, atmosphere and soil. Worst of all, the majority do not biodegrade (decay until their components are compatible with the environment). There is a plastic called polyethylene that photodegrades after two to five years of sun exposure, which is better than nothing (all Glad trash bags are made of it). With a lot of our dumps close to chock-full, however, there's almost no room for them to hang around long enough to do that.

But let's be realistic. There is no way we can completely cut plastic out of our lives; some things (shampoo, lots of kinds of makeup, telephones even) only come in plastic. So what's a girl to do? For starters, stay away from polystyrene (Styrofoam is one brand of polystyrene). In addition to not being biodegradable, the plastic-based foam, used mostly for food packaging, often contains chlorofluorocarbons, which contribute to ozone thinning. Then, try to choose products in containers that are being collected for recycling in your neighborhood—like glass, paper and aluminum—over plastic whenever possible. Got a baby in your house? Suggest a cloth diaper service, which in most cases is cheaper than using the throwaway plastic variety. About 18 billion of the disposable kind hit our dumps last year. And guess what? They're still there.

Obviously, many of your nonplastic options will be less convenient, but isn't it time we put our planet's health before personal comfort? Minneapolis thinks so. The hyper-aware city has already passed a law requiring local food establishments to use only recyclable packaging by 1990. Even if your city or town isn't as ecologically motivated, make plastic a personal crusade. Like when you're stoked by a company's commitment to not using or recycling it, send a thank you note. At the same time, activate your consumer clout by getting out your pens and telling off less diligent manufacturers. Be a royal pain. You have more power than you know.

One more thing. At that time of the month, try and use regular-size tampons whenever possible. Not only do they reduce the risk of toxic shock syndrome, as tampon manufacturers tell you in those package inserts, they are the only kind made from 100 percent cotton/rayon fibers. Which means that, yes, they are biodegradable.

### 4. Save a gorilla

Or a whale. Or an elephant. They're all endangered. If you're particularly disgusted by the 100,000 elephants slaughtered in Africa last year just for the ivory in their tusks, contact Wildlife Conservation International at 1-800-221-3333; ask them how you can help support their elephant emergency fund. Or "adopt" a mountain gorilla with your class or school by writing to the Digit Fund, 45 Inverness Drive East, Engle-

# SAVE THE PLANET

wood, CO 80112-5480; for $1,000 you can pay for the care of an infant for one year. Whales are supposedly protected from fishermen by the International Whaling Commission. But the Japanese, who consider whale meat a delicacy, continue to slaughter them for so-called scientific research. In late 1989 they plan to kill 400 in Antarctica. With many species of whale extinct or close to it, we have to act fast. Write to President Bush, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, Washington DC 20500, and ask him to impose strict fisheries sanctions on Japan (meaning we won't buy fish from them—and we buy $500 million worth a year) until they obey the IWC whaling moratorium.

## 5. Eat organic

Above and beyond the immediate benefits to you (for starters, the chemical residues left from pesticides may be carcinogenic), farming with pesticides and synthetic chemicals depletes the soil by stripping it of the minerals crucial to making it fertile and contaminates the groundwater that supplies our wells and springs. If your grocer doesn't carry organic fruits and vegetables, ask your family and friends to demand they do so, pronto. The benefits are definitely worth the extra cents you'll spend.

## 6. Ride a bike

To control the greenhouse effect (the global warming caused by the buildup of carbon dioxide and other gases in the upper atmosphere when coal and oil are burned), we simply have to cut down on the use of fossil fuels. That means choosing mass transit, car pools, bicycles and walking over private driving (do I have to tell you which ones are the healthiest for you?). When you do hop in the car, think about this: The United States has more automobiles on the road than any other large country, which means we burn way more gasoline. As a result, we produce five tons of ozone-depleting carbon dioxide per every man, woman and child annually. The world average is under one ton per person.

## 7. Plant a tree

Our friend the tree is a natural purifier, soaking up dastardly carbon dioxide to produce oxygen. But with so many trees being chopped or burned down worldwide, there's more and more carbon dioxide wreaking havoc on the ozone layer. Planting trees is therefore one other great way to fight the greenhouse effect. (Cool fact: For every tree you plant, you can neutralize the carbon dioxide produced by burning a ton—yes, a ton—of coal.) Get help "greening" your neighborhood by writing to the American Forestry Association, Global Releaf, P.O. Box 2000, Washington, DC 20013. For extra credit points, eat less beef. All those Brazilian rain forests Sting has been crusading for are being cleared for cattle-grazing land. If we need less meat, they'll need less land, right? Sounds logical. And since much of the Brazilian beef America buys is used for pet foods, get Spot and Fluffy in the veggie or chicken mode too.

## 8. Recycle, recycle, recycle

Just in case you don't feel guilty yet: Not only do we in the U.S. of A. produce more garbage, we're the worst when it comes to recycling what we chuck (11 percent of our rubbish is recycled, as compared to, say, Japan, which recycles 50 percent). As of this writing, only 10 states have made recycling the law—shameful (and definitely worth a crying fit). If you live in New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Wisconsin, Hawaii, Washington, Florida or Maryland, start separating. And if you don't, write to your congressman and find out why your fair state hasn't wised up.

More and more communities have residential curbside recycling programs you can help with even if it isn't the law; call your local public works department to find out about your area. Or send for "America Turns to Recycling," a free brochure on solid waste recycling, by writing to Recycling, c/o Waste Management, Inc., P.O. Box 11205, Department SS, Chicago, IL 60611. You can also get your school involved in Glad's annual Bag-A-Thon, the country's largest cleanup and recycling program. Call 1-800-262-GLAD to find out if your city or town is already registered for 1990 (it begins March 19), or about applying for 1991.

Then save some trees by encouraging your school newspaper to use recycled paper. Most high schools and colleges print in-house (in which case recycled paper might not be in the budget), but if your paper uses an outside printer, they can ask for recycled. And yes, we are investigating ways of using it at *Sassy*, starting with a recycled section in our next issue.

## 9. Don't flush

The toilet, I mean. If you don't mind my getting personal, at our house we only flush when we make, um, number two. But I know people who use the toilet as a kind of garbage pail, flushing one cigarette or a used Kleenex. What a waste of a precious resource—water, that is. Even better for conserving $H_2O$: Get your parents to buy special gadgets for your faucets, showerhead and toilet that can save 8,000 gallons a year. They cost between $6.50 and $15.50 each, but will cut more bucks than that from your energy bill (Mom and Dad will love you). I can even tell you where to find them: Mail a $2 check to Seventh Generation, 10 Farrell Street So., Burlington, VT 05403. Ask for a copy of their brilliant little catalog, packed with groovy resource-saving products.

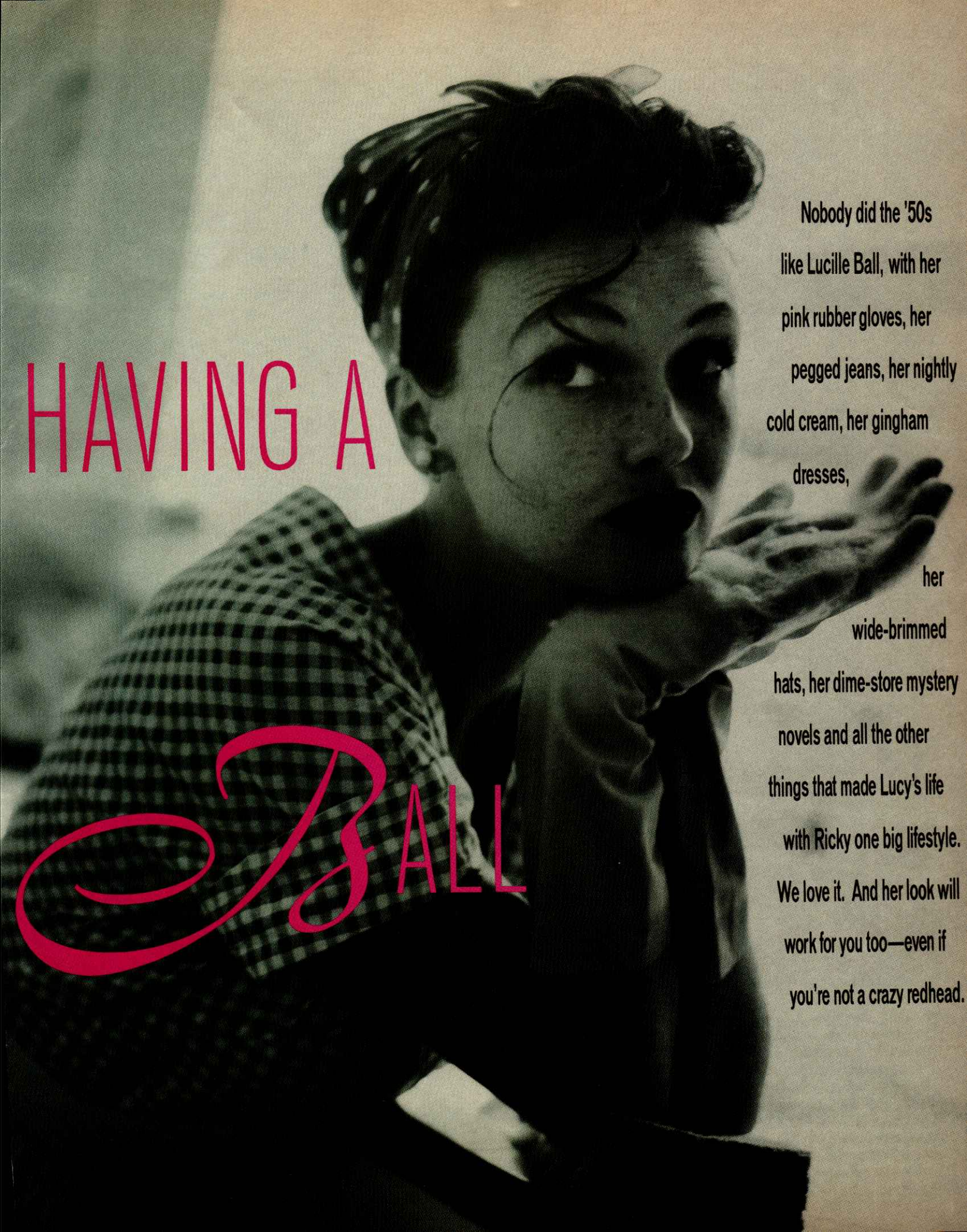
## 10. Live on less energy

It takes a lot of already depleted fossil fuels to light up and heat our homes, and it's the sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxide emitted by oil- and coal-burning power plants that's causing the acid rain destroying forests and lakes here and in Canada. Besides checking your home for energy-efficient insulation and appliances (your local power company should have guidelines for this), make an immediate difference by switching to compact fluorescent bulbs; they cost about $15 but last nine times longer than the regular kind. So you'll be using 75 percent less electricity and preventing 60 pounds of acid rain. No, really.

That wasn't so bad, was it? Apologies and a round of applause to all you on-the-ball types who are way beyond this little beginner's guide. Just don't stop there. None of you. **S**

# RIGHT NOW

This page: Checked barbecue-style midriff top with flowers, $16, from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing. Spankin' new dark denim jeans, $40, by Levi's. Lampshade hat lent to us by Jonathan Skow. Sunglasses by Christian Lacroix. Opposite page: Details on page 66.



# HAVING A BALL

Nobody did the '50s like Lucille Ball, with her pink rubber gloves, her pegged jeans, her nightly cold cream, her gingham dresses, her wide-brimmed hats, her dime-store mystery novels and all the other things that made Lucy's life with Ricky one big lifestyle. We love it. And her look will work for you too—even if you're not a crazy redhead.

This page: Pink [illegible] ed housecleaning dress [illegible] classic eyelet [illegible] Family Jewels Vintage Clothing. Scarf on head from American Rag. Fake pearl studs by Monet. Rubber gloves by Playtex. Ballet slippers by Capezio. Opposite page: Grape-squasher's top and skirt set with tons of ricrac [illegible] and scarf from American Rag. Gypsy size hoops by Monet.

LARA ROSSIGNOL

Opposite page: Floral jammies, $39, from Sears. Sponge rollers by Goody. All prices are approximate. Store info on page 80.

LARA ROSSIGNOL

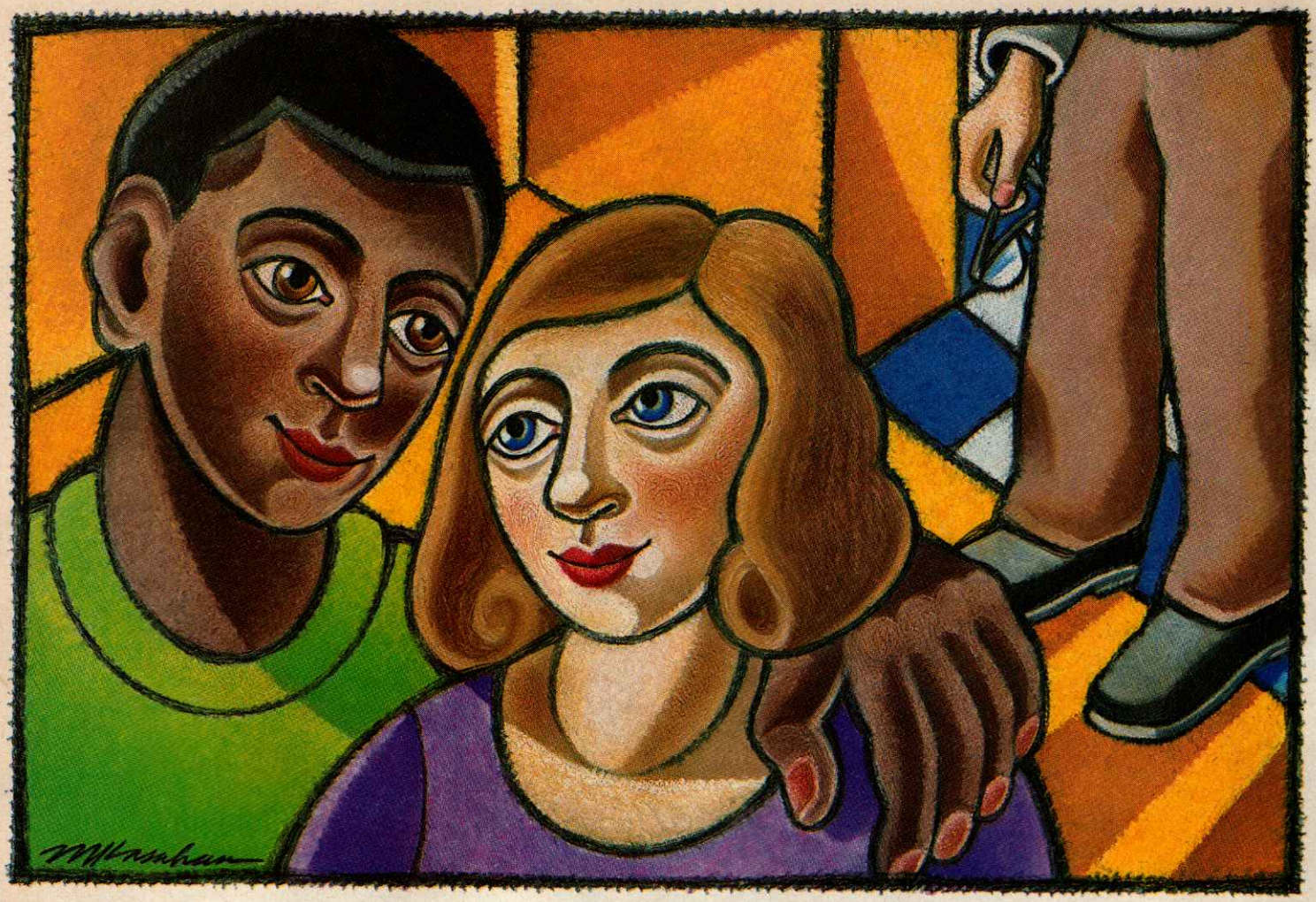


ILLUSTRATION ▶ MARGARET KASAHARA CHEATHAM

**Dad's been freaking about my going out with Peter, just because he's black. And if that weren't enough, my twin sister Rita has been really seriously sick. Why does everything have to happen at once?**

**By Tom McGhee**

I'm sitting with my sister Rita at breakfast, and she says to me, "Are you going to see Peter this afternoon?" I stop chewing and look at her. We're twins, born 17 minutes apart. We have the same ash blond hair and blue eyes. And there are times when looking at her face is like seeing myself in a mirror. Not this morning, though. There are dark circles under her eyes, and her skin is really pale. When she woke up today her nose was bleeding. My mother wants her to go to the doctor. "Yeah," I say, "we're going to study for the chem test." She looks around to see if our parents are anywhere nearby. "Is anything going on between you two?" she asks. "No," I say. "I wish there was."

"Well, I guess that's good," she nods. "I heard Mom and Dad talking the other day. Dad says he's a little uncomfortable about the amount of time you're spending with Peter. He says he's worried about your studies, but," she takes a bite of toast, chews and swallows, "he mentioned that Peter's black."

"What's that got to do with anything?" I snap. "He's the one who's always telling us that no one is better than anyone else." It really bugs me that my father can act like such a hypocrite. "He should mind his own business." I jab a spoon into my grapefruit and pry out a wedge. I look at it, pale and yellow, then drop it back into the rind. "I really like Peter, and I'd love to do more than study with him, but all he talks about is going to law school."

"Yeah," says Rita, teasing, "you always go for the serious ones." There are times when everything she says bugs me, and a comment like that one would normally be cause for WWIII. But since she's feeling bad, I just say, "And you always go for the wild ones." I don't tell my sister that I think I'm in love with Peter.

It snowed last night, the first snow of the winter, so it's cold and bright when I leave the house. All along the street people are digging, their shovels making scraping sounds against the concrete. At Peter's I ring the bell and stamp my feet on the welcome mat. I'm still thinking about what Rita overheard my father say. It makes me angry. Something else too. Since Peter sees me only as a friend, I'm annoyed that my feelings for him are so obvious. For the

# WAITING

longest time I've wanted to tell him how I feel, but I always lose my nerve. Lately I've resigned myself to thinking he'll never say anything more romantic to me than, "What date was the Magna Carta signed?"

In a moment Peter's father opens the door. Until Mrs. Cooper died two years ago, people were always commenting on how young Mr. Cooper looked. Not any more. Deep lines in his face make him look 10 years older than my father, though I know they're the same age. But there's something sweet about his face too. "Hi, Laurie," he says. "Peter is upstairs. Go on up."

Peter's bed is covered with laundry. "I'm just going to put this away and we can get started," he says. I take off my coat and lean against his desk. I enjoy watching him. He's very precise, creasing the clothes exactly before he puts them away. "God, I hate doing this," he says, looking very serious, and I can picture him in an expensive suit making a presentation to a jury.

He sits at his desk and opens a history book. It's his turn to test me, and I pace the floor as he shoots questions at me. Sometimes I stop at the window and stare out to where his father is shoveling a path. Peter's seven-year-old sister Shineta is making angels in the snow, waving her arms to make the imprint of wings in the soft powder. I notice that Mr. Cooper's wide shoulders and back are covered with a light dusting of white and I wonder if he's been making angels too. Then he throws a shovelful of snow over his shoulder, and a breeze blows it onto his back. It swirls all around his head, and I feel a chill.

I turn back into the room when Peter asks me a question about the periodic table. He looks as if the future of the world depends on my answer, and for a moment I want to laugh. Then I blurt out, "Argon."

"Pretty good," he nods. "That's one they're sure to ask." It occurs to me to walk across the room and kiss him. He looks up and our eyes lock. We stare at each other for a few seconds and then he closes the book. "That's enough chemistry," he says. He's still watching me and I feel my cheeks begin to burn. He looks toward the window and almost whispers, "Um, you know, I've been thinking, we get along pretty good and, uh, . . ."

"Yes?" I manage to say, my heart racing—no, galloping.

"I just thought maybe we should go to a movie together some time."

"That would probably be fun," I answer, trying to be at least somewhat nonchalant.

The next day, Sunday, Rita doesn't want to get out of bed. Her hair, usually so shiny, is hanging limp and lifeless. I tell her what happened with Peter. "Sounds promising," she says. I can tell it's an effort for her to even say that.

That afternoon Peter comes by unexpectedly and asks if I would like to go to a movie. "Sure," I say. We see something with Eddie Murphy, and afterward go to McDonald's. Peter tells me how important it is to him to get into a good college and then go on to law school. "I want to do something special with my life." He looks down at the table, where his fingers are folding a napkin into a neat square, and then back at me, "I know it sounds corny, but I want to help people."

"It doesn't sound corny," I whisper, then reach across the table and touch his hand. He moves it away. "I don't know," he says, "about us." I sit up very straight. "Why not?" He puts his hand next to mine so that they're side by side, black against white, just touching. "Look," he says. "So what?" is my response. "That doesn't make any difference to you?" he asks. "No." I answer. "To you?"

He shakes his head slowly. "I don't think so." When we say good-bye he smiles at me and I look into his eyes. They're a soft brown, almost golden, with small flecks of hazel around the rims. He strokes my cheek and his fingers trail down the length of my neck to the open collar of my leather coat; I realize that I'm holding my breath. I think that he's going to kiss me, so I tilt my head. "Well," he says, and clears his throat, "I should go. My father is working tonight and I have to take care of Shineta."

Later that evening my father sits next to me on the couch as I'm watching TV. "You mind if we turn this off?" he says. I don't really want to, but I tell him okay. I know what's coming. He gets up and turns off the television set. When he sits down again he clears his throat. "This boy Peter," he says, his voice low, "you seem to be getting very attached to him." I shrug, and my father leans forward and touches the tips of his fingers together. "You're doing so well in school, your mom and I are sure that you'll get a scholarship next year." He looks down at his hand and then glances at my face. "I wonder if it's a good idea for you to spend so much time with him."

"Oh, Daddy," I say. I should laugh. I mean, all that Peter and I do together is study, and my father is worried about it affecting my grades. But I don't laugh. Instead my throat tightens and I feel like there's something in my chest clawing its way up toward my head. "I like him," I say, poking one finger into a hole in the knee of my jeans and pulling at it. "Well," he says, "try not to get too attached." What's the sense of having friends, I think, if you're not going to get attached to them? "Honey, you're too young to understand. People can get very nasty when they see couples that are, well, uh, . . ."

"Interracial," I mutter, and slap the arm of the couch. "Sure, Dad, ever since I was a little girl you've been telling me that color doesn't matter, and now you don't want me to go out with someone who's black. That's hypocrisy, Daddy!" I realize that I'm yelling.

"Okay," he says, "take it easy. I'm not forbidding you to see him. I just want you to take it easy, that's all. You have to concentrate on your studies now."

"I'm a straight-A student!" I shout. "That's not going to change just because I go out with Peter. Besides, ▶ *page 85*

# RATE YOUR:

**Some people thrill to yet another season of joy to the world. Others don't. Find out how much spirit you've got by taking this quizzy-poo.**

**1. How many reindeer pull Santa's sleigh (including Rudolph)?**
a. Nine
b. Eight
c. Twelve

**2. Which comes closest to your idea of the perfect New Year's Eve?**
a. A fancy party, a major date and a new dress
b. A few videos, some friends and a two-liter bottle of Coke
c. A good night's sleep

**3. What is your favorite part of the holidays?**
a. Getting presents
b. Giving presents
c. Time off from school
d. Baking cookies and decorating the house

**4. If your parents suddenly laid it on you that this year the family would make a donation instead of exchanging gifts, could you get into it? Be honest.**
a. Yes
b. No

**5. How many candles are lit to celebrate the last night of Hanukkah?**
a. Nine
b. Ten
c. Eight

**6. When do you usually start shopping for gifts?**
a. December 24th
b. Right after Thanksgiving
c. I'm always on the lookout for perfect presents.
d. I try to avoid it altogether.

**7. Which of these movies would you most want to watch on Christmas Eve?**
a. *Silent Night, Deadly Night*
b. *Miracle on 34th Street*
c. *The Lost Boys*

**8. Do you make New Year's resolutions?**
a. Every year, and I usually keep at least one of them
b. No
c. Yes, but I don't keep them.

**9. When did you stop believing in Santa Claus?**
a. By the time I was six
b. I never believed in him.
c. What do you mean? I still leave milk and cookies for that big cuddly guy.

**10. Think hard: What's the most charitable holiday thing you've ever done?**
a. Buy a present for my bratty brother/snotty sister/cranky uncle/ex-boyfriend
b. Donate food/clothes/gifts/time to a church, synagogue or community organization
c. Send a check to a charity

**11. Whom do you normally send Christmas or Hanukkah cards to?**
a. Family members and my bestest friends
b. Everyone I know
c. Everyone who sent me a card last year
d. I don't give cards.

**12. How do you feel about the upcoming holidays?**
a. Excited
b. Depressed
c. Stressed
d. Happy

**13. If it were up to you, when would you take down the Christmas tree?**
a. January 2
b. Not until it's a certifiable fire hazard
c. December 26

**14. Name the song that contains these lyrics: "Don we now our gay apparel."**
a. "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer"
b. "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus"
c. "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly"

**15. If your best friend gave you a gift that cost less than what you gave her, how would you feel?**
a. Disappointed, but only for a minute
b. Thankful she thought of me
c. I'd vow to buy her a cheaper gift next year.

**A LITTLE BASIC MATH:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **1. a.**1 | **b.**0 | **c.**0 | |
| **2. a.**3 | **b.**1 | **c.**0 | |
| **3. a.**0 | **b.**4 | **c.**0 | **d.**2 |
| **4. a.**4 | **b.**0 | | |
| **5. a.**3 | **b.**0 | **c.**0 | |
| **6. a.**1 | **b.**2 | **c.**3 | **d.**0 |
| **7. a.**0 | **b.**2 | **c.**0 | |
| **8. a.**2 | **b.**0 | **c.**1 | |
| **9. a.**1 | **b.**0 | **c.**4 | |
| **10. a.**0 | **b.**3 | **c.**1 | |
| **11. a.**1 | **b.**3 | **c.**2 | **d.**0 |
| **12. a.**2 | **b.**0 | **c.**0 | **d.**4 |
| **13. a.**1 | **b.**3 | **c.**0 | |
| **14. a.**0 | **b.**0 | **c.**1 | |
| **15. a.**1 | **b.**3 | **c.**0 | |

**IT ALL ADDS UP TO:**

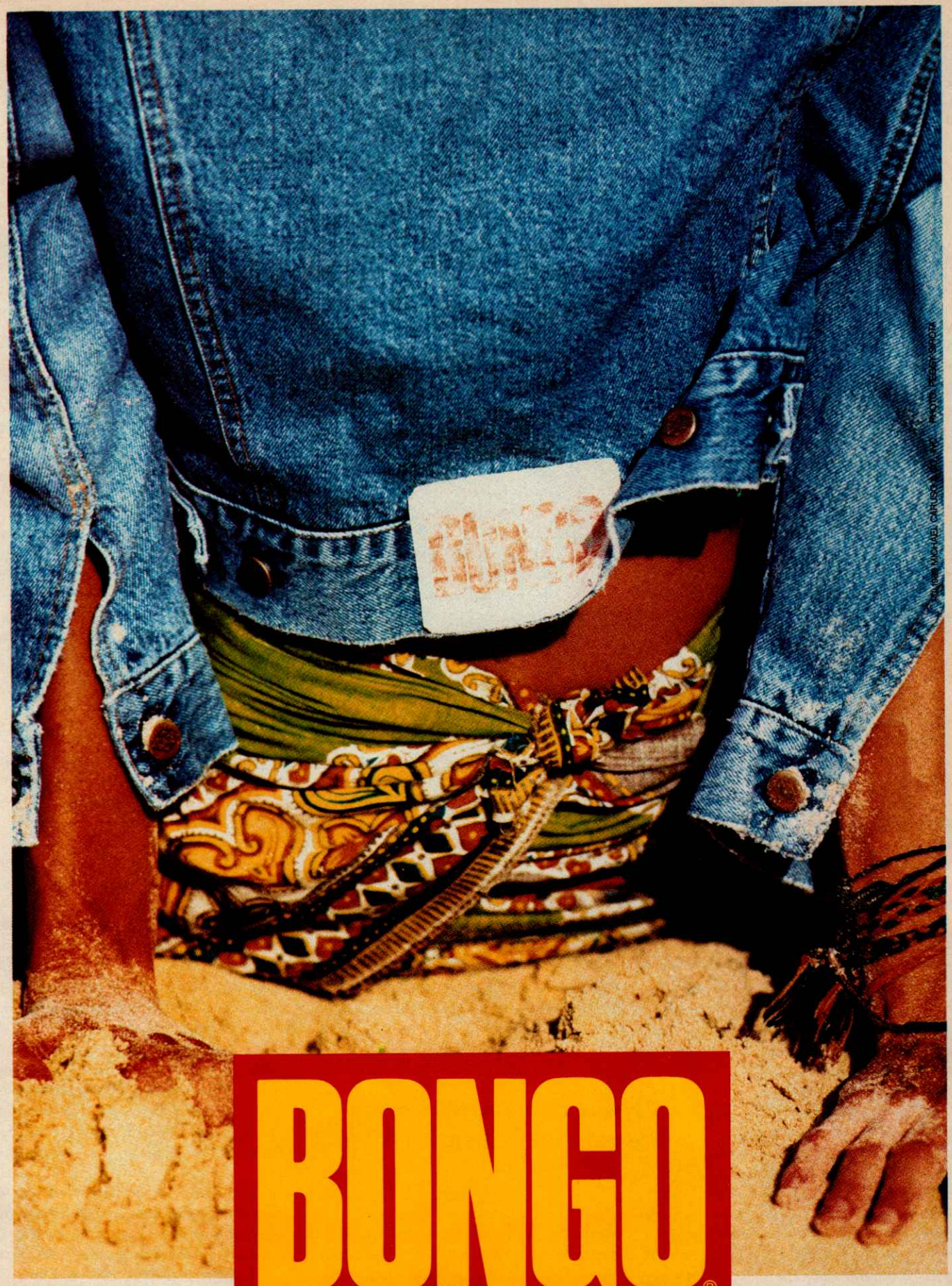
**31-43:** We bet you're the custodian of the menorah, or that you're still making your dad dress up like St. Nick. And we're just about sure you buy presents for your teachers too. Wouldn't it be rockin' if people acted like this all year?

**13-30:** You're having fun. Good. Just make sure that in among the parties and presents you take time out to think about what the holidays mean to you. Goodwill? Love? Kindness? Reflect a little. You can close the door while you do it.

**0-12:** Talk about a Scrooge face. Kicked any kids with crutches lately? Okay, okay, so the holidays aren't perfect. You've got your commercialization, your crowded department stores, your incessant reruns of *It's a Wonderful Life*. But the season only comes once a year, and wouldn't you rather join the fun most people are having instead of dreading those five and a half weeks from Thanksgiving to New Year's? Sure you would. So go ahead and bah-humbug the bad bits, just keep your eyes peeled for the wonderful things—like your boss at the Burger Pit smiling for once, or your brother clumsily wrapping a sweater you'll never wear. Important holiday stuff like that comes from the heart, not the wallet. And no one should miss out.

## HO-HO-HO-NESS

**NEXT MONTH WE'LL RATE YOUR WILLPOWER—JUST THOUGHT WE SHOULD WARN YOU BEFORE YOU COMMIT TO THOSE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.**




WET SEAL

# HELP

### SUICIDAL

I think of committing suicide as much as four times a day. My mom just laughs when I tell her about it, like it's a joke or something. I don't even know why I feel so depressed.

**Al**

*What you're feeling isn't funny. Though lots of teenagers have thought about suicide once or twice (including a few of us), four times a day is seriously depressed. Make an appointment with your family doctor or a therapist (your doctor or school counselor may be able to make a recommendation); he or she will first help you figure out if your depression is psychological or physical. Either way, you should get treatment to help you cope with it. Adolescence is one very tough time, and dealing with all the new pressures and changes can be too much for even the strongest people. But please, do us a favor: Don't ever give up. Your mother may not realize how upset you are, but there are plenty of people out there who will.*

**"I think about suicide four times a day"**

### SUGAR-FREE EATING

I am on a sugar-free diet (I am not a diabetic), but I'm tired of eating crackers for snacks and bagels for breakfast. Do you have any suggestions for some good-tasting, sugar-free foods for me to eat?

**A Tired Eater**

*Avoiding sugar in your diet is a good idea, since its only value is calories—four per gram. Not only does sugar cause tooth decay, it lowers your blood sugar level, making you tired. And it's also somewhat addictive—the more you eat, the more you crave. As for sugar-free foods you can munch on for breakfast, try fresh fruits and cottage cheese, whole-grain sugar-free cereals (read the labels carefully) and muffins sweetened with fruit juice. Or whip up a shake of one cup of skim milk, one banana and a little frozen strawberry concentrate or honey for natural sweetness. Good snacks include butterless popcorn, fresh and dried fruits, pretzels, nonfat yogurt and crisp, cold vegetables—all of which are very low in fat too.*

### DUMPED AFTER SEX

I was in love with this guy for about a year who really only thought of me as a friend. Then he started hitting on me, and I ended up losing my virginity with him. Since then he ignores me. But I still love him. Help!

**Rejected**

*This sounds like what Christina would call a classic case of boy disease. Maybe it'll help to know that you're not the first girl this has happened to (or, unfortunately, the last). What your "friend" did was wrong, and obviously he knows that, or he wouldn't be avoiding you. You can try asking him what's going on, but there's no guarantee he'll be honest with you. If he is, that's great, and maybe the two of you can at least be friends again, starting off with new respect for each other. But if he won't talk with you or explain why he did what he did, you'll have to work at getting over him—he doesn't deserve you as a friend anyway. And here's something to keep in mind for the future: Sex is too serious a step to be pressured into.*

### LARGE BREASTS

My breasts are extremely large. I'm 11, and everyone makes fun of me at school. Can you please tell me some exercises or type of bra that would make my chest smaller.

**Embarrassed**

*Sorry, but there aren't any exercises that will reduce the size of your breasts. You can, however, buy bras called minimizers that will make you look smaller. Check out the underwear section of your local department store. Just so you know, breasts are one of the first parts of your body to develop; in a few years the rest of you should catch up, and they may not seem so large. As for the losers who make fun of you, try to ignore them as best you can (I know it's tough). When they realize they can't get you upset, they'll quit with the lame comments.*

**"How can I make my breasts look smaller?"**

### HICKEY WORRY

Help! My boyfriend says hickeys cause cancer. I have one, and now that he said that, I'm a little worried. Can you tell me if this is true?

**Anonymous**

*False, false, false. Hickeys—also known as love bites—do not cause cancer. (For those of you who don't know, a hickey is a temporary red mark that you get when a guy bites and/or sucks your skin, usually on your neck.) Some can look a little gross, but there's no reason to fear the risk of terminal illness. You may want to ask your boyfriend whether he likes hickeys. Sounds to me like he doesn't.*

**"Do hickeys cause cancer?"**

### MY SISTER IGNORES ME

My older sister is totally obsessed with her boyfriend and I'm sick of it. I feel she has no time for me and I'm not wanted. What should I do?

**Feeling Not Wanted**

*Sometimes it's tough being a younger sister; take it from someone who knows. But as you get older, changes in your relationship with your sister are inevitable since you're both, well, changing. It's probably true that your sister isn't giving you as much time as she used to, but don't take it personally. Falling for a guy tends to absorb your whole life, and there often isn't time left for friends or even sisters, especially in the beginning. I know it seems hard to understand now, but you will soon enough when you go through this yourself. For the time being, spend more time with your own friends.*

**Don't give up. Write to Anne and Dr. Sylvia Hacker, associate professor of human sexuality at the University of Michigan, at *Help, Sassy*, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. They'll answer as many questions as they possibly can here.**

# WHAT HE SAID

## ARE YOU INSECURE ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE?

**YES: 94%  NO: 6%**

**You can't get much closer to unanimous, but this month's secret word is *sometimes*. Our pollees don't want to look like slobs—and will make an extra effort for a special social outing—but they're not doing a lot of hand-wringing in front of the mirror either.**

**TOM, 17**

Tom's the senior class president at Chantilly High in Virginia, and a member of the football team. He says, "Yeah, if I'm going out with a girl. Usually, I just look at myself

and if something's wrong I'll fix it. I don't spend hours on it—it's no big deal. When I leave for school I just make sure I look okay, and I'm out." And his clothes? "I get the stuff that's out now, kinda trendy."

**CHRIS, 16**

"Yeah, but only in certain situations. I like to have nice clothes on if I'm doing something important, like going to the movies or something with Becky [his girlfriend]. But if I'm just hanging around, I don't care," says Chris, who's from Flemington, New Jersey and is into baseball and ski racing. "I don't go with 'the look'; I like to look nice, but not the way all the kids at school want me

to. I might have a T-shirt on that people won't understand, and they might say something stupid about it, but I wear what I want to wear."

**MIKE, 20**

"Everyone is at times. If you're not, you come across as being cocky." So says Mike, a University of Pennsylvania student and aspiring magagine writer.

"If I'm wearing clothes I'm not used to wearing, I'm a little insecure. But I've never carried it to the point where I've put a paper bag over my head. Usually I won't look at myself too much, because people are their own worst critics. But how you look is how you *are*—people should be interested in that."

**NICK NEAL, 23**

MARTIN BRADING

**"When people expect a certain something from you, you can be," admits Nick, a New York native and rising star in the modeling biz. He adds (as only a model could), "You can feel funny because other people get intimidated. People expect you to always be at your best, and you feel it's your job to give them what they want." Hope y'all are getting what you want.**

**SCOTT, 18**

Scott, a Californian and aspiring architect, attends North Texas State University and plays baseball. "I want to look decent, but I don't think too much about it. If it's for a formal occasion, I'll dress the part, but I don't get into trendy stuff. I just try not to look like a grunge."

**Next month: Who is your fantasy woman? Send names, addresses and phone numbers of interviewable guys you know to Mike, *What He Said, Sassy*, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. Okay? Okay.**

# IT HAPPENED TO ME

**Kerry's father was a teacher at the junior high school, and everyone he met liked him. But at home he was a violent alcoholic.**

My father died when I was 13 years old. He didn't die heroically, like someone trying to save people from a burning building. He also didn't die from any natural causes. He drank himself to death. He had cirrhosis of the liver, a disease usually caused by consuming so much alcohol that it finally destroys the liver and causes death.

Of course, when I was 13 I hadn't the faintest idea what cirrhosis of the liver was, and when I found out I was too ashamed to tell anybody about it. Well, it's six years after my father's death and I'm finally ready to talk about it.

Most kids, if they are lucky, have dads who take them to baseball games or to the park or whatever. When I was a little girl, my dad took me to every bar within a 30-mile radius. The nutty thing about it was that I actually looked forward to our Friday night bouts. Friday was the night when my mom would go out with her friends, and my father was left to babysit me. This was the only time we ever spent together that I felt he loved me. He would prop me up on a bar stool, buy me a soda pop and then proudly introduce me to all his buddies. He would lay his arm across the back of the chair, spin me around so that I was facing everyone and proudly announce that this was his baby, his youngest, and wasn't she beautiful. Then after an hour or so, when everyone was really drunk, I would hop down from the stool and crawl around the floor picking up the change the drunks carelessly dropped.

My father started to get violent when I was around six. Before that he had never been stone sober, but at least he'd never been mean. He was a science teacher at the local junior high school, and basically a good man—everyone that met him liked him and thought highly of him. What those people didn't see, though, was the hell he put me and my family through. He would start drinking every day on his way home from school, and continue after he got home. And on weekends he would drink from morning till night. The worst part for us was when he'd pass out on the couch. My brother, sister and I weren't allowed to do anything, for fear that he might wake up and throw one of the ever famous drunken rages. Do you know how hard it is to be little and not be able to run about in your own house, free to make noise and play like a normal kid? And if one of us did accidentally wake him, he would beat up Mom. She had to be the strong one, and always had to cover up for the family and keep us quiet. Eventually it made her very distant and cold. She wasn't mean to us, she just wasn't very affectionate. And there wasn't a lot of communication between my parents. When he wasn't drunk he'd try to be nice and talk to her, but by then my mom would be mad at him, and they'd just end up fighting. For that reason I was also really fearful of bringing friends over because I never knew what kind of shape he'd be in, or if he'd start a fight with Mom. It wasn't the best way to grow up.

Eventually all the drinking took its toll. He was getting a really big beer belly, so he and a friend went on diets—only my father's idea of a diet was to keep drinking and completely stop eating. After a while we noticed that his entire body was turning a yellowish color—even his eyes. So my mother made him go the hospital. He never came out.

It turns out that his not eating caused the cirrhosis to develop even faster than it would have. He died in the hospital after three months, late one night at about 11:30 P.M. I was staying at a friend's, and Mom called me early the next morning (she didn't want to wake me). When I got home and she told me, it didn't affect me the way you'd think it would. I didn't feel anything. Just tired, I guess. But I cried because that was what I was supposed to do, right? Mom was in shock and she cried a lot, but it also seemed like she was just going through the motions. In a way, I think we were all a little relieved.

For years after, I never felt like I could mourn the death of my father the same as other kids who had also lost parents to accidents or illness. Of course, there were times that I missed him, but I never really cried for him. Then last year, during the fall, I was reading the paper and saw in the obituaries that my first grade teacher had died of a heart attack. I drove to the funeral home, knelt before her casket and said a prayer. I gave my sympathy to the family and left. Suddenly, on the way home, I was overcome with an awful feeling of sadness. It was so bad that I pulled off the road and cried for a good half hour. I kept saying over and over again, "Dad, I'm so sorry that I never told you I loved you. You know I did." I think it just hit me that when someone's gone, they're gone for good. I realized that I had never gotten to know him, and I felt guilty for hating him when he was drunk. I guess I was punishing myself.

After a while I sat up and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked like him, with the glassy red eyes, and I laughed to myself. I saw the resemblance and realized I still had a little bit of him in me, even though I didn't act like him and wasn't like him. And I now realize that it is okay to cry for him because alcoholism is an inherited disease and he *was* sick; my father had started drinking when he was a little kid, and both his parents were alcoholics. What hurts most is that I never told him—not once in all the years that I was with him—that I loved him. I know that it would never have changed him. It would probably not have made enough of a difference that he would have given up the thing he loved best—drinking. But maybe if I would have said those three words to him I would have felt better. Maybe it wouldn't have taken so long for me to accept his death. But I guess some people just learn the hard way. It's better than never learning at all. At least I'm not ashamed of him anymore.

**Got a tale to tell? Well, send it on in to Mike, *It Happened To Me, Sassy*, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. We'll pay you 300 bucks if we print it. And remember, we can't do this thing without *your phone number*.**

# COMING ATTRACTIONS

FEBRUARY ALREADY? AND *SASSY*'S GOT THE GOOD STUFF. **Right there on the cover you'll meet the winner of our second Sassiest Girl in America Contest (did you enter?) and read all about what she went through to get there.** WE'LL TELL YOU WHY GUYS ACT THE WAY THEY DO AS SOON AS THEY BECOME YOUR BOYFRIEND. **You'll live the life of a girl who got married at 15—and divorced one year later.** WE'LL REVEAL SHOCKING BUT TRUE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN TEEN BEAUTY PAGEANTS AND MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS (READ IT HERE FIRST). **Our newest writer, Kim, will act like a Deadhead.** TOBY WILL MAKE A COMEBACK IN KAREN'S SECOND-EVER FICTION STORY. **And we'll show you how to dress like the animal- and environment-lover you really are.** PLUS TONS OF NECESSARY, MAKE-AT-HOME BEAUTY PRODUCTS. **So tune in, sweetheart.** FEBRUARY *SASSY* IS READY JANUARY 16.

# STUFF YOU WROTE

### FLOATING

I float in a world of my own design,
Oblivious to all things
But those that I imagine.
My movements are slow and precise.

Without knowing why
I start to laugh.
It makes me feel better.

A party forms around me.
A cat and a man in a funny hat.

Again I'm laughing.
The Hatter fills my cup
And there's that darn cat again.

**Troy N. Ross**
**Marion, NC**

**I'm writing this to warn people about suicide. This year in my school it was the "in" thing to do. To slit some part of your body. It had nothing to do with personal problems. As a result, two girls were in the hospital and one girl has started therapy. Even I must admit to ugly scars on my leg and arm. The school tried to get involved and offered counseling but no one paid attention. To anyone even thinking about it, please be careful. It shouldn't be taken lightly. Believe me, it doesn't make you cool.**

**Pro-life**
**Kinderhook, NY**

**Q. Why is the cover of R.E.M's album *Green* bright orange?**
**A. Because if you stare at something orange for a minute or two and close your eyes, you will see the color green.**

Shannon and Lisa
Laurel, MD

**Sassy is my dog's name. No kidding! But the magazine isn't fat and hairy and doesn't have bad breath.**

J.K.
Rossford, OH

Girls have magazines that explain males in detail and articles that cross-section a guy's every move. Did you ever notice that guys don't have teen magazines that explain females to them (not to my knowledge anyway)? Is it because guys feel that they already know about girls? Someone once said that "the reason why most average American males prefer beauty over brains is because they figure they can *see* better than they *think*!"

Alyxx Caitlynn
Mililani, HI

### ARTIST

He takes his victim
and dares it
to be set free from bondage.
He painstakingly sets out
in hopes to create
his own masterpiece.
And from his soul
the spirit is set free
only to reveal his own beauty.

**Lori Klande**
**Swan River, MN**

**If Levi Strauss's mom hadn't named him Levi, would we be wearing Freds?**

Toads
Frog City, NY

**Are you going to let these guys speak for you? Write to Maria, *Stuff You Wrote, Sassy*, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. Add a note saying your stuff is original, then sign it.**

A SPECIAL SASSY PROMOTION

# Sassy CLUB

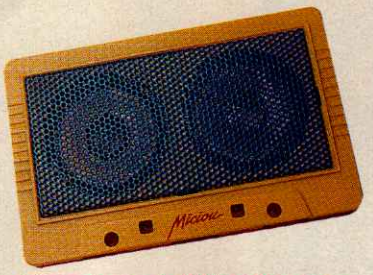
**Sassy Club has the greatest stuff for the holidays, whether you're catching up on last minute holiday gift shopping (get your orders in early, guys!!) or buying a great little something for yourself, we've got it! So, get out your list, check it twice, and have yourself a merry little holiday and a terrific new year! To order, please mail in the order form on the opposite page. To place orders with a credit card, call 1-616-957-0077, Monday to Friday, 9 AM to 6 PM EST.**

**Our antique-inspired tapestry** vest is so very Gothic! In bright colors on black. (Item #352), $40.00. Sizes S,M,L. ▶

**Our exclusive *Sassy* cosmetic** case filled with goodies from our totally cool advertisers. You get a clear plastic case with pink trim, an Airwalk key chain, a patch from Vision Street Wear, 4 Playtex tampons and one ounce of Neutrogena Antiseptic Cleanser. (Item #393), $3.00. Limited supply. ▲

**Patches are so very English** (did we need to tell you?) Especially when they are classic British crests, old chap! Stitch them onto anything. (Item #391) $7.00 for a set of 4. ▼

**If these fair isle socks don't get** you into the holiday spirit (Item #195 SC), nothing will. Available in green, red, or royal. One size fits all. $5.00. ▲



**Grooving to Debbie Gibson or** Bon Jovi? You'll love how it sounds with our compact portable cassette stereo speaker. We choose the color. (Item #183), $12.50. ▲

**Our office mascot, the "Sassiest-Bear-In-America."** He's bear brown with his own *Sassy* t-shirt. (Item #179), $15.00. ◀

**Our 100 percent cotton leggings** are perfect under anything. In black (Item #181 SC), or gray (Item #363 SC). One size fits all, $16.00 each. ▲

**Wrap up your hair for the** holidays with the coolest little scrunchy comb! Shiny bright taffeta in hot pink or royal blue. (Item #394) Just $12.00 each. ▼

**100% real "fake" fur ponytail** holders. Black or brown (Item #192), $6.00 each. ▼

**Snag our black head band covered** with coins and you'll never run out of "change"! A great match with our coin earrings. (Item #392), $9.00. ▼

**Once you snag our very** cool sun glass keychain, you'll never fumble for your keys again! (Item #342), $3.50. ▲

A SPECIAL SASSY PROMOTION

**For a little holi**day cheer, slip our Christmas ball earrings in your ears! A great gift for a friend or yourself. Assorted colors. (Item #389), $7.50 or 2 for $14.00. ▲

**Antique jewelry (it only has to** look antique) is way in this Fall. We love this classic, gold charm bracelet with assorted colored beads. (Item #359), $8.00. Buy it with the matching crown pin (below) and get both for just $14.00. (Item #360). ▶

**Recovered from the sunken** treasure of the S.S. *Sassy* (just kidding, guys), gold coin earrings for your pierced ears. (Item #356), $6.00. ▲

**A totally cool gift for your very** "BEST FRIENDS". A pillowcase (it's 30" x 20") that says just what you feel! (Item #390), $10.00. 50% polyester/50% cotton. ◀

**Make an ever-so-royal fashion** statement with our crown pin. Gold with assorted colors (Item #358), $8.00. ◀

**We'll know you're devoted if** you wear our 100% cotton bikinis. A set of four (2 black, 2 white) is just $15.00. (Item #131 SC), sizes S,M,L. ▲

**We've taken a few bu**cks off our 100% cotton scarf and beret. Buy both and save even more! Red, electric blue or yellow. (Item #176), scarf, $17.00. (Item #177) beret, $12. (Item #178) scarf and beret, $25.00. ▶

**"Sassy" woven** bracelets are now on sale. Save two bucks. We choose the color. (Item #199), now a mere $3.00, one size. ▼

## YOU'RE INVITED TO JOIN *SASSY* CLUB

**Club Membership:** *Sassy* Club merchandise is available only to Club Members (and Trial Members). To enroll as a Member simply check the New Member box on the order form and enclose $5 with your order. You may join the club now without ordering merchandise. As a new member, you will be issued a *Sassy* Club membership card with an exclusive membership number for placing future orders. To welcome you to the Club, you'll receive a free set of professional *Sassy* makeup brushes and 25 *Sassy* Dollars–good for 25 bucks off future *Sassy* orders. If you're not ready to become a full member just yet, you're welcome to order as a trial *Sassy* Club member for the next 90 days. Just check the Trial Member box on the order form and send us your order.

**How To Order:** Just complete and mail the order form. Be sure to enclose a check or money order for the full cost of your order. Canadian and foreign orders must be paid by credit card. If you are paying by credit card, please note that the owner of the credit card must sign the order form where indicated. ***Please do not send cash.***

**To Order By Telephone:** The Club's ***operators can only accept calls for valid credit card orders.*** To place a credit card order, call 1-616-957-0077, Monday-Friday, 9 AM–6 PM EST.

**Shipping and Insurance:** Be sure to include correct shipping and handling charge (see chart below). Your shipment will be completely insured.

| Shipping and Handling Charge | |
|---|---|
| Total of Goods | Add |
| Up to $25.00 | $4.00 |
| $25.01-$50.00 | $5.00 |
| $50.01-$75.00 | $6.00 |
| $75.01-$100.00 | $7.00 |
| Over $100.00 | $8.00 |

**Guarantee:** If ever you're not completely satisfied with a purchase, return it unused within 30 days for a prompt, full refund or exchange.

***Sassy* Club, 5505 36th Street S.E., Grand Rapids, MI 49512**

## Order Form & Membership Application

Name _____

Street _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone ( ) _____

☐ New Member (Enclose $5 Membership Fee)

☐ Current Member-Number: ☐☐☐☐☐☐

☐ Trial Member (Trial Order)

S129

| Quantity | Item Number | Description | Color | Size | Price | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| 1 | 001 SC | *Club Membership Fee (*If Applicable*)* | | | | $5.00* |

**Method of Payment** (Make checks payable to *Sassy* Club)

☐ Check/Money Order ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ AMEX

**Account:** ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

**Valid through:** ☐☐ – ☐☐

**Signature** _____
(of Credit Card Holder)

| | |
|---|---|
| **Total of Goods** | |
| Less Applicable Value of Sassy Dollars Enclosed | |
| **Sub-Total** | |
| **Add Applicable Sales Tax** (NY residents add 8.25%, MI 4%) | |
| **Shipping and Handling** (See box at left) | |
| **Total Amount Enclosed** | |

**Thank you!**

# WHERE IT'S AT

(incorporating the ever-popular Big Deal column)

## Here's where to find the merchandise you love so in this issue.

PAGE 5:
**REEBOK,** Foot Locker; Lady Foot Locker; Athlete's Foot; J.C. Penney; Filenes; Fan Club; Macy's; G. Fox; Bloomingdale's; Abraham & Strauss; Hecht's; Foot Action; Nordstrom; Kaufman's; Burdines; Jordan Marsh; Foley's; Rich's; Belk; May Company; Dillard's; J.W. Robinson's; Journey; Lazarus; Dayton Hudson.

PAGE 7:
**MERRY-GO-ROUND FASHION BOUTIQUES,** Available at 300 locations coast to coast including: Carlsbad, CA; National City, CA; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Atlanta, GA; Savannah, GA; Baton Rouge, LA; Chicago, Illinois; Deptford, New Jersey; Grand Rapids, MI; Houston, Texas; Lexington, Kentucky; Miami, Florida; Pensacola, FL; New York, New York; Novi, Michigan; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Phoenix, Arizona; Schaumburg, Illinois; Springfield, Virginia; St. Louis, MO; Troy, Michigan; Wayne, New Jersey; West Mifflin, PA.

PAGE 13:
**STIFF STUFF** American Drug Stores; A&P; Arbor Drugs; Brooks; Club Wholesale; Cub Foods; C.V.S.; Drug Emporium; Fay's; F&M Discount; Fry's Food & Drug Stores; Genovese; Hook Drug; K-Mart; McCrory's; Pathmark; People's; Oslo Drug; Revco Drug; Ross Stores; Rite-Aid; Safeway Stores, Inc.; Sav-On-Drugs; Shop Rite; Skaggs Alpha Beta; Smiths Food & Drug; Snyder Drug; Super Valu Member Stores; Super X; Target; Walgreens; Waremart; Woolworth.

PAGE 26/27:
**CLAIROL HIGHLIGHTING COLLECTION** American Stores; Arbor Drugs; CVS; Drug Emporium; Eckerds; Hills; K-Mart; Kroger; Longs; Lucky; Pathmark; Payless; Peoples; Perry Drugs; Phar-Mor; Revco; Rite Aid; Safeway Stores; Super Value; Target; Thrifty; Vons; Walgreens; Wal-Mart; Woolworth.
For more information, call the Clairol Consultants at 1-800-223-5800. 8:30 am-8:30 pm EST/Monday-Friday. 9:00 am-6:00 pm EST/Saturday.

**SEQUINS**
PAGE 32:
Dress by What's Up at Kleinfeld's, Brooklyn; Margie's stores; and David's, Florida. Sweater from Screaming Mimi's, N.Y.C.

PAGE 33:
Tee from Hanes at selected department and specialty stores.

PAGE 34:
Wrestling suit from The Loft, N.Y.C. Blouse from Urban Outfitters, all stores; Na Na, Santa Monica, California; and Trocadero, all stores.

PAGE 35:
Bra from M.I.S., N.Y.C. Coat from selected Benetton stores.

PAGE 36:
Dress by The Epitome, shirt by Guess?, both at selected department and specialty stores.

PAGE 37:
Dress by Glenrob, at Merry-Go-Round stores. Trench from Tweeds, 1-800-999-7997.

**GOTHIC**
PAGE 52:
Dress from Betsey Johnson stores.

PAGE 53:
Tank suit by Guess? at Bloomingdale's, all stores; and Nordstrom's. Bolero from Kleinfeld's, Brooklyn; and Bride 'N Formal, Houston.

PAGE 54:
Dress by What's Up at David's, Florida; and Bride 'N Formal, Houston. Cape from Laura Ashley stores.

PAGE 55:
Dresses from Betsey Johnson stores.

PAGE 56:
Shirt from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C. Bustier and flares from Betsey Johnson stores.

PAGE 57:
Dress by What's Up at Kleinfeld's, Brooklyn; and Margie's, all stores.

**LUCY**
PAGE 64:
Midriff from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C. Jeans from The Gap, all stores.

PAGES 65 & 66:
Dress from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.

PAGE 67:
Top and skirt from American Rag, Los Angeles.

PAGE 69:
Jammies from Sears, most stores.

PAGE 73:
**BONGO,** A&S, NJ, NY; Bloomingdale's, MA, NJ, NY; Body Shop, AL FL, GA; The Bon, WA; Bullocks, CA; Burdines, FL; Canadian's, CT, NJ, NY; Contempo Casuals; Country Casuals; County Seat; Dillard's, AR, AZ, OK, TX; Foxmoor; Ivey's, FL, NC, SC; Jay Jacobs, CA, OR, WA; Jordan Marsh, CT, MA, RI; Lamont's, AK, OR, WA; Lazarus, IN, OH; Liberty House, HI; Macy's, CA; DC, FL, GA, NJ, NY; Parisian, AL, GA; Rich's, GA; Urban Outfitters, DC, MA, NY, PA; Vanity Shops; Weinstock's, CA; Wet Seal, CA; ZCMI, UT.

PAGE 93/94:
**VISION STREET WEAR** Belk; Bon Ton; The Broadway; The Broadway Southwest; Bullocks; Burdines; Champs; Dayton Hudson; Endicott Johnson; Footlocker; Gadzooks; McRae's; Macy's Atlanta; Marshall Field; Mercantile Stores; Nordstrom; Parisian; Rich's; Woodward & Lothrop.


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# HERE ARE YOUR PRESENTS

### A Quote from Jane to Live By

Grandpa and Grandma are Jewish, but Dad's parents (Grandmother and Grandad) were Christian and I grew up celebrating Christmas, with a tree and stockings and candy canes, the whole bit. I never really knew much about Hanukkah or Judaism until three years ago when it hit me that I'd overlooked this whole half of my heritage. I started spending a lot of time asking Grandpa and Grandma what being Jewish means to them, and what they told me affects my life daily. For Hanukkah I wanted to share some of that wisdom with you. G and G helped me out by giving me this quote from a rabbi named Hillel, who lived way back in Roman times. Here it is, in hopes it will affect you every day too.

If I'm not for myself who is for me?
And being for my self alone what am I?
If not now when? –Hillel

### Vicki Cooks Up an Ornament

**On Christmas Eve my family gets together to bake cookies. Most are for eating, but we also mix up a batch of nonedible dough that we shape into ornaments. We're making Santa heads this year, but if that doesn't turn you on, try trees or reindeer or dreidels or whatever. Here's how:**

**Mix 4 cups of flour and 1 cup of salt until well blended. Add 1 cup of water and mix well, then slowly add another 1/2 cup of water. Knead (flatten and fold the dough over, pressing with your palms) for 10 minutes. With a floured rolling pin, roll out dough to 1/4" thickness. Cut main shapes using a floured cookie cutter or sharp knife. Mold detailed shapes by hand (use a garlic press to make Santa's beard). To attach small details to the main ornament, moisten the dough with a little bit of water and attach. Poke a hole 1/8" from the top with a straw for hanging later and bake on a cookie sheet in a 300-degree oven until hard, checking every 15 minutes to test for hardness. Remove from oven and let cool slightly, then press with your finger; if ornament feels at all soft, bake longer (baking time varies depending on size, but should take approximately 30 minutes). After ornaments are thoroughly cooled, you can paint them with acrylic paint, then brush on a coat of polyurethane (available at art supply and hardware stores). Thread ribbon or cord through the hole, and it's ready for hanging.**

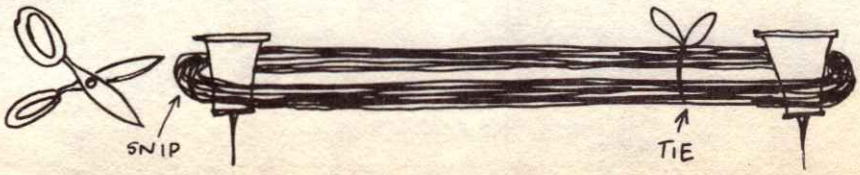
### *Fashion Catherine and Andrea's Tassles You Can Make*

***It's easy. Just stick two pushpins about two inches apart in a piece of cork, and wind embroidery thread around and around them until the desired thickness is achieved. You'll need about one skein of thread per tassle; use all one color or threads of contrasting colors, depending on what you—or the friends you want to give them to—are into (for Rastas, red, yellow and green; matte black on bold gold for rapper girls; black on silver for metalheads). Then just snip open the bottom loops and tie the tassle with thread about a half-inch from the top—no, wait, it's the other way around. Yeah, tie first, then cut the ends. Once you get your tassle, stick a safety pin in the back and use as a brooch/stickpin, or string one on velvet ribbon and sling it around your neck. You can also sew a few on a sweater for instant holiday glamour. Happy Christmas and Hanukkah, sweethearts. XX000***

**We thought of the obvious (a Porsche, a pet horse, a CD player), but then we remembered you guys aren't into the crass commercialism of the holidays [Plus we're broke.–Jane]. So in the true spirit of the thing, we decided to each give something more personal, something that screams us. Now, quick, get out your scissors.**

### Karen Bakes You a Cake

As long as I can remember is a long time. And since then my mom has been making her special Christmas coffee cake. The first year she let me help, I mixed the frosting and dribbled it onto the top of the sweet, nut-filled ring just as Mom was pouring coffee and shouting "All right everyone!" (Which really wasn't necessary since my sister and dad were already anxiously waiting at the kitchen table.) Sometimes on non-Christmas mornings I wake up craving this coffee cake, but then I remember that the waiting until Christmas is what makes it special. And now I'm giving you Mom's recipe (on the back of this card) because I like to think it's one more thing we can all share on Christmas Day. Merry everything.



## Mr. Mike's Six-Point Scrooge Guide

**If you're like me, the holiday season means a solid month of depression and misery resulting from barf-inducing sentimentality, thinly veiled commercialism and ho-ho-ho hype that is Christmas in the '80s. Rather than letting you try (in vain) to keep up with the expected ear-to-ear grinning and glee, I will share some (I hope) useful suggestions for weathering this annual hell.**

**1) Fulfill your altruism requirement and get your gift shopping done early, so as to avoid department stores and malls on those spirit-saturated mid-December days. (In future, try to hit the stores during post-summer sales.)**

**2) TV can be an indispensable distraction/sedative, so if you find your house filled with silly eggnog-gulping merrymakers, arm yourself with hours worth of edibles and drinkables (at least there's plenty of food around this time of year), settle into your favorite reclining device, flip on the tube and ease into extended viewing mode. If your family's got a VCR, all the better (network programmers tend to overload on the holiday-related stuff); rent yourself a few slasher movies.**

**3) Keep headphones on at all times, so as to block out any stray Christmas tunes.**

**4) Seek out sympathetic, apathetic friends who are equally miserable this time of year. Their company is invaluable, both to help pass the time and to reassure you that you're not an insensitive lout. If you find yourself alone in your holiday cynicism, write me a letter. I'll understand.**

**5) Movie theaters are beautiful neutral zones because their lobbies are generally not decked out with mistletoe and plastic holly. Also, they're quiet, so you'll be able to enjoy your escapism in relative peace, without having to listen to 1,000 "Merry"s and "Happy"s. Obviously, stay away from ------- mas flicks.**

**6) If all else fails, you may just have to hit the sack early that fateful day. Maybe you can sleep through New Year's .**

## Anne Brady's Handy Holiday Movie List

You can take this list right along with you to the video store or try to catch them on TV. Oh, and don't even think about looking at colorized versions. I *will* know.

***1) It's a Wonderful Life*** **The best. I have just one question: Why would anyone name their kid Zuzu?**

***2) Miracle on 34th Street*** **Dispels the perfectly ridiculous myth that there is no Santa Claus.**

***3) Holiday Inn*** **Starring Fred Astaire. Need I say more?**

***4) The Man in the Santa Claus Suit*** **In this TV movie Fred plays Kris Kringle. See, told ya there's a Santa!**

***5) The Bishop's Wife*** **Cary Grant is an angel, literally.**

***6) White Christmas*** **It's a love story, it's a musical, it's a comedy! Heat up some hot chocolate.**

***7) Christmas in Connecticut*** **Sophisticated comedy from the '40s with Barbara Stanwyck as a career woman who gets domestic for the holidays to impress her boss (it was a stupider time).**

***8) A Christmas Carol*** **The 1938 original. It's a scary one, so view after midnight for best effect.**

***9) Scrooged*** **The only good Christmas movie to come out in the last 20 years. Bill Murray is totally touching.**

***10) Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol*** **What a brilliant actor.**

## Mom's Christmas Coffee Cake

| | |
|---|---|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1 tsp. baking powder |
| 1 stick (1/4 lb.) butter | 1 can condensed milk (14 oz.) |
| 2 cups sugar | 1 cup chopped pecans (or other nuts) |
| 3 eggs | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 3 1/2 cups flour | 1/3 cup sugar |
| 1 tsp. salt | 3 tsp. cinnamon |

**Glazed Topping**

| | |
|---|---|
| 3/4 cup powdered sugar | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 4 tbsp. melted butter | Milk—enough for the consistency you like |

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 10" tube pan. Cream together shortening and butter, then add the 2 cups of sugar until mixture is creamy again. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each one. In a separate bowl, sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Add dry ingredients to cream mixture, alternating with condensed milk, mixing well after each addition. Add pecans and vanilla. In a separate bowl, mix together the 1/3 cup sugar and the 3 teaspoons of cinnamon, and set aside. Put 1/4 of the batter into the tube pan and sprinkle 1/3 of the cinnamon-sugar mixture over that layer. Do this three more times until all the batter and sugar-cinnamon are used, ending with the batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 70 minutes. Cool in the pan for 10 minutes, then finish cooling on a rack. When cake is thoroughly cooled, add glazed topping. Are you hungry yet?

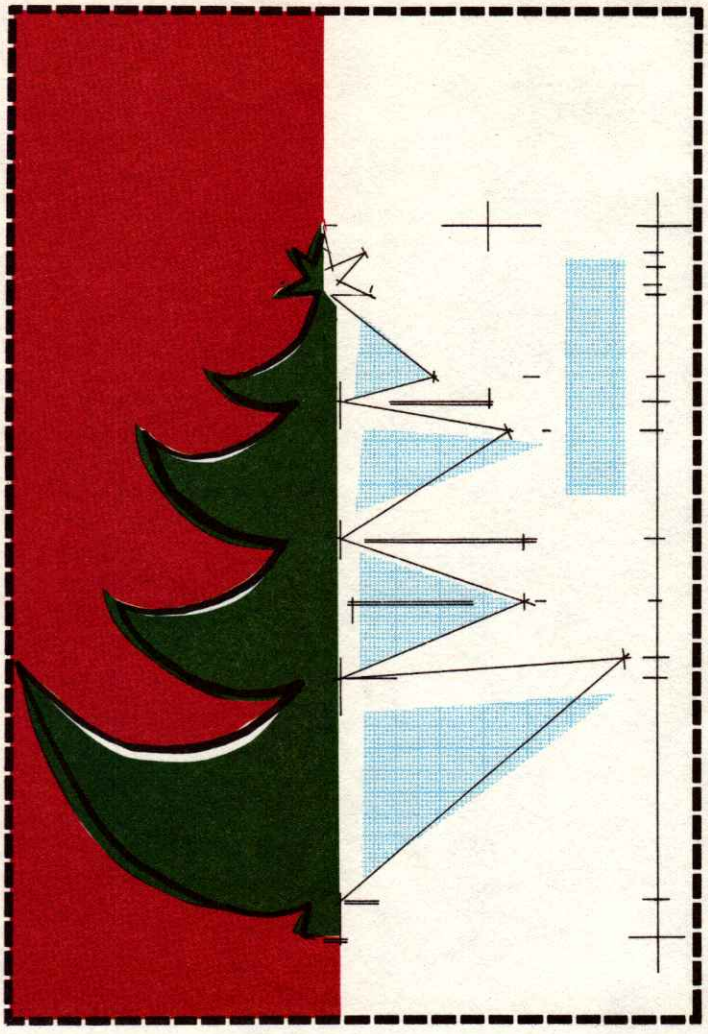
# FA LA LA

## Mary Kaye Makes a Donation

Writing the story about saving our environment on page 62 got me and all the other Sassettes inspired enough to join Greenpeace. Then I thought, Hey, why not donate another $15 a month in the name of *Sassy* readers? And Neill, who thinks as long as we're going to save this planet we should fight for human rights too, suggested that we also contribute $15 a month to Amnesty International. Very cool. So that's my gift to you: Once a month I'll collect $2 from each of my 15 beloved fellow staffers and send off checks to the *Sassy* Readers' Funds at Greenpeace and Amnesty International. If you want to become a regular contributor on your own (call it your gift to us), write to: Greenpeace, 1436 U Street NW, Washington, DC 20009; and/or Amnesty International USA, 322 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10001. Tell them you want info on their monthly pledge programs. Then have a peaceful New Year.

**Hi, guys! We made this card for you to cut out and send. But it could be cool for you to make some for your family and friends!**

**Happy Christmas! Love, Neill & Jill**



## Maria's Ancient Family Tradition

When I was growing up, my sister and I would put our shoes under the tree so that Santa Claus could fill them up with gifts and candy—it's a little custom my great-grandparents thought up. Well, one year, when I was five, I forgot to put my shoes under the tree. When I realized this in the middle of the night, I was so worried. I figured I wouldn't get a single present. But the next morning I went downstairs, and there, under the tree, were two huge boots like Santa's filled with all my presents. I'll never forget that. I'm going to carry on this custom when I have kids someday because I think traditions are important. Don't you?

## MARY'S HOLIDAY BEAUTY SPRITZES

**Spray these on your face any time you need to perk yourself up or brave any of those scary December things, like finals week or parking at the mall. You can also put one in a pretty perfume atomizer and give it to a friend or your mom for Hanukkah or Christmas. And have a wonderful holiday.**

**Spritz #1 (for normal to oily skin)**
**Take a heaping tablespoon of dried rosemary (it has a terrific holiday smell) and boil it in a cup of water for two minutes. Strain the liquid into a bowl, then add one cup of distilled water and a few drops of fresh lemon juice. When the mixture is cool, put it in a plant mister or atomizer.**

**Spritz #2 (for normal to dry skin)**
**Follow the same directions as above, but use a heaping tablespoon of loose chamomile tea instead of rosemary (because it's less astringent).**

Side A
2,000 MILES, The Pretenders
THE CHRISTMAS SONG, Nat King Cole
ANOTHER LONELY CHRISTMAS, Prince (the 1984 B-side of "I Would Die 4 U")
(CHRISTMAS) BABY PLEASE COME HOME, Darlene Love*
(U2's version on *A Very Special Christmas* is also rockin'.)
MERRY CHRISTMAS (I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT TONIGHT), The Ramones
WHITE CHRISTMAS, Bing Crosby
THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY, David Bowie and Bing Crosby
I SAW MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUS, The Crystals
NEW YEAR'S DAY, U2

Side B
SANTA BABY, Madonna**
WINTER WONDERLAND, Darlene Love*
SILVER BELLS, Elvis Presley
CHRISTMAS IN HOLLIS, Run DMC**
SLEIGH RIDE, The Ronettes
CHRISTMAS RAPPING, The Waitresses
FATHER CHRISTMAS, The Kinks
HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING, The Peanuts Gang
SANTA CLAUS IS COMIN' TO TOWN, Bruce Springsteen

*Available on *Phil Spector's Christmas Album*, Impression Records
**Available on *A Very Special Christmas*, A & M Records
If you can't find the rest at the library, substitute your own faves.

MERRY XMAS!

LOVE XINA.

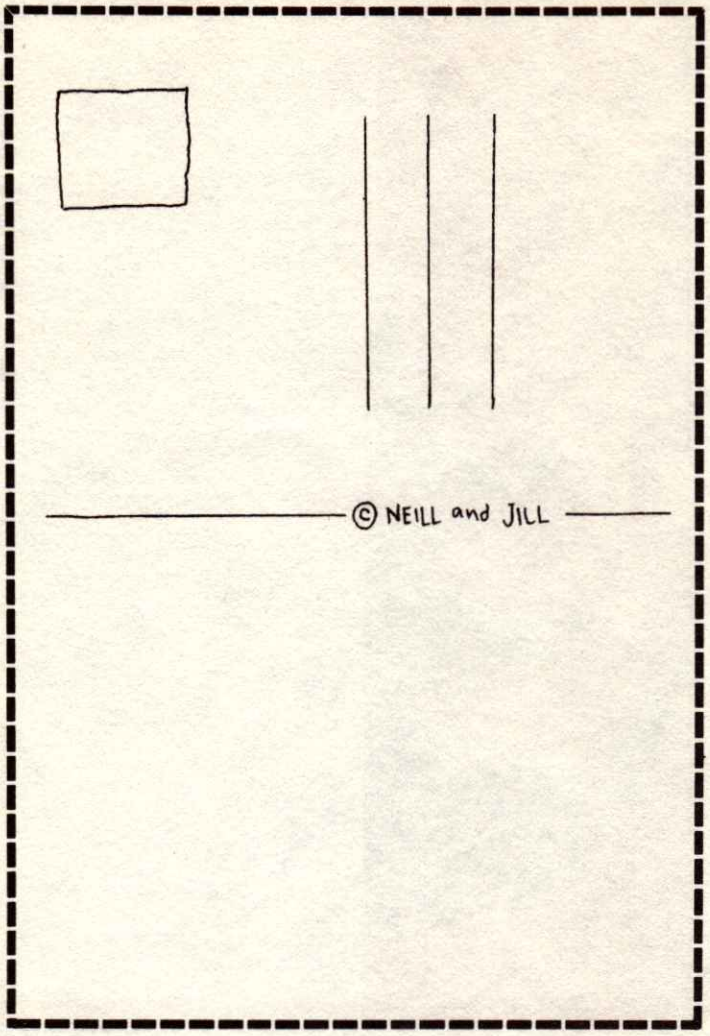
FOLD ON DOTTED LINES AND FIT INTO CASSETTE CASE.

### Christina Makes You a Swingin' Tape

**Nothing gets a girl into the holiday spirit like a little music. So I thought I would give you the playlist for my favorite 60-minute Christmas tape. Make it for yourself, then make copies for your friends.**

## Anne Lawrence's Bush Baby Jewelry from Down Under

In Australia, where I come from, it's the middle of summer at Christmas and really hot, especially in the bush or outback. So elves are hardly appropriate. What we have instead are gumnut babies, flannel flower babies and banksia men—mythical creatures resembling tiny human babies and named after the bush flowers they live in. People have been telling folktales about these little guys for ages, and I thought it would be nice to create some to show you. Using mostly my imagination, I bought some plastic babies at a toy shop, then found fake foliage at a bridal trimmings store. I twisted and glued all that together, stuck on some earring and pin backs (found at a jewelry supply store) and presto! A warm and caring holiday season—here's to you, mates.



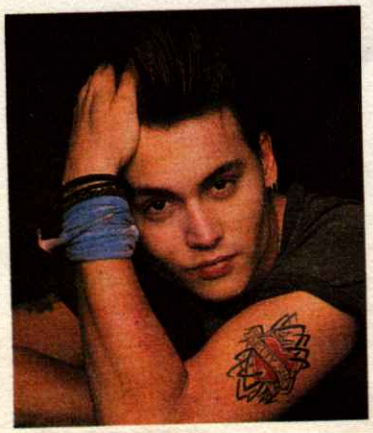

### A Poem Catherine Wrote Herself

When I was a kid, I wrote a lot of poetry. I mean, reams of the junk. It cleared my head and helped me sort out what I was thinking–but you know what I mean. Anyway, when I was 10, I wrote a little Christmas poem. And to surprise me, my parents had it printed up and sent out as our Christmas cards. At the time, I was really psyched. I figured I was Yeats reincarnate, definitely. Now, of course, I realize it is possibly the worst poem ever put to paper. But to me the best gift you can give someone is to make yourself vulnerable to them, to trust them with something that could absolutely bury you. Plus, I figured what with all the "Stuff You Wrote" stuff you've been sending me all these many months, I could trust you with my own most personal verse. So here goes.

**Christmas is here with a lot of fun.**
**But have you ever thought about the true meaning of**
**Christmas–the real one?**
**On this day Jesus Christ was born,**
**On a very cold and chilly morn,**
**Though at Christmas we have trees and wreaths,**
**What we really need is brotherhood and peace,**
**That's what Christ was here for,**
**And that is why he lives no more.**
**We should do what Christ wanted for everyone,**
**'Cause if we do get his work done,**
**This world will have happiness and mirth,**
**And then we may someday have Peace on Earth.**

## Danny Wraps You Up Some Dudes

As art assistant, part of my job is calling photo agencies to get pictures of celebs who we aren't photographing ourselves. I try to find the right pic for a story and lots for "What Now," which isn't always so easy. But it did give me an idea for the perfect gift for you: BOYS! So here are a couple of celebrity babes for salivating over—photos made to go right in your wallet.
P.S. Johnny Depp is on the left. The babe on the right is Tony Ward, one of three mer-men in Madonna's "Cherish" video and the guy who makes Belinda Carlisle "get weak" in her clip.



PAUL GOBEL/OUTLINE (left); LANCE STAEDLER (right)

◀ *page 71* we're just friends." I stand and put my hands on my hips. He nods and says, "I'm just trying to protect you." "I'm not a little girl anymore." I stomp out of the room. For the first time in my life my father seems ridiculous to me.

The next day, Rita is too sick to go to school and my parents take her to the doctor's. When I come home from school my mother is sitting on the couch. She clears her throat. "They want to do some tests on Rita," she says. "For what?" I ask, laying my books on top of the TV. My mother waves her hand in the air. "Don't start worrying about this. They say there's a very small chance that she might have leukemia. It's very small, and the doctors are just doing the tests to make sure."

When I go to bed that night I dream that it's Christmas and Rita and I are opening our packages. We're sitting on the side of a hospital bed, everybody dressed in white and wearing those gauze masks and Rita's ripping bright red foil paper from a CD player. When she puts a disc in and turns it on, it doesn't play. I'm crying when Rita wakes me.

I turn on the light. She looks sick and pale. "If you're going to do that, go sleep on the couch, will you?" We stare at each other for a moment. "Are you scared?" I blurt out. "A little," she says.

When I tell Peter about Rita, we're sitting on the side of his bed and he puts his arm around me. He doesn't say anything, just holds me like that, real tight. "It'll be all right," he says, and I reach up and touch his cheek. We kiss, and I hear a sound like diving under the water at the beach, quiet and loud at the same time. That night he walks me home. I can see my father sitting on the couch as we pass by the picture window. When he sees us on the walk, holding hands, he opens his paper and begins to read.

Peter comes inside with me to get a book of his that I borrowed. I run upstairs and as I'm coming down, I hear my father saying, "Her sister Rita has been sick."

"Yeah," says Peter, "I know, Laurie told me."

"She told you," my father repeats, and I see him nod. "We're waiting for the results of some tests."

"Waiting for something like that is hard," Peter says. "Rita's gonna be all right." I give Peter the book. He shakes my father's hand, and I follow him outside where we kiss good-night.

When I go back in the house, I don't want to talk to my father. I want to hold onto this good feeling and push away the worry about Rita. My father looks at me over the top of his glasses. "Peter is very mature."

"Yes," I say. He folds his paper. "Didn't his mother die recently?" I nod and he drops the paper on the end table. He looks stunned, as if something that he'd forgotten a long time ago just came to mind. "That's too bad," he says. Then he shakes his head. "Laurie, sometimes when we get older we forget what's important." For a moment he looks like he's going to cry. I ask how Rita is. "She's the same. We'll have the results Saturday."

When I get upstairs Rita is watching TV. She asks me where I've been and I tell her. I also tell her that I'm in love with Peter. "I knew *that*," she says with a smirk. "But here's something you don't know," I say. And I lean closer and whisper, "He kissed me."

She laughs and says, "Don't tell Daddy." Then she gets real quiet.

She lays her head back against the pillow and does this dramatic sigh. "I'll probably never kiss a guy."

I sit beside her on the bed and hug her. "You will," I say, believing it. I stroke her hair. "You're going to be all right."

"How do you know?" Rita asks. But she says it like she doesn't expect an answer, and I start to cry. "Oh," I say, trying to keep my voice even, "I'm psychic." She starts to laugh, and pretty soon we're both laughing. The way we get when we can't stop. It reminds me of when we were kids and Mom would put us in the bathtub together. Rita would duck her head under the water and pretend to be a whale and I would try to harpoon her with a bar of soap. Pretty soon the bathroom floor would be a half-inch deep in water and we'd be laughing like crazy. For a moment I wish we were five again.

Saturday morning I wake up early. I can hear water running in the kitchen as I walk down the stairs. "It's probably anemia," I hear my father say. My mother is standing at the sink, staring out the window, one hand under the running water. There are no dishes in the sink.

Between bites of cornflakes I ask what time they'll be back from the doctor's. "Around 3:00," Mom says. "What are you doing today?" I tell her I'm going to Peter's to study. I look at my father, and he doesn't seem to have heard. Then he says, "Oh, Peter. That's good."

Peter is helping Shineta get into her snowsuit when I arrive. Pulling her hood over her head and tying it, he winks at me. "I'll just be a few minutes." Covered by her hood, with just her eyes peeking out, his sister looks like a small bundle of rags. I drop down on one knee and give her a hug before she leaves.

When the door is closed behind her, Peter kisses me. The feeling is even stronger than it was the last time. He's holding me tight, my head is tilted back, and he's kissing me so hard that I can hardly catch my breath. I turn my face away. "Are you all right?" he asks. I take his hand and lead him to the couch. "It's okay," he says, and puts his arm around me. He feels warm and safe and I snuggle closer. "She's gonna be okay," he murmurs, "she's gonna be okay."

On the bus home I sit next to the window. The houses we pass are decorated for Christmas, and I think about the excitement of Christmas morning with my family when we were 9 or 10. Rita and I were on a big dinosaur kick. We made up an expression that we would use whenever we thought something was really cool. "That's bronto bones," we would say. I think of her screaming that under the tree as we opened our presents and I wonder what this Christmas is going to be like.

The car is in the driveway when I get home, and I stand outside looking at the way it's parked, as if it will give me a clue about how my sister is. Finally I go in. My mother is on the phone; she smiles when she sees me. "Negative," she says, her hand over the mouthpiece. I feel as if I can float, like I'm a small red balloon sailing in a bright blue sky.

I run up the steps and into our room. Rita's sitting propped up in bed, and my father is standing at the foot smiling at me. Rita looks terrible, but she grins when she sees me. She takes a bottle of pills from the nightstand between our two beds and holds it out to me. "Vitamin B," she says, sticking out her tongue. "I'm a mess. Pernicious anemia. Ugh."

I laugh and hug her. "We'll have a party," she says, "when I get better."

"Yeah. Great idea."

"You'll have to invite Peter."

I just nod. Then I turn and look at my father. He is standing with his hands in his pockets, rocking back and forth. We smile at each other. "Yeah," I say to Rita, "who else should we invite?" **S**

*Tom McGhee lives in Brooklyn, New York. He and our Christina took a short story writing workshop together two years ago.*

◀ *page 41* throwing a "deadly missile" (which was actually a golf ball) to criminal mischief. In the report I also find an interview with his friend John, who says that Billy had sold "pink hearts [speed] to a female at Adams Junior High School" so they could buy a motorcycle. And get this: 11 days before he died, Billy and one or two friends broke into the house of a known drug dealer on the north side of Tampa and stole two "eightballs" (about $600 worth) of cocaine. The man who was living in the house admitted to threatening Billy on two occasions, once by offering kids on the street a case of beer if they could tell him where Billy was. And another time, the report revealed, by telling a friend he was "going to kill [Billy's] butt." A record of that man's whereabouts the night Billy died is another major lead that has been conspicuously missing.

After three days of digging up Billy's less than perfect past, I'm starting to feel a little guilty. Partly because I'm afraid I don't like Billy as much as I thought I would. But mostly because I wish I could just let the guy rest in peace. For some reason, though, I can't give up. Maybe because I want to know the real Billy, the one who lies somewhere between Mildred's angel and the on-the-road-to-hardened criminal of the police report. So, figuring that the people who will tell the truth about Billy are his friends, I try to find John, Sharon and a couple of other friends whose names I find in the report. But I can't track any of them down. Then I hear through the grapevine that most of these people have had their own share of trouble with the law; I figure they're a little nervous now that the case is being reinvestigated.

Finally, Bobby leads me to a guy named Les, a friend of Billy's since they were both nine. He agrees to have breakfast with me at the Holiday Inn, where I'm staying. With his blond crew cut and mustache, he looks a good deal older than his 19 years. But as soon as he takes off his neon shades and grins this Mel Gibson grin, I feel like I know this guy already. Like I can trust him.

"He was a great friend, that's for sure," Les says, cutting into his french toast. "We were around each other 24 hours a day." That is, until Les's mother forbade him from seeing Billy after the two were arrested for vandalizing a golf course five months before Billy died. "I'm glad she did it, I guess," he says. " 'Cause I probably would have been with him. But then if I was there, maybe I could have done something. I feel guilty about that."

Les stares out the window for a minute, then tells me how they used to dive in the golf course lake for balls they'd then sell back to the golfers for good money. How they would break into the school cafeteria at night when they were 13 and steal all the food and chocolate milk they could carry. And how he'd have to calm his friend down all the time because Billy would get riled very easily and pick fights with guys on the street, no matter how much bigger they were. "Billy had a real 'screw you' attitude," Les admits. He shudders, like he knows he got out just in time.

In those few months before Billy's death, Les says Billy started hanging out with some wilder kids known for being into drugs in a big way, especially this guy John. "I could see how Billy would have [stolen drugs] for money," says Les. "He always wanted money. Always." After they stopped hanging out together, Les would see Billy on the street now and then. "He always looked the same. But this one time, about a month before he died, he looked awful. He had dark circles under his eyes. He looked burnt out, that's it."

I tell Les how Mildred seemed not to care at all that Billy had dropped out of school and how she claimed he would eventually go back nights. "No way," Les says. "Billy hated school." And there's another contradiction: Mildred said Billy saw his father quite often and that he was planning to take a trip with him. Les says Billy saw his dad maybe five times in the seven years after the divorce. "Billy needed his butt kicked, but he never got it," he adds, sadness in his voice.

Les has to get going, so I walk him to his glow-in-the-dark VW bug. Before he drives off, he remembers one more Billy story. "We'd always play football in my front yard. One day he called and said, 'I got a friend who wants to play with us.' And I said, 'Yeah, so bring him.' Then he says. 'He's black.' And I'm, like, 'You got a black friend who wants to come over and play football? *Bring* him.' So he comes over and hands me this baseball cap with a little black puppy under it. I'm, like, 'This is your black friend?' That's what Billy was like." Les smiles, as if to say that no matter what else he's told me about Billy, this part of his friend will be seriously missed.

As I watch him drive away, I finally feel like I've got a true picture. Maybe because Billy reminds me of some kids I knew in high school. Kids who seemed fine one minute, and real desperate and headed down the drain the next. These kids I knew—and Billy too—had such potential, such warmth. And somehow it's like they took the wrong exit off the highway, the one where you can never find your way back. Kids with drug problems and good hearts; who got angry easily but also liked to make people happy; who felt misunderstood by their parents, yet loved them a lot; who were trying to just get by one day at a time, and having trouble doing that. And I realize now that Billy must have felt a great loss, maybe even betrayal or anger, when his best friend Les couldn't see him anymore. Les gave Billy stability. He understood him. And when Les was gone, Billy must have felt the pressure of a tough crowd, of drugs, of selling drugs. And one thing led to another.

In September of this year, right after I started working on this story, the police arrested three men for the murder of Billy Rosebud. This is now the official police version of what happened the night of April 19, 1985: "The police know that the motive for the murder was drug-related. Rosebud broke into the residence of a known drug dealer and stole cocaine from the home. The owner was very angry and the three individuals who [allegedly] murdered Rosebud [Thomas "Big Tom" Wicklace, 44, Jay "Jake" Hickerson, 33, and Bryan "Spanky" Williams, 27] determined that he was the person who stole the cocaine. Rosebud is believed to have visited MB's Lounge on the night of the 19th of April, and it was there that he was beaten in the back parking lot. He was then taken to the retention pond."

When I call Steve Cole, the police PR guy, he describes Wicklace and his friends as "three biker types." And he tells me that what really broke the case was a couple of witnesses who had overheard the three at MB's later that night, discussing how they had dealt with the "Rosebud problem." Too afraid to come forward four years ago, the two witnesses agreed finally to open up after the *Tribune* article. The drug dealer, however, the guy everybody involved with the case suspects was connected in some way—either as the person who paid the three men to kill Billy, or the man the men were doing a favor for—remains at large, for lack of evidence.

After talking to Steve, I ask Billy's family how they feel about the arrests—and about being finally proven right. Mildred appears to be relieved and reasonably sure the police caught the real murderers. But Ellen Ostman still seems steamed. "We're happy they've arrested someone, but I don't think anybody with an ounce

of decency could ever accept this kind of treatment by the police—what they didn't do, what they ignored."

She's got a good point. The police were neglectful in their duties. And if they had listened to the family during the three years the case was dormant, they probably could have arrested someone sooner. "Let's assume the kid was just rotten, rotten, rotten," says Ellen, "much worse than he was. Is that an excuse for not doing an investigation? He's still a person."

When I get up the courage to bring up Billy's criminal record and involvement with drugs, Mildred says, no emotion: "I never saw any kind of drugs."

I guess Mildred's need to remember her son as she wanted him to be is understandable. It's not as if you can blame her for what happened to Billy. Mildred loved her son as much as my mother loves me. She just didn't see the signs, or didn't want to see the signs. I get the feeling, too, that the "Cagney and Lacey" stuff was therapy for Mildred and the rest of the family. A way to feel they were finally helping Billy, saving him almost. And the search for the truth did bring the family closer together. Yet the only absolute truth is that Billy's gone forever.

Before I leave Tampa, I drive by the house that Billy broke into two weeks before he died, the source of his final trouble. I know there is a suspected drug dealer inside, and I look at this innocent little gray house and fume. Then as I drive away, I can't help feeling that even the arrests that were made are anticlimactic. For one thing, there's four years of frustration and uncertainty for Billy's family, pain that won't easily heal. For another, the murder of Meredith Fish remains unsolved, although the investigation continues. But more importantly, it's because Billy's story is far from unusual. With so much of the crime in this country drug-related, stuff like cocaine, crack and now ice (speed that is smoked) are destroying our culture from the bottom up. I know this sounds incredibly square, but even the people who use drugs casually are contributing to Billy's being dead at 16, since every person who buys drugs needs a dealer, and every dealer needs a source. And those sources are relying on lost souls like Billy Rosebud to keep on buying and selling, kids who are so confused by life they become indifferent to it, letting themselves get caught up in what they know must be self-destructive, or even life threatening.

So deaths like Billy's—and maybe Meredith's—will never really be solved until the cycle of drugs that got them killed is finally broken. **S**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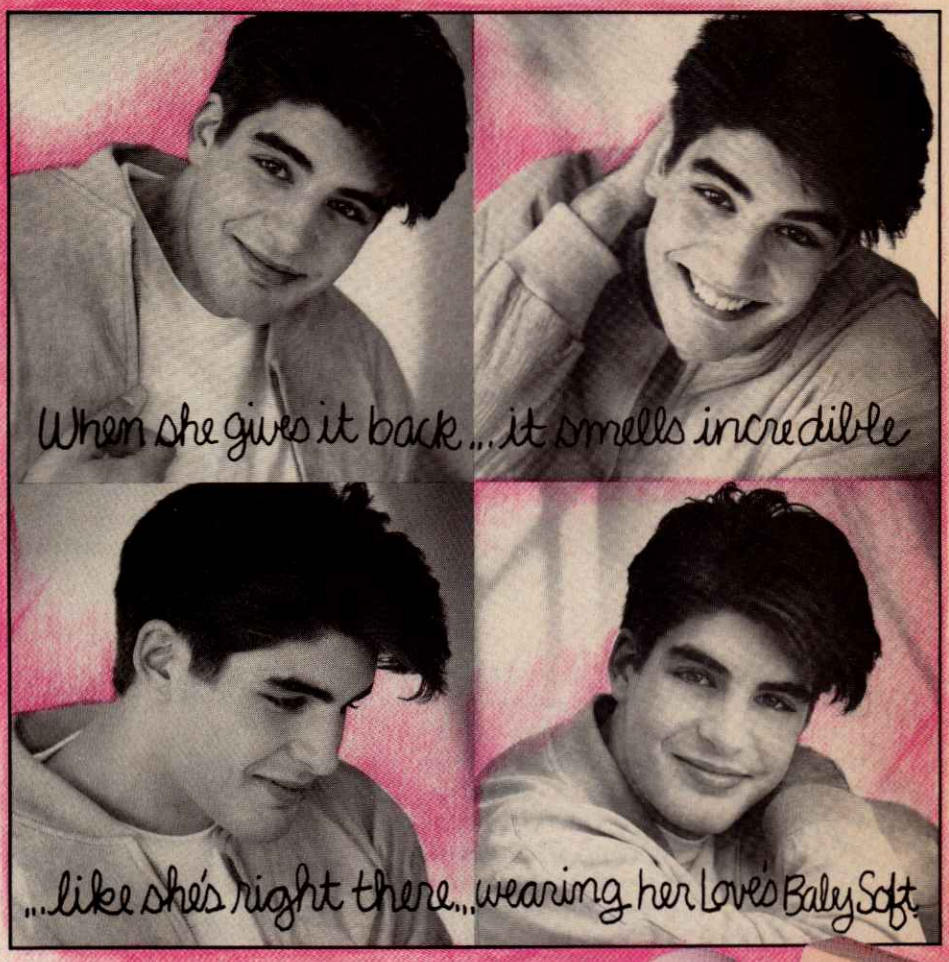


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BY GEORGIA ROUTSIS

# SIGNS

## SAGITTARIUS

**(Nov. 22 to Dec. 21)**
**IMAGE: Direct, independent, friendly • WHO YOU'LL BE: Horse trainer, travel guide, athlete • OBSESSIONS: Freedom, honesty, living life to the max • REPULSIONS: Growing old (in spirit and body), being restricted, overdone makeup and hair. • WHY YOU'RE NOT PERFECT: You always tell the truth! • WHO YOU LIKE: Aries, Leo • WHO YOU LOVE: Aquarius, Gemini • WHO TO AVOID: Cancer, Pisces • FAMOUS SAGITTARIUSES: Alyssa Milano, Jim Morrison, Robin Givens, John F. Kennedy, Jr., Emily Dickinson, Jill Andrews**

**THIS MONTH: Your mantra for December is "Awareness rules." It's incredibly important to pay attention to everything that's going down from the 1st to the 9th, especially in the learning department (force yourself to read everything you can lay your hands on). The full moon on the 12th delivers a Gemini granola head whose philosophy makes for mega attraction. Your good luck charm: cowboy boots. *Day to live for: 5th. Just stay in bed: 27th.***

**CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 19)**
I know you don't wanna hear it, but here goes: Work your butt off this month, and by the 25th life's in order; your brain can chill guilt-free, your body will be leaner and your wallet fatter. Expect major male attraction on the 16-17 (keep your eyes peeled for a Leo). P.S. Stay away from drafty places and keep popping Vitamin C; you don't have time to be sick. ***Day to live for: 18th. Just stay in bed: 21st.***

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18)**
Check out those dreams now because they could easily come true. The 10th through 31st finds you feeling great and looking hot, hot, hot—particularly to a hunky Libra you should meet at a friend's relatives' house on the 15th. Also, pay attention to your mom; she could use the extra pampering (it's good karma too). And if you're looking for an image overhaul, start with a great new short haircut. ***Day to live for: 17th. Just stay in bed: 7th.***

**PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 20)**
Hope you like winter sports, since all you need to concentrate on this month is just playing around and having fun. You'll meet babes galore on the 8th and 9th, and cement some real, solid friendships then too. Important fashion tip: Wear purple around Christmas for good vibrations. And buy a present for an old friend you haven't seen in months; you're sure to see them on the 27th, and there's a good chance they'll have something for you. ***Day to live for: 23rd. Just stay in bed: 13th.***

**ARIES (March 21 to April 19)**
The month starts out moody and low-key; use the time to buy a hot new outfit because by the 18th you're a party hound. You live for New Year's Eve, and this year pays off when a laid-back, red-haired Capricorn makes himself real available (could be the permanent fixture you've been waiting for). Your resolution for 1990: Forget about appearances until you become a rockin' judge of character. ***Day to live for: 27th. Just stay in bed: 10th.***

**TAURUS (April 20 to May 20)**
Get your booty off of that couch and get moving; the 1st is prime time to start that exercise routine at the Y or at home. Your incentive: some rad new cycle shorts to wear at the gym or at the park. On the 10th, if you don't know what the heck you want in life, break out the tarot cards or Ouija board with a Libra friend and take a peek into the future: You may see a Libra metalhead who is sweet and sexy. ***Day to live for: 30th. Just stay in bed: 21st.***

**GEMINI (May 21 to June 20)**
Don't even think of talking back to your parents on the 11th and the 12th; you'll intensely regret it, money back guaranteed. Your love life's on the lame side now; avoid any trendy pickup spots because they'll only make you feel more unloved. But on the 26th a cool new outfit is sure to get rid of that bummed-out feeling—and get you noticed at a friend's party. ***Day to live for: 27th. Just stay in bed: 16th.***

**CANCER (June 21 to July 22)**
Beware of sad songs and movies on the 12th, or you're gonna feel extra blue. And stick close to a hyper Gemini pal who'll keep your spirits up all month. Christmas Day will be unbelievably cool—a Sagittarius babe somehow actually turns up at a family get-together!?! And a wild New Year's Eve is just a taste of what 1990 will be. ***Day to live for: 9th. Just stay in bed: 13th.***

**LEO (July 23 to Aug. 22)**
You normally cool Leo love goddesses feel a bit uptight until the 16th, and then all hell breaks loose! A hunkster Libra becomes more than a friend, and by the 27th you're sure you've found your eternal soul mate. On the money front: Don't go overboard buying gifts now; do your shopping at the local thrift store or, better yet, turn to page 81 and get some great ideas for making stuff yourself (do we have all the answers or what?). ***Day to live for: 17th. Just stay in bed: 5th.***

**VIRGO (Aug. 23 to Sept. 22)**
This is a very groovy time for you. Break out of your semi-shyness and ask that spunky Taurus out at a heavy-duty party on the 9th. Keep your money in your pocket on the 12th through the 16th; anything bought then will turn out to be a bad choice. And control that appetite on the 25th-26th, or you'll be squeezing into those jeans. Then invite a lonely friend home for the holidays. ***Day to live for: 11th. Just stay in bed: 29th.***

**LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 22)**
For once, concentrate on things other than what shade of lipstick to wear—delivering baked cookies to a retirement home feels better than any new pair of shoes ever could. The 12th brings a major Leo talent your way. And keep alert on the 31st—a Scorpio could show she's not the friend you thought she was. Sneak preview: 1990 should be fabuloso for air signs (that means you). ***Day to live for: 11th. Just stay in bed: 29th.***

**SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 21)**
What (and who) you've been obsessing over will make his feelings known on the 14th (listen to a female relative's advice on this one; she's lived this stuff). Then let that dark-eyed Cancer rock your world; just be straight with him or he'll blow you off. Fashion alert: Clean out your closets with a Taurus buddy and swap clothes—instant shopping! ***Day to live for: 6th. Just stay in bed: 3rd.***

ILLUSTRATIONS ▶ BETSY EVERITT

UNDER

# CAPRICORN

**(Dec. 22 to Jan. 19)**
**IMAGE: Ambitious, earthy • WHO YOU'LL BE: Banker, environmentalist, plastic surgeon • OBSESSIONS: Discretion, responsibility, money • REPULSIONS: Obvious displays of affection, laziness, fads, unfaithfulness • WHY YOU'RE NOT PERFECT: You protect people who don't deserve it • WHO YOU LIKE: Taurus, Virgo • WHO YOU LOVE: Cancer, Libra • WHO TO AVOID: Leo, Gemini • FAMOUS CAPRICORNS: Martin Luther King, Jr., Jason Bateman, Simone de Beauvoir, Jesus Christ, Michael Stipe, Catherine Raphaely**

**THIS MONTH: Forecast for you birthday babes is molten! All the major planets are hanging around your sign, and that means anything you want is yours. The 5th is a good time to start that get-rich-quick scheme with a Taurus buddy. Be sure to stay away from troublemakers—especially a spaced-out Sag on the 19th. And for extra-strength luck, stay in the snow as much as possible. *Day to live for: 1st. Just stay in bed: 26th.***

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18)**
First things first: Keep your money in your wallet (particularly from the 16th to 23rd); you definitely do not need another gadget. Listen carefully to an old boyfriend's advice on the 2nd. A primo Scorpio specimen is coming your way, so make sure your look is together from the 3rd to the 13th (hint: wear some jingly bracelets). And be understanding to an authority figure who really does mean well. ***Day to live for: 9th. Just stay in bed: 31st.***

**PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 20)**
Stop spacing out and pay attention. An Aries friend is in trouble, and you could be the support she needs; it's good for her soul and your karma. The 2nd finds you feeling like a slug—crank up your CD player and aerobicize! And if a Libra boy toy tries to make a love connection on the 17th, listen to your intuition (and your best friends). Might be the real thing. ***Day to live for: 29th. Just stay in bed: 11th.***

**ARIES (March 21 to April 19)**
Bugged by you don't know what? It's time for a little soul searching, girlfriend. Start keeping a diary of your dreams—and fears. By the 25th you'll know what's up. An out-of-town party on the 12th features an assortment of potential love things. My advice: Steer clear of a macho Scorpio and head for the shy Capricorn. Watch what you eat now too; all those Whoppers and McNuggets are about to catch up with you. ***Day to live for: 28th. Just stay in bed: 6th.***

**TAURUS (April 20 to May 20)**
Okay, so the folks are on your case and you're grounded. That doesn't mean you should stay in your room and veg out; use this time to really study something you've always been fascinated with. By the 15th you're out on parole and itching to party. A hunkarific Virgo could be just what you've been looking for. Avoid that dreaded peer pressure on the 30th; if you don't feel cool doing something, don't do it. Period. ***Day to live for: 20th. Just stay in bed: 2nd.***

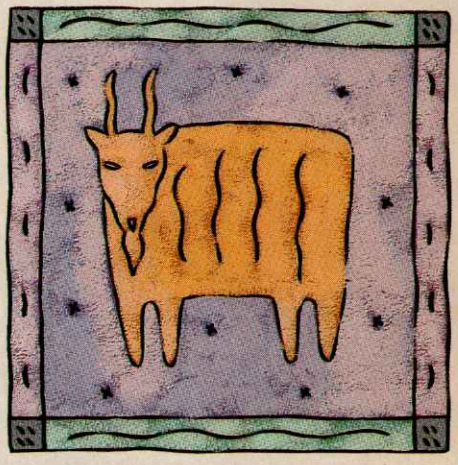
**GEMINI (May 21 to June 20)**
If you've been acting spacy lately, now's the time to shape up. Major happenings are in the works by the 25th, and you'll want to be prepared. A Cancer metalhead means what he says at a pal's jamfest on the 13th. Be straight with him. Travel looks pretty definite for the weekend of the 19th. Just be sure the car's ready for the trip; if no one's looked under the hood for more than three months, see that they do it. ***Day to live for: 20th. Just stay in bed: 1st.***

**CANCER (June 21 to July 22)**
Cheer up! I know how you get the holiday blues, but this year is going to be different (yay!). Do something athletic on the 5th (ice skating is nice)—or, better yet, shovel a neighbor's sidewalk and use the cold cash to buy something great (like a pair of thigh-high stockings to wear to a Capricorn's birthday fiesta). Stay away from intoxicating beverages from the 18th to the 24th, or you'll never live it down (among other reasons). ***Day to live for: 16th. Just stay in bed: 23rd.***

**LEO (July 23 to Aug. 22)**
Your year starts off in full gear on the 1st—this is the day to ask for a raise or a favor. A Gemini pal might need some help in the confidence department on the 18th, and no one can teach her better than you. Then put on a hot new outfit and get into the dating game—you can't lose. Note to Leos born in July: Something radically different is about to enter your life; be prepared for major growing up. ***Day to live for: 20th. Just stay in bed: 3rd.***

**VIRGO (Aug. 23 to Sept. 22)**
Random events in your life got you down lately? Don't stress over it, just learn to expect the unexpected (a cliché that's true). Yeah, I know, you like everything to happen exactly as you've planned, but that makes things a bit, well, dull. Starting on the 5th, you need (and will get) excitement. Look for an older dude on the horizon to help loosen you up and provide tons of fun and affection. ***Day to live for: 9th. Just stay in bed: 29th.***

**LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 22)**
Okay. Stop obsessing about love (your favorite topic) and start thinking hard about your life. Take a chance and make a change by the 15th (no more white lies); the planets are ripe for it. If there's a subject you're unsure of, after the 3rd is the time to hit the books. The full moon on the 11th will show you who's true blue or full of it. A friend of a friend introduces you to a long-haired love icon on the 30th. ***Day to live for: 13th. Just stay in bed: 31st.***



**SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 21)**
So you aced that history test and snagged an Aries who thinks you're swell. Whew, that hard work and determination finally paid off! Now for some even more triumphant times. The 13th is an especially meaningful day: Look at how people act, don't listen to what they say. And if you haven't lifted those weights in a few weeks, the vacation is over, babe. You'll be amazed at how fast your body can go from wimpy to Wonder Woman. ***Day to live for: 11th. Just stay in bed: 3rd.***

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21)**
Normally groovy you has been feeling a bit bummed. Well (dum-de-dum-dum), those days are about to be long gone. On the 10th an old Virgo friend lets you in on the major scoop of the season: That incredibly molten god in your homeroom has the hots for you. If he's an Aquarius or Pisces, go for it! P.S. To you guys who haven't been on the level with your folks: Don't press your luck (especially from the 18th to 26th). ***Day to live for: 30th. Just stay in bed: 19th.***

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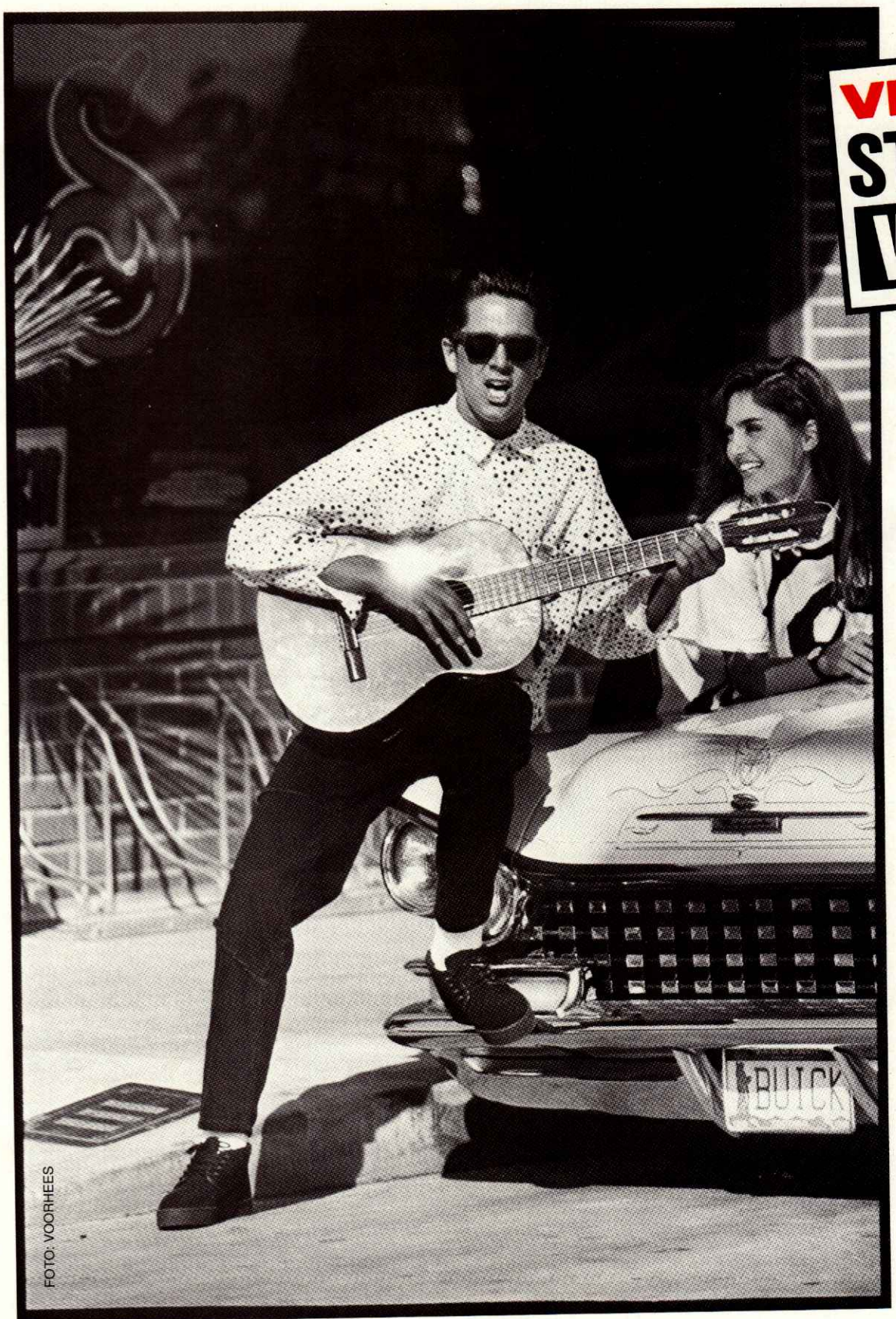
# INSIDE OUT

## SHE LOVES LUCY

No one had ever told Justine she looked like Lucy. But Fashion Catherine saw something in this 22-year-old English model: "The face shape was kind of similar, sort of, and we did a temporary red dye job and curled her hair, which is usually light brown and shoulder length. [That's Justine in the portable hair dryer, left, and I'm sure she'll be just thrilled when she sees we used this shot.] But the real key was that she's been religiously watching 'I Love Lucy' on British TV since she was nine, so she kept saying, 'Let's do the scene where she dips her potato chip in cold cream' [page 69], 'Let's do the grape squasher episode' [page 67]. And she can do Lucy's expressions perfectly. I haven't laughed so hard since I watched the real Lucy on TV. Oh, Lucy—we miss you, we love you!" And so does Justine, even though she had to wash her hair with Joy dishwashing liquid 17 times to get the red out. —**Jane**

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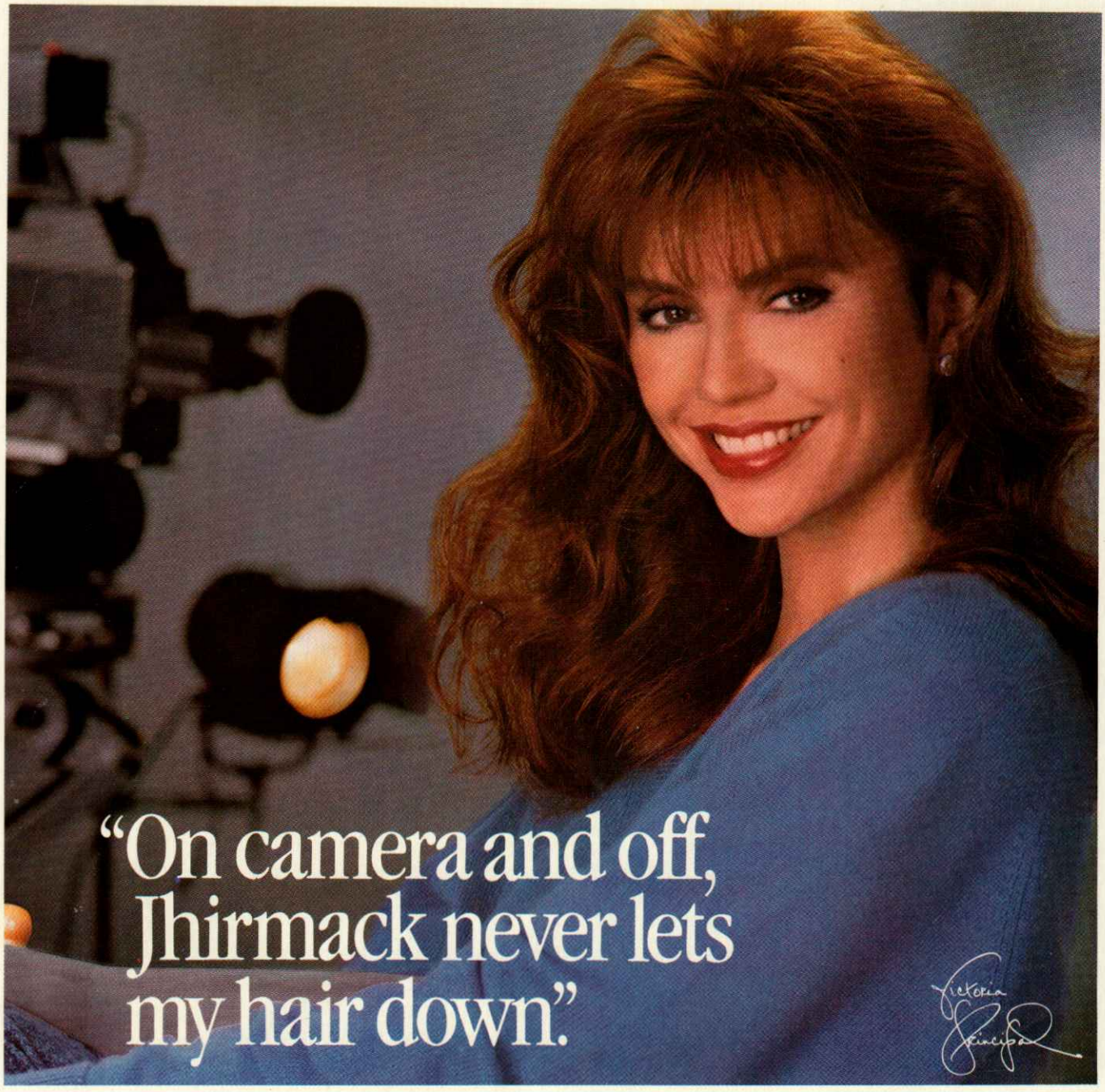


"The camera picks up everything. Every detail. Every flaw. If my hair's not perfect, the camera can tell. That's why I use Jhirmack. And Jhirmack never lets me down.

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